

REMINISCENCES
OF CANDIA

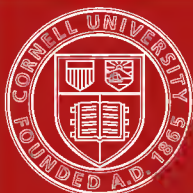


WILSON PALMER

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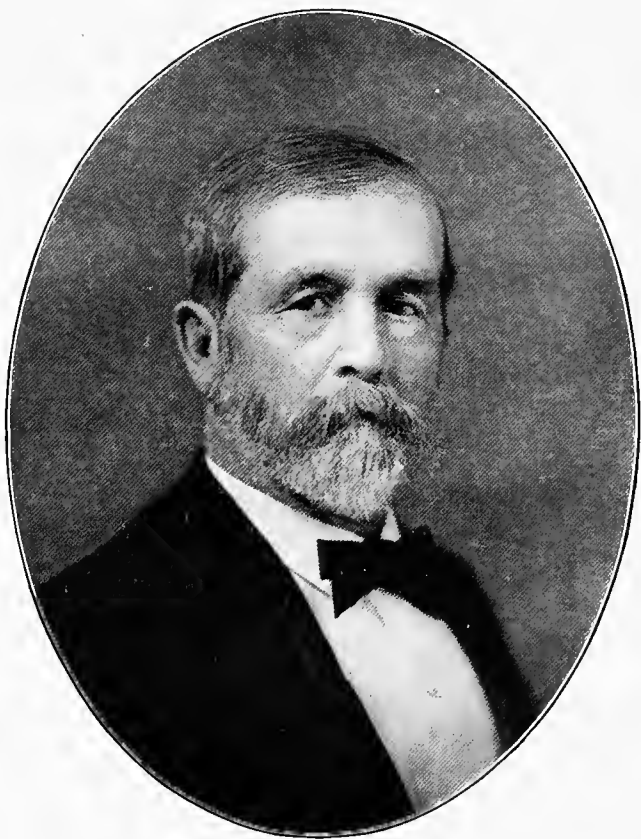
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Reminiscences of Candia, by Wilson Palme



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Very truly yours,
Wilson Palmer.

REMINISCENCES OF CANDIA

BY
WILSON PALMER



CAMBRIDGE
Printed at The Riverside Press
1905

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PREFACE

THIS little story of Candia, which was written some two years ago, I have at last consented to have published in book form through the suggestion and advice of friends on whose judgment I rely. I hasten to acknowledge the encouraging aid given me by the Hon. Luther W. Emerson, Sam Walter Foss, and Col. Gilman H. Tucker of New York, and by Alanson Palmer of Brooklyn and the Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D. D., of Lawrence, Mass., and by my many Candia friends. It should be borne in mind by the reader that in writing this story I have reserved to myself the license of the story-teller; I have not attempted in these reminiscences to write a history of Candia, neither has it been my aim to write an essay on some literary subject. My only purpose has been to tell a simple, informal story of persons and things as I knew them in my native town, fifty years or more ago. If my friends enjoy reading these Reminiscences of the dear old town we all so greatly love as much as I have enjoyed writing them, then shall I feel more than repaid in telling my story of Charmingfare.

THE AUTHOR.

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REMINISCENCES OF CANDIA

REMINISCENCES OF CANDIA

I

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, sought through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

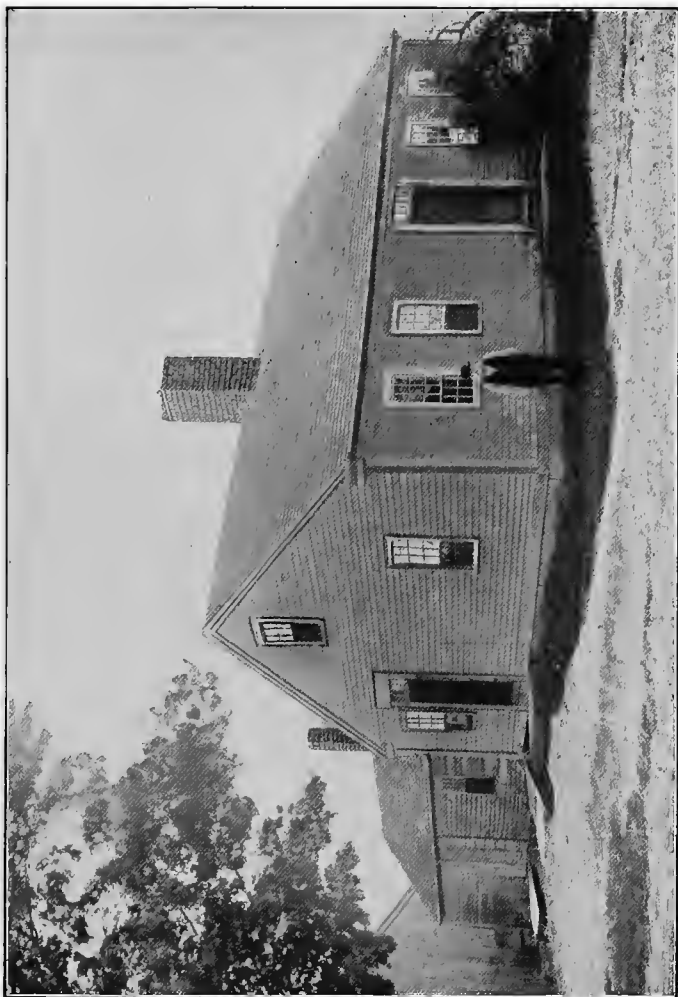
"An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all."

THUS do I sing as I write this initial number of a series of letters under the heading "Reminiscences of Candia," for the many readers of "The Derry News," and especially for the readers of my home town. I have always felt grateful that I was born in Candia. Had my good father and mother consulted me in relation to my birthplace, I am sure I should have chosen Candia in preference to all other localities; and I do not question that I should have selected the old paternal homestead at the junction of those two roads, with that far-away western view, where I first saw the light of day. It is both timely and loyal to my first love of family life, that I begin this reminiscent story of Candia by paying affectionate tribute to the home of my early youth.

A now sainted father and mother stand in the very forefront, and form the centre around which all the sweet and sacred memories of my native town revolve. It is a

precious delight that they now come to me as I write, so vividly that I seem to hear them speak again, and to feel once more their loving presence. And then that jolly group of brothers and sisters — and what a generous count they made! Eleven in all! In those good old days, the fathers and mothers welcomed the children with open arms. In that earlier time there were few, if any, childless homes in Candia, while as a matter of fact there was not a single home in my school district, No. 4, where the boys and girls were not to be found in goodly numbers. To refresh the memories of the older grown, and to afford a healthful lesson to those just starting out in family life, I'll take account of the youngsters of fifty years or more ago in my home neighborhood. In the family of the late Hon. Abraham Emerson there were eight children. In Levi Barker's home there were seven. In Samuel Wilson's household there were five. In Dea. Francis Patten's family there were five. In my home, as I have already stated, there were eleven of us, boys and girls. In Samuel Heath's family there were at least a round dozen boys and girls, all counted. Four children graced the home of the late Dea. French; then there were three or four of the Dolbers, and a half dozen, more or less, of the Nortons, while at Jonathan Emerson's home there were seven, and three in the second family of Dolber's, and several boys and girls in the Dutton family — making in all a bright, promising army of sixty or more boys and girls in one school district.

Now what was true at that time of family life in district No. 4, was largely true of every other school district in the town. In those days of a half-century ago, there was no home without its merry group of children, and



THE OLD HOME

" I remember, I remember
The house where I was born
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn."

to-day, while there is many a household in Candia without even one little one, there can be no real home without the young budding life. The American people have much cause to blush for very shame, for their racial suicide. But it may be asked how was a livelihood secured with so many children to feed and clothe, and to educate? The answer to this vital query is found in the fact that every boy and girl was early taught and required to do his and her part in providing for the family. In my own neighborhood there was n't a child of us ten years of age, who did n't know in a practical way what manual labor meant, and this too without any special manual training in the public schools. Why, there was hardly any department of legitimate labor with which we little folks were not familiar.

Fifty years ago and more the braiding of palm leaf hats was one of the industries of Candia. I have not forgotten to this day that when a lad of not more than ten years I used to braid eight palm leaf hats a day, as my regular "stint." Albert, my next older brother, braided the same number, while Alanson, my next younger brother, braided six, making twenty-two hats each working day of the week. All this while the older brothers and sister were employed at some useful work. Then there was the shoe-making industry, which brought many a dollar into the homes of Candia. I know something of this branch of labor, for I wrought at the bench three or four years during the earlier portion of my life. Many a Candia boy of the earlier generation worked for six months of the year on the farm of a neighbor, or on that of some one living in an adjoining town, for eight or ten dollars a month, while many of the girls worked for a few months in each year

in the mills at Manchester, or Nashua, or Lowell. Ask the Pattens, the Emersons, the Rowes, Jesse W. Sargeant and others, of this labor question in Candia, way back along the years, and they will tell you that the children in those days knew what it was to work, and to work hard. Every mother's son of us did something besides going to school, and playing baseball, and every mother's girl of us did something besides playing basket ball, and getting an education in the more fashionable schools of the country.

I thus dwell upon the home life of Candia as I remember it, to show, as best I may, the fundamental fact that in God's plan the children must be the supplement of every home worthy the name; and to show this additional fact, that the father and mother of moderate means may rear and educate a good-sized family of boys and girls, in spite of whatever may be said to the contrary by the so-called fashionable world.

It is with peculiar pleasure that I recall the former home life of my native town. May the sweet memories of those dear old fathers and mothers never grow less! Indeed, they never can grow less, for their names are immortalized in the homes they made for themselves and for their children. In my next letter I shall have something to say of a more personal character of these same fathers and mothers, and later on, of their children.

II

THE fathers and mothers of Candia, a half-century ago, were men and women who were sensitively appreciative of all that was just and right. Their word was as good as their bond. Their promise passed current wherever they were known. Of deep religious convictions, their lives conformed to the severest tests of doctrinal belief. With a burning hell always in sight, they made straight for the heaven above. In those earlier days the Westminster Catechism and Calvinism were accepted without a question. The stupendous faith of the Candia fathers and mothers fifty or more years ago, was quite sufficient to remove the mountain into the depths of the sea. They had little or no occasion to delay that they might reason out any declaration of Scripture, for they took the "Word" on faith and there the whole matter ended. For those good old fathers and mothers I have always had an added admiration, because they, without complaint, so persistently attempted to live up to the rigid religious belief of their day. They were willing to be damned, if need be, for the glory of God. I do wish, however, they could have lived until this more fortunate day, when the love and mercy of God have more abundantly revealed themselves. The former generation in Candia was a church-going people. They kept the Sabbath in the strictest way. They prepared for this holiest day of the seven, during the later autumn and winter time, by

holding prayer meetings at the homes of their neighbors.

How well I remember those held so long ago in my own home neighborhood! I now seem to hear again Dea. Coffin M. French, with my father and mother, and Mrs. Dea. Francis Patten, and Mrs. Abraham Emerson, with the younger voices singing: —

“How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.”

And then those prayers — who can ever forget them! Dea. Francis Patten’s “O Lord, may we all make on the morrow a Sabbath day’s journey towards heaven,” comes to me now as audibly as when the Deacon offered up his earnest petition. And then Dea. French, the father of Dea. John P. French, would seldom if ever omit in his Saturday evening prayer the following: “May we become heirs of Thee and joint heirs with Jesus Christ to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away.” A. Frank Patten and his sisters, Mrs. John D. Colby and Mrs. Moses F. Emerson, well remember, I am sure, how their Grandfather Robie would interline his Saturday evening prayer with the Scriptural verse, “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price.” Abraham Emerson and his brother Jonathan and a few of the younger people always took part in these meetings, while the women, taking Paul’s advice, kept silent with the exception of joining their voices in song.

I well remember that my father took an active part in these from-house-to-house prayer meetings, but singular as it may seem, and much to my regret, I am not able to recall anything that he said by way of prayer or exhortation. I do remember, however, and most vividly too, and with exceeding pleasure and profit, his morning and evening prayer at the old home, and while it does not come back to me as a whole, still portions of it cling to me in spite of the many intervening years. Never shall I forget how at family devotions each morning and evening during the week, and during each week in the month, and during each month in the year, and year after year during his lifetime, he would earnestly and pleadingly pray, "O Lord, bless all our surviving children whether present or absent: may their lives and health be precious in thy sight, and may they all be brought to love the blessed Saviour." Oh, those prayers of the dear old fathers and mothers of Candia have been, and are, a priceless inheritance to the children.

I wonder who of my Candia readers cannot recall the manner and the tone of Dea. Shannon in prayer? He had just enough of the sing-song in his voice as to make it delightfully agreeable to the ear — and then how he would pray after this fashion: "May thy Word, O Lord, have free course and be glorified, and may its glad tidings be borne to the 'e-ends of the airth'."

Yes, the fathers and mothers of Candia were a church-going and praying people. They believed in answer to prayer, and so they prayed with that faith which lays hold of the promises. They did n't stop to question the Trinity. They not only believed, but knew to their own satisfaction, that Jesus Christ was infinitely more than a mere

man. They all agreed on the fundamentals in religion, save baptism. Immersion and sprinkling stood wide apart, so that the battle between the two modes not infrequently waxed the hottest. Not one in those days could get to the communion table of the Calvinist unless he had been "dipped," while the other Evangelical Churches invited all to their table who were "in good and regular standing in sister churches." My father and mother were Calvinist Baptists, so I came early to believe that Christ was immersed in the river Jordan, "because there was much water," and I never suspected that it was an impossible feat to immerse those three thousand on the day of Pentecost.

But I am not to enter upon any discussion on the subject of baptism, so long as the fundamental fact has to do, not with forms and ceremonies but with the individual life that has heart and soul. Naturally enough the severely religious life of the Candia fathers and mothers entered into and moulded the home life of the children.

The boys and girls in those days read the Bible, either through choice or through compulsion. How infinitely different now! The children in these later days know little or nothing of Bible story and literature, to say nothing of its higher instruction. While I am an optimist from start to finish, and believe as Senator Hoar of Massachusetts puts it, "that to-day is better than yesterday, and that to-morrow will be better than to-day," yet in many ways it seems to me, that it would be the wiser plan were this present generation to lay hold upon, and then hold fast some of the fundamentals of years ago. The emphasized religious life of the Candia people I knew as a boy stands out so prominently in my memory of the past, that I

shall next write of her churches of more than a half-century ago, and especially of the Church-on-the-Hill and of those periodic religious revivals when the whole town was under "conviction," and when to speak a cheerful word, and smile, was considered almost, if not quite, an unpardonable sin.

III

IN writing of the churches of Candia as I remember them when a boy, mention must be made — and this too somewhat prominently — of the theology in those days. I do not care, however, long to dwell upon the religious belief of the earlier time, for there are many phases of it that are altogether repugnant and forbidding to this more enlightened age. Fifty years ago the Evangelical Churches in New England, for the most part, were tightly held in the grip of an unrelenting bigotry, and this too in the most natural way. Then, it was a God of the most absolute justice whom the churches worshiped, while his infinite and ever-enduring love was kept in the background. It was God with an avenging sword. Man was, in those more primitive days, a poor worthless worm of the dust, without the least rightful claim to divine recognition. The religious teachings of the centuries gone before had come down to the churches in the times of which I write. The theology of the fathers recognized no natural relationship between the Creator and the created. Substantially, it was believed that God in his omnipotence and omniscience had created man and then disowned him. The mistake of those days, as I view it, is found in the unfortunate fact, that man was so minimized that he became merely a cipher in the infinite reckoning, while God was so magnified, and I say it reverently, that the distance between the Infinite and the finite was made so far-

reaching that there was but little hope that man would ever come into the Infinite Presence, and so lay his hand in the hand of the loving Father.

But in these later days the world has come into the clearer light and sunshine of God's all-pervading love. Now men and women know they are his children not by adoption, but by all the natural ties of a mutual relationship. Man is an essential factor in the perfecting of God's plan. Without him the infinite plan must fail. But it is foreordained and forewritten that God's word and work will not fail, so man is assured from the beginning that he is to count, and what is more, that he is worthy of being counted. This much I say of the former theology, by way of explanation of some things I have to say of the Candia churches of a half-century or more ago. I want to assure my readers thus early in this communication, that I have the profoundest respect and deepest love for the churches of my youth. This love is indeed intensified, when I appreciate how uncomplainingly the former generation accepted the religious instruction and belief given it. They were martyrs many times over to what they took on faith in the religious world. They of the earlier times read the Bible not for a moment doubting its literal interpretation.

Oh, those good old Christian fathers and mothers! How delighted they must have been as they passed through the gates into the City, that God revealed himself to them there with all those attributes of love and mercy which are so characteristic of Deity!

My first church attendance in Candia was had at the Freewill Baptist church in Candia Village, and Elder Whitney is the first minister whom I remember. How

vividly I recall those straight-back pews in which the boys and girls were not only expected but compelled to sit through all those long services, so painfully quiet, or otherwise that tithingman, Mr. Moore, was sure to rap for order among the boys who had dared to hunt for an easier position in their box-pew. It must not be forgotten that there were no cushioned seats in houses of worship in those days. Then one did not make his way heavenward on "flowery beds of ease." And then, those awfully long sermons Elder Whitney used to preach! It oftentimes seemed to me that he never, never would get to his "amen." I think the Elder must have been something of an anti-slavery man and that he let this fact be known to his hearers through his sermons. The late Cyrus Prescott, who was a born democrat, was an attendant in those days at the Village church and, if I am not mistaken, a member of the church. Never shall I forget what so impressed me at the time, how Mr. Prescott, one Sunday morning as Elder Whitney was gratuitously throwing into his regular sermon some of his anti-slavery love, left his pew, and made for the door and his home. It is said upon good authority that Mr. Prescott never afterward entered a church building. Be this as it may, Mr. Prescott was an excellent man, beloved by all who knew him, a man whose integrity and honor were unquestioned. I recall but a few of those who attended the Village church at that time, being but a mere boy of six or seven years of age.

I am not likely, however, to forget Deacon Dudley's enthusiastic and fervent "Glory to God," and his more than suggestive "amen," which brought many a man to his feet, wondering what had happened. I well remember Mr. Lang, father of Thomas Lang now of Malden, Mass.,

and Mr. Jacob Morrill, that most devout of men — and Mr. Cheney, the miller, how he comes to me as I write! Those exhortations of his, after Elder Whitney had shut his Bible and said “amen,” while they were hardly classics, still they had about them and in them the zeal and fire of one in earnest in all things pertaining to the “kingdom.” Then there was Mr. Prescott, the father of N. B. Prescott, who with his family was an attendant at this same church. The Richardsons I now recall — the late Gilman, father of Mrs. John Cate, and his brothers, Joseph and David. And the Taylors too — indeed, I am not sure that in good time the full list of those sturdy Christian men and women would not come back to me, who were Elder Whitney’s parishioners. The Freewill Baptist church in Candia has always represented, as it does now, all that is best in morals and religion.

Mr. Joseph Beane and his brother Gordon Beane of the “Island” were prominent members of the Village church. Joseph Beane was the father of “Sam” Beane, as he is familiarly known in Candia, but in Newburyport, Mass., and throughout New England he is the Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D. D. Sam (I must call him by the name I knew him by as a boy) somehow broke away from the more orthodox and Calvinistic belief of his father, and early announced his faith in Unitarianism. Of his youth and college life and successful ministry I shall have more to say later on.

The ministers who followed Elder Whitney I but faintly remember, as at an early age I betook myself to the “Church-on-the-Hill.” My memories, however, of the Village church are altogether pleasant, save that I did often impatiently long for the “amen and amen.” But in

those days, a sermon less than one hour in length hardly filled the bill. The pulpit was then heard for its "much speaking." It is somewhere told how a clergyman, in the days gone by, once talked for a half hour just previous to his sermon, and then said, "With these few preliminary remarks, I proceed to the discussion of my text." Oh, those "first, secondly, thirdly," and so on to the "lastly" and "finally," were a test of Christian forbearance and endurance on the part of many a hearer. But they were happily survived, and fortunately good men and women came out of that almost interminable list of headings safe and sound — but oh, so tired!

It was on the afternoon of a spring day in the very early forties, that a man of graceful carriage was seen from my home approaching Deacon Francis Patten's house, when my mother said, "I think that is the new minister, the Rev. William Murdock, who is to become the minister 'On-the-Hill.'" And she was right — it was Mr. Murdock, fresh from his theological studies, of whom and his church I shall have something to say in the next chapter.

IV

THE Rev. Mr. Murdock must have preached all the better sermon on that first Sunday morning of his pastorate in Candia, for having been a guest over the Sabbath of Deacon and Mrs. Francis Patten, for their home was always distinguished for its good cheer and abounding hospitality ; and I can easily imagine how Deacon and Mrs. Patten must have especially welcomed the new minister, for there is always an interest attaching to the coming of a young man fresh from his theological studies, to take charge of a church. All eyes are upon the new minister, and a thousand and one questions are eagerly asked concerning him. "Is he married?" is the first query on the list; and then follow, "Is he attractive in his personal appearance and manner, and is there a charm in his personal conversation?" Mr. Murdock went to Candia single-handed and alone. Yet I do not remember that any of the Candia girls at that time lost their heads or their hearts over him. Still there might have been those who looked upon him as "a good catch," — most likely there were, for there were then, as now, those of the fair sex who did not reveal the language of their heart to a world not in love.

Mr. Murdock was a good deal elegant in his personal presence. Of dignified mien, and graceful in every movement, he favorably impressed all whom he met. I can see him now as he walked up the right hand aisle of the

Church-on-the-Hill, and ascended with such grace and ease the steps leading to the pulpit. His movements, whether in the pulpit or out, described the curve and never the acute angle.

I do not remember that I was at that first service under the ministry of Mr. Murdock ; but if I was, I have unfortunately forgotten the text from which he preached. If I had known then that I was to write this series of letters I am sure I would have been present, so as to have been able to report after so long a time that initial service of his pastorate of eleven years.

Mr. Murdock went to his people in Candia filled to the brim with the emphasized instruction and doctrinal belief of all the orthodox theological schools of that day. With him, as with others of his profession, it was " Woe is me," if I preach not the word as laid down in the books. In those days the minister went armed with the wrath of an offended God ; so it became his duty to " cry aloud and spare not." Mr. Murdock's preaching was largely in keeping with the orthodox belief of the earlier day, only that it was underlined and intensified by that imp of darkness, the dyspepsia. True to his convictions, and honest in all his ministry, Mr. Murdock never softened or sugar-coated what seemed to him God's truth. No one ever heard him in his active ministry object to what seemed to him to be the fact, that God had foreordained from the foundation of the world some to be saved and others to be forever lost. Such was the belief of all orthodox churches, and it must be and was preached from all the pulpits. I never even suspected in my boyhood, under the religious instruction I received from the pulpit, that God loved man in what is termed his " natural state ;" neither did I suppose he

loved the children. That Christ took them in his arms and blessed them, counted for little or nothing in face of the preaching of years ago. Just think of it! Then, it was a good deal of a question whether an unbaptized infant could be saved. Oh, that horrid, repellent doctrine, coming down from the time when there were something like two hundred and fifty offenses against the law in England punishable with death! "Justice, justice, justice!" was the religious war-cry in those days, and the only God known was a God of Justice. Mr. Murdock was only true to his teaching, and to the obligations laid upon him by the schools, in preaching and setting forth in an unmistakable way the religious belief of that day.

Those periodic revivals, as I remember them, were born of that oppressing and depressing theology of a half-century ago. Who would not become anxious, and dejectedly so, over his eternal welfare, believing that in his "natural state" he was to suffer through all the ages of eternity an excruciating punishment?

Under such a belief why should n't men and women come together frantically begging for an immediate salvation from the wrath to come? While I would in no way underestimate the honest efforts and purposes of those who begat and promoted those old-time revivals, still I am safe in saying that fortunate indeed is it, that the churches now have found a better and more reasonable way in reaching a sinner. The day of those spasmodic religious revivals has gone past, and manly, intelligent reason has come to take their place.

That revival somewhere in the later forties under Mr. Murdock's ministry, while unquestionably much good was the result, still its method and plan of operation come

back upon me at times a hideous nightmare. The entire town of Candia, as I have already said in a previous letter, was during that revival, "under conviction." Oh, how well I remember those long, long days which were substantially without a ray of light! Then, as a boy in my early teens, I felt as though walking among the graves. During all that "great revival," as it was called, I met no pleasant, cheerful face, I heard no encouraging, assuring word. To me all Candia was under eclipse. The heavens were darkened, the sun was dimmed, and the moon did not give her usual light. That revival gave shade and shadow to more than one I now have in mind, to all their religious life. By this I mean, there were those converted during that revival, and whose lives ever after were deeply and consistently religious, yet who never could quite rid themselves of that gloomy, half-doubting view of the maker-of-all-things, and of the "hereafter," a view born of the revival of which I write. I trust that no one of my Candia friends will misunderstand or misinterpret me. I know that good came out of that great revival under Mr. Murdock—and yet, as I have already said, the memory of it as a whole, comes back to me as a hideous nightmare. The Christian world to-day is worshipping a God who is the father of us all. Love has unfolded her wings, so that now she broods over every child of the human race. God loves his children outside of all religious revivals. The church now stands as an organization not only for the saved but for the sinner. The "creed" is no longer read to one seeking membership with the church. The most of the evangelical churches are not only ready but glad to admit the children to their membership without the so-called conversion and personal religious experience. Substantially, the only

question now asked the candidate for admission to the church is, "Do you want to be good, and do you want our help?" And all this is just as it should be. Let the church be the home and instructor of the children. This is a delightful world, now that it has a loving God who cares for all his children. Now one does not have to wait for the revival of the olden time before he can come into the very presence of Deity — for in these more enlightened days he may come up into a Christian life as naturally as the bud becomes the flower in the genial sunlight. Life is now worth the living, for heaven in these days begins here on earth. But in spite of the teachings of that earlier day, my memories of the Church-on-the-Hill are precious legacies to me. Mr. Murdock filled his mission faithfully and well. Devoted to his work, he had at heart the good of his people. How well I remember his pastoral calls — when he would ask of the father and mother down to the youngest of the children how it was with their souls? And then came the prayer before leaving the house. But now pastoral visiting has entirely changed in its character, and for the better. The minister can now ride his wheel to the home of his parishioner and greet the family in an informal, hearty way with a "How are you all, and I am glad to see you." Now he talks with the folks about this world and its affairs, and a jolly good time is had whenever the minister comes. There has indeed been created for us all "a new heaven and a new earth." Men and women in this glad day are everywhere living under the gospel dispensation. The Church-on-the-Hill has been as a wall round about Jerusalem, and Mr. Murdock's name will ever be closely associated with its history.

Its membership has uniformly been made up of sterling

men and women, and what a long list of those who are answering the roll-call on the "other side"! The Pattens, the Robies, the Emersons, the Rows, the Duncans, the Fitzes, the Langfords and so on, a glorious company of the redeemed. In another letter I must speak of the little church or band of worshipers, on the South Road under the charge of Mr. Winslow, somewhere in the later years of 1840. Mr. Winslow was the devoutest and meekest of men, and he richly deserves recognition. Then will follow, in natural order, the public schools of Candia as they were years ago, when I shall have occasion to become very personal, for I must and shall with no little pride mention, at some length, the names of many a bright boy and girl of the good old town who have gone out from her schools, and made his or her score in life's great play.

V

THE great religious revival in Candia, of which I wrote in my last letter, began under the ministry of Mr. Winslow and his little church on the South Road. Mr. Winslow was unlettered in the schools, and was without the advantages coming from theological training, if indeed such training and discipline can rightfully be termed advantages. Oftentimes when listening to the late Mr. Moody in the full prime and vigor of his years, I have thought that the clergyman who gets the nearest to his hearers is he who is not hampered and circumscribed by the dogmas and tenets of the schools. At any rate, Mr. Winslow in his own way and under the inspiration of a gospel without any side explanation or exegesis, came to his people with the simple "word," delivering his message as one who had been clothed upon from "on high." He drew to his little, unpretending church building, many from Candia and Auburn. I was present at the dedication of the house of worship, erected under the ministry of Rev. Thomas Reynolds, a structure costing not more than five hundred dollars. Elder Davis of Manchester preached the sermon, and were I to live however long, it would be quite impossible for me to forget his text, which was the following: "And Jacob worshiped leaning on the top of his staff."

How fitting a text for so inexpensive a building! The thought made emphatic by Elder Davis was that a loving

heart-worship was neither dependent upon time nor place ; that prayer offered by the wayside is as acceptable as that offered in the pulpit of the most costly church edifice ; and that one may worship as did Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff. Elder Davis was of an exceedingly nervous and impulsive make-up, so that he frequently said and did things which were in striking contrast to things said and done in and from the average pulpit.

After the dedicatory sermon of the South Road church, Elder Davis managed the collection taken for the purpose of lessening the debt on the church building, and I well remember with what cute business tact he did it. As the hats were being passed for the offerings (then they had no long-handle contribution boxes), Elder Davis did n't cease even for a moment in urging his hearers to give, and to give liberally. "Be men and women," he said, "and look the hat straight in the face though you may not give a penny." "Remember, however, that you cannot in any way cheat the Lord. He will claim and have his own." "While you may not give to-day what you should, the Lord will more than likely come around in the spring, and take some of your pet lambs, or one or two of your best calves." "You may be sure," the elder continued, "that the Lord will somehow get even with you who do not give." "Remember the poor widow and her mite."

It was during a series of revivalistic meetings held at the village, that Elder Davis became interested in the salvation of all Candia, and particularly interested in the conversion of some of his immediate friends. At the time of which I write, the elder was the guest of a Mr. Fellows, who resided on what is known as the Duncan place. Mr. Fellows and Elder Davis were close friends and had

been for years, so, naturally enough, Mr. Davis was interested in the eternal welfare of Mr. Fellows, and this is why Elder Davis always kept his eye on Mr. Fellows when the invitation was given "to rise for prayers, and come forward to the anxious seats." It was on an evening following a day not satisfactorily manifest in good results, that Elder Davis, unusually persistent that a generous response should be made to the invitation to rise and come forward to the anxious seats, and seeing no apparent desire on the part of any one to come forward, and recognizing that his host and friend, Mr. Fellows, did not stir from his seat, exclaimed in an impulsive and disappointed moment, "Well, I have made up my mind that the people of Candia are bound to go to hell, and I am not sure that it is not the better plan to let them go." It was after a hard day's work in one of these meetings, that the elder, taking a hurried walk for exercise, passed by Deacon Dudley's store, when Joseph Dudley, now of Buffalo, New York, happening to see him almost on the run, said, "Elder, where are you going?" "I am going to heaven," was the laconic and impatient reply. In answer to which Joseph Dudley said, "Well, elder, supper is nearly ready, so why go before tea? Can't you delay a little?"

An earnest, pushing, impulsive Christian man, Elder Davis was one of those men who "take the kingdom of heaven by violence." Pardon this digression, if digression it be, as I was anxious to introduce to the reader the minister who saw the happy relationship between Jacob worshipping on the top of the staff, and the little church on Candia South Road, as it was under Mr. Winslow's ministry. There are those, I am sure, who will recall how Mr. Winslow would frequently open his morning worship

by saying in the meekest way, "Brothers and sisters, let us open these services by singing : —

" ' Jesus died on Calvary's mountain,
Long time ago ;
And salvation's flowing fountain
Like rivers did flow.' "

Mr. Winslow's whole manner of life was in keeping with his teaching. I frequently attended his evening meetings. By taking a short cut across field and pasture, and through a bit of the most attractive wood, the distance was made near to Mr. Winslow's church. Of those attending these meetings were some of the young people and older grown from my own neighborhood, the Palmers, (the late Stephen Palmer's family), and Dearborn Eaton's children, and the late Governor Smyth's brother, all from Auburn ; and then from other localities both in town and from neighboring towns there were representatives of the people present. Mr. Winslow was a minister whom the people gladly heard, and he was the means of accomplishing much good in Candia. Thomas Reynolds had charge at one time of the South Road church. Mr. Reynolds was a man well and favorably known in his home town. His vocabulary was full to the brim, so he was never at a loss for words when in the pulpit. How vividly I remember his prayers ! When on his knees, he seemed to have an added power in language.

I shall never forget how Mr. Reynolds, in a sermon he preached for Mr. Winslow, defined the sinner's hope in contrast to that of the Christian. The climax to his definition was, that " the sinner's hope is like the spider's web — you put your hand where it is, and it is n't there."

Mr. Moses Varnum, who occupied a seat near the pulpit, was so amused at Mr. Reynolds' definition, and with his imaginary grasp at the supposed spider's web, that he not only smiled, but laughed outright, while there was no little smiling on the back seats. Mr. Reynolds was a man of much more than ordinary ability, and had he had the culture of the schools, his rank would have been among the first in any department of life. Of great physical activity, he was seldom or never at rest. His nature impelled him to be constantly on the move, and he moved at a two-forty speed.

It is a well authenticated fact that Mr. Reynolds, when in his prime, started one June morning after the sun was up, from Cambridge, Mass., and made his way on foot to his then home, a little below Candia Corner, arriving there at so early an hour that he ate his supper with his family before sundown, making the entire distance of fifty miles or thereabouts between sunrise and sunset, with lots of time to spare. Thomas Reynolds was a man whom President Roosevelt would have admired, because he did things with a vim. His life was a strenuous life, and what he did he did with all his soul, mind, might, and strength.

I must make prominent mention of the Chester-Borough church, for not a few of the Candia people attended its worship. I was at the dedication of the Borough church in 1852. This church has always had an earnest band of workers. There were the Smiths, the Underhills, the Southwicks, the Edwards, the Moores, and a long list of others who labored zealously in the promotion of morals and religion. I am glad to learn of its continued success. Then there was the church at Candia Corner organized more than a half-century ago. It used to be facetiously said, that for

one to gain admission to this church he must be not only a good Christian, but a good Democrat. Be this as it may, the Methodist church at the Corner accomplished much good during its comparatively short life. Its life, however, only went out to be found again the increment of other churches in the town. The church at East Candia of more recent date deserves honorable mention, for it has done and is doing a positive work in all that is best in the religious world.

The churches of the olden time in Candia, as now, uniformly had for their object the highest interests of both the individual and the community. In spite of however many differences in method, the end sought has been and is the same with all of them.

Their past has been rich in results, and now at the beginning of the twentieth century a more opulent future awaits them. God bless the memory of the churches of my native town of so many years ago, and may He abundantly bless her churches of to-day. The churches of Candia have always been strongly backed and assisted by the educational influences of her public schools, of which I shall write with a vivid and peculiar delight in letters which are to follow — so hunt up your blue covered spelling-book and Lindley Murray's grammar, and we Candia boys and girls of the days of auld lang syne will have a jolly review time in the "deestric't" school.

VI

IN writing of the schools in Candia as they were in the long while ago, care must be had that no injustice is done her schools of later date. I am quite aware that it is one of the most natural things in the world to magnify that which has ceased longer to be a part of real, actual life, and has become simply or largely a memory. All this comes from the tribute that is everywhere paid the past. Although the schools in Candia of fifty and sixty years ago have long since been "dismissed," and many of the teachers and pupils have gone "home" to spend that happy vacation which shall never end, yet there are those who still live in a most vital and effective way, who received their first lessons in the old district schools of Charmingfare. The "little red schoolhouse" will live on indefinitely in song and in story, and what is more and better, it will continue to be, from what it has accomplished in the past, an incentive and an inspiration to all the future.

The little country school is the poor man's college. Its doors are open to all alike. Here the poor and the rich meet together. It shows no favoritism. It is the mother of all the higher educational institutions of learning. It is the chief corner stone of this free American republic. I feel like making my lowest bow whenever I pass the country schoolhouse. And so it is that I retrace my steps to the schools of my native town as they were in my boy-

hood, with all that affection and love which must necessarily exist between the child and the all-nourishing mother. In refreshing the memory of my Candia readers of the schools of the olden time, I can do no other than make the school in district No. 4 my starting point, for there it was that I was taught my alphabet by the "penknife system," and in spite of the so-called objective word system, or phonic method which so largely prevails to-day, I was taught my alphabet in that old-fashioned way so successfully, that I have never failed to recognize at first sight any one of the twenty-six letters of the English language.

Candia has always taken a just pride in her schools, and especially is this true concerning her schools of so many years ago. In those earlier times the town had fourteen school districts, each having a full quota of children. In those days there was no schoolhouse in Candia with the blinds closed and the doors locked for lack of boys and girls. Then, there was a full roll-call. I am quite sure that in my day, there must have been during the winter season, an average of at least forty pupils in district No. 4, while in some of the other schools the average was even larger. Then, the school material was abundant, so that "keeping school" in the days of the fathers meant "business." Now in district No. 4 the schoolhouse has been closed for the greater portion of the time for several years for the want of a sufficient number of boys and girls to make up a working quorum, and the same is true of several other school districts in the town, and equally is this true of towns adjoining Candia. Pardon me for this digression, for I am to write of the schools in Candia as they were, and not as they are. How at this very moment is my memory flooded with pleasant remembrances of

those who were schoolmates of mine, and of those teachers whose faces and voices I now recall, as though it were but yesterday I was a pupil in school! Before writing somewhat definitely and at length of those bright happy boys and girls, and of those teachers who will ever live in the memory of their pupils, I must say something concerning the curriculum of studies in those days, and a word concerning methods of instruction. In the first place, there was beyond the three R's taught no prescribed course of study mapped out by a well-nigh omniscient Board of Education, and in the second place there was none of the so-called ranking system, and class promotion at stated periods in the schools. In the times of which I write, the individuality of the pupil was preserved and kept intact in every instance. In that earlier day the "machine" had not been introduced into school work. Then there was no hopper in the educational world, into which the pupil was ruthlessly hurled, and ground out at the end of the school year, some other than himself. Then, the bright pupil had all the way to himself, never being held back or in any way delayed by the dull, plodding boy who was compelled to make his way slowly. It was then "go as you please," the only condition being that you were able to "go." In that more primitive day and way of teaching, it was face to face with the individual pupil and teacher. The teacher literally breathed upon the pupil, so that he caught something of the life of his instructor.

The older men and women in Candia (I say "older men and women," when, as a matter of fact, we are still boys and girls, for we are bound not to grow old) will bear me out in the statement, that the pupils in the schools of Candia a half-century or more ago were in no way re-

stricted or delayed in their studies by class requirements. Individual promotion and advancement were in order at any time. Then, the boy or girl was permitted, even encouraged, to come in on the "home stretch" in the quickest possible time, without any reference to his running mate. The brightest pupil took the pole and made the field.

In the district schools of the forties and the fifties of the last century, special attention was given to arithmetic, reading, and penmanship, the very groundwork of any and all education that will stand the test. And then came those higher studies. In my own school district Lindley Murray's grammar was studied with an enthusiastic zeal. That "class in parsing," who of the boys and girls can ever forget it? There was n't a pupil in school No. 4 above ten years of age who could n't tell a transitive verb on sight, and never did he mistake the relationship of the preposition.

Language was one of the strongholds of the Candia schools in the days of "auld lang syne." The late Rev. John D. Emerson began the study of Latin in school No. 4, under John Clement, then a senior at Dartmouth College. Mr. Clement was the son of the late Rev. Dr. Clement of Chester. We shall have more to say of the son in a subsequent letter. As a matter of fact there were taught in the earlier schools of the town of Candia, many of the higher, or at least some of the higher studies which are to-day taught in our more advanced institutions of learning. Now, when it is remembered that at most there were then but twenty-four weeks of school during the entire year, and that many of the boys and girls could only attend school during the winter season, one may conclude for a

certainty, that the Candia boys and girls in the former days were a good deal in earnest in all that pertained to school work. They loved learning for learning's sake. They did not study for a ranking card, to be taken home at the end of each month to be duly signed by one or both parents. The children then did not go to school to be educated by the pouring-in process. They went, not to be crammed and stuffed, they were to be developed from the inside. They believed in the Platonic method of education, and invariably worked on that plan. They builded from the inside and never upon the outside. I should fail in a large way to define in all its parts the old district school of Candia, were I to leave out of this story those half days set apart for "composition" and "declamation."

"Advance then, ye future generations. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed." All comes back to me as vividly as the day I declaimed these immortal words of the "Immortal Daniel" upon that six by eight platform in school No. 4. I can hear the Hon. Luther W. Emerson of Brooklyn, a Candia boy better known as "Lute" in the home town, declaiming with youthful enthusiasm —

"Sing for the oak tree,
The monarch of the wood,"

as clearly as when the old schoolroom echoed and reëchoed with his voice. While the boys spoke with manly pride their "pieces," the girls read their compositions in voices that captured both ears of every boy in school. What I have written of the school in my own home neighborhood as it was in the years gone by, is as true of all the schools in

Candia at that time. They were the pride and boast of the fathers and mothers. May my memory of them never grow less ! The truth is the district schools in Candia way back in the almanacs were made up of the brightest boys and girls, and I must add the prettiest girls, to be found, hunt where you might the wide world o'er. How well, and with what ever-increasing love, I call to memory the old red schoolhouse in the home district ! And those boys and girls, especially the girls ! More than one Candia boy who ranks in age with myself, has sung more than once with Whittier : —

“ Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting ;
Lit up its western window-panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

“ It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

“ For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled ;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

.
“ He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

“ ‘ I am sorry that I spelt the word :
I hate to go above you,
Because — the brown eyes lower fell —
Because, you see, I love you ! ’ ”

Oh, those district schools of my good, good old town in the good old times! Well, I have lots more to say of them, not forgetting the High School, and the "examination day," and the dignified and wise committee men, and those teachers, blessed be their memory forevermore, and last, but not least, the boys and girls. So make ready to answer to your names, whether here or on "the other shore," for all of us are still in school, though in different rooms.

VII

WITH an experience of nearly twenty-five years in the public schools as teacher and superintendent, there have never come under my instruction brighter and more persistent pupils than those in the district schools of Candia a half-century ago.

The boys and girls in those earlier days appreciated to the full, the six months of school had in the year. They pursued their studies with a zest. Instead of a definite and unyielding course of study written out by a board of education, each child was allowed to select his and her own studies within certain prescribed limits. As a matter of course, the three R's were to be taught in every individual instance ; but aside from these fundamentals, the course of study was largely elective. And so it was that the individual preference of the pupil was consulted. The truth is, the boys and girls years ago started out as whole numbers in their school work. In those days the fractional process of reducing the children to the same denomination in order that they might be classified in the same grade, was absolutely unknown. John was required to lose nothing of his individuality and ability to acquire, and William was required to lose nothing of his, in order that the two might jog along together. Each boy and girl was counted in the district schools of Candia in the olden time as a unit, and they were taught as such. Then the pupils played a lone hand in their studies, the work of the

teacher being largely to see that the way was kept clear for each pupil to advance as rapidly as he might.

In those unclassified schools of Candia in the times of which I write, the thoroughness and efficiency evinced in the studies taught, was made evident in a pronounced way, and the instruction was always made intelligible. I am quite aware that I am on delicate ground when speaking of the old district school in so positive and favorable a way, so that it may seem to some that I am criticising our more modern methods of instruction and much of the subject matter now taught. Well, I may as well confess now as later on, what seems to me the fact, that much of our boasted system in the educational world compares unfavorably with the simpler methods of long ago. So much is required of the pupil in these days of feverish haste in the schools that he has n't the time to do his work thoroughly and well. I know this is an unpopular statement to make, but what are the facts? Take the subject of reading as now taught by the word and phonic method under some professed elocutionist! It is patent to everybody and everywhere, that better readers were turned out of the common district school fifty years ago, than are graduated from our higher institutions of learning at the present time. The boys and girls are to-day reading for the most part with partially closed lips. So far as my observation goes, the pupils in our public schools do but little with their reading matter than mouth their words, or, what is worse, swallow their voices outright.

In a letter received from a friend but a day or two ago, distinguished as a teacher of elocution, the writer says, "I've been out to my class both morning and afternoon, and this drilling in big halls, and nagging the girls to throw forward

their voices makes me a wreck physically and mentally too." And mind you these girls are those who have been taught in the public schools.

I am safe in saying that not one clergyman in ten, either in city or in country pulpit, is readily heard or understood by his entire congregation, and all this through an imperfect enunciation. It is n't volume of voice that is wanting so much as it is a clear, distinct, and well-defined pronunciation. No one was ever at a loss to catch each word as it fell from the lips of the late Priest Burnham of Pembroke, neither did one have to put his right hand to his right ear as he listened to the late Dr. Nathan Lord, so many years President of Dartmouth College, or to the late Father Taylor of Boston. I mention this trio of illustrious men as representatives of that class of men who were taught how to read intelligibly in the country district school.

With what delight does one sit under the preaching of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, not alone for the reason that he has something to say, but that he says it in that clear, enunciated way, that every word he utters is easily heard. It was only the other evening that I heard a half-dozen eminent clergymen speak in Tremont Temple, Boston, and among all those D. D.'s Edward Everett Hale was the only one who made himself readily understood through a voice that had been educated in the old-fashioned way. So we repeat in italics that reading was by far more successfully taught fifty and more years ago than it is to-day. How well and with what satisfaction I remember the manner in which reading was taught in the schools of Candia when I was a boy! Those daily drills the boys and girls then received in the second class reader, in Porter's

rhetorical reader, and in the American Fifth Reader, who can ever forget them !

“ You are old, Father William,
The young man cried,
The few locks that are left you are grey.”

And then who in Candia whose birthday dates back to the thirties and forties in the past century does not easily recall that oft-repeated reading lesson beginning as follows : —

“ Chained in the market place
He stood, a man of giant frame.”

And so on. The reading lessons in the old country school were made drill exercises, and they were dwelt upon until the voice had received its lesson.

Talk about voice culture in the schools of to-day as much as you will ; it is in no way up to that culture of the voice had in the more primitive schools. Now what is true of reading as taught in the district school of so many years ago, is very largely true of all the studies taught at that time.

The educational world is to-day having its fads in school work. In too many instances it is paying more attention to the ornamental than to the fundamental. By its system of monthly card reporting made up from the daily record of the pupil, and by that more intricate system of ciphering out the value of the pupil, much time is being worse than lost in school-teaching and in school-management. The simplest way of giving instruction is invariably the best way. An education without frills is uniformly the best education. There has been, there can be, no improvement on the olden time method of teaching the multipli-

cation table ; and I doubt very much if there is any better way of teaching the English alphabet than by having the pupil learn his a, b, c, in the old-fashioned way. At any rate, this simple way of doing things in the district schools of my native town a half-century ago was before and above all others, and under it I shall show that the boys and girls, to use a slang phrase, somehow "got there."

Candia must have been unusually fortunate in her long list of teachers in the years that have gone into history. They come back to me now having about them all the glow and enthusiasm of youth — and especially is this true of her female teachers, some of whom were distinguished for their personal charms and beauty, and of whom it will be a delightful pleasure to write. When I shall have written of the Candia High School as it was, and of that never-to-be-forgotten lyceum, then I shall take exceeding pleasure in calling the roll of both teachers and pupils as I knew them in the schools of Candia way back in the years gone by.

VIII

BEFORE writing of the Candia High School and of that Wednesday evening lyceum, so distinguished in its day, I gladly pay loving tribute to the faithful and efficient band of teachers in the district schools of the town in the years gone past.

There comes first and foremost to my call, Miss Emily Lane, as she was then known in district No. 4, more widely known however, in subsequent years, as the brilliant and accomplished wife of the late Governor Frederick Smyth of New Hampshire.

Mrs. Smyth was a young lady of attractive personal beauty and grace, and charming in all her manner of saying and doing. There was no pupil, neither was there any home in my school neighborhood which did not love her. And I may safely add, that every mother's son of us, then a pupil of Mrs. Smyth's instruction, not only loved her in the way in which the term "love" is usually employed, but we loved her in that sweet, old-fashioned manner where Cupid all-winged and all-armed with his darts, lighted upon each one of us boys, while he sent his arrows thick and fast into each boyish heart.

I well recall after so many years, how uncomfortably jealous we boys became, whenever Frederick Smyth, the then future governor of his state, rode over from Manchester to the little red schoolhouse, to see Miss Lane. Although under ten years of age, there was not a boy of

us who did not well understand that Frederick Smyth was bound to win and take to himself the fairest daughter of all the fair daughters of Charmingfare; and though jealous as we were, there was no one of us who did not commend the excellent judgment shown by Frederick Smyth in his great love for Emily Lane, and there was no one of us boys who did not, in his own heart of hearts, congratulate him in the sweet return that Miss Lane gave him for that love. However many may have been the brilliant achievements of Governor Smyth in his public and official life, the most brilliant achievement of them all was the winning of the heart and hand of Emily Lane.

Now the point I wish to make is this, — that in the education of the children all that constitutes the sweet and beautiful is or should be considered of the first importance in the life of a child. I can see at this moment, as vividly as I did in 1841 and '42, Emily Lane, in that neat-fitting print, fairer in face and form than were those never-to-be-forgotten June days way back in the calendar. So it is that I give emphasis to the fact that the first requisite that should be required of the teacher is, that he should make himself personally attractive, so far as this may be, to the children. The teacher, whether he will or not, is the first object lesson the pupil ever receives in school. And in addition to all this, love should head the programme of studies in the public schools. Teach the children in early life that love, a real deep love, is the greatest and most desirable of all things in the world. Emphasize to them the fact that the term "love" is a word that may be spoken in the daytime, and that it may be rightfully discussed in presence of father and mother, and, what is more, with the whole world within hearing distance. To love is a divine

attribute of heart and soul, and it should be made the sweet accompaniment of all school work. It was made so under the loving instruction and genial companionship of Mrs. Governor Frederick Smyth. Then there was Sarah Eaton, who afterward became Mrs. David Clough of Manchester, N. H. How well and pleasantly she is remembered by everybody in Candia, and especially by the older-grown in my home district. Mrs. Clough taught for several winters in school district No. 4, and was greatly beloved by all her pupils. Her cheery voice comes back to me now, as I write, and I hear again her joyous and ringing laughter. Mrs. Clough was an optimist. She looked upon the bright, promising side of everything. She believed in the best. She came near to her pupils, because she confided in them and loved them, and they in turn confided in her and loved her. What she said always passed current with her pupils. During one of the winters of her teaching in district No. 4 was the time in which the Miller doctrine concerning "the end of the world" was at its height. It so happened that the late Nathaniel Robie, a resident then of my neighborhood, returned on one of those winter days just as school was dismissed for the noontime hour, from Lowell, Mass., where he had been to visit a Miss Moore, who subsequently became his wife. Well, Mr. Robie, fortunately or otherwise, brought up with him from Lowell some printed slips announcing that the world would be destroyed at precisely two o'clock that very afternoon by three successive shocks of an earthquake. One of these printed slips somehow fell into the hands of the pupils, and for a time there was intense excitement and no little fear among the boys and girls, for it was a question of supreme importance whether they were to go up or down.

I well remember, and I trust I am telling no tale out of school in relating the incident, how that Deacon John P. French began what I supposed a farewell note to his father, the late Deacon Coffin M. French. I can see now the very seat he occupied as he began his good-by to his father. But fortunately his father came along as his son Deacon John P. was writing, so John, throwing aside his pencil, went out and saw his father, when the father quieted the fears of the boy. It is possible that Deacon John P. French may have forgotten this startling experience of his early life — be this as it may, it is as I have related it. It is, however, a credit to Deacon John French, the son, that he kept his wits about him so intact in such a trying hour, that he was able to state the imminent peril of all terrestrial things to his father, and in face of all this, bid him good-by. The most of us boys and girls were so scared at this final announcement that all things were to end in a crash at precisely two o'clock (just think of it! Less than two hours before the three terrible and destructive rumbles), that we hardly knew our names, and much less were we able to handle the pen. How we did all watch for the coming of the teacher from her dinner hour! Just as she appeared on the brow of the hill to the west, Miss Eaton was met by an excited throng of boys and girls who told her the story of the printed slip. The teacher at the announcement gave one of her jolly, assuring laughs, saying the school would go on as usual, and nothing unusual would happen.

But was n't that the quietest schoolroom that one ever did see, at two o'clock that afternoon! Then you could easily have heard that historic pin drop. The three successive shocks of an earthquake did n't come as predicted,

so I am here to tell the above thrilling story begotten of the Miller doctrine. Mrs. Clough was a woman of rare judgment. She was not easily disturbed, and her influence over her pupils was always helpful and hopeful. She invariably presented an attractive presence to the children. I shall never forget that shapely gown she wore, with a background of blue, with stripes running longitudinally — the fitting of it was exquisitely perfect. In a pleasant call made Mrs. Clough a year or two before her death, I mentioned among other things that gown which seemed to have grown to her, when she replied, "Yes, I remember it well," and she seemed not a little pleased that I too remembered it; and then she told me in a facetious way how, when boarding at the home of the late Hon. Abraham Emerson, the son, Daniel F. Emerson, came near spoiling the dress by spilling a bottle of ink over it as he was chasing about the room to jump a broomstick. By good luck, however, some chemicals took out the inkstains, so the gown with its blue background and longitudinal stripes was saved from defacement.

All these little details of the personal appearance of a teacher I mention that I may give further emphasis to the effectiveness of the objective teaching he and she must necessarily do. Mrs. Clough always enjoyed a bit of pleasantry, and she equally enjoyed telling of it to others. To illustrate what mere imagination will do, she related in a humorous way while boarding at my home, how that Mrs. Captain Jesse Eaton, upon a time, left her kitchen for a moment just as she had broken two eggs into a pan of dough to be mixed for pancakes. In her absence the husband, Captain Jesse Eaton, spooned up the eggs and swallowed them both, and was vigorously stirring or mix-

ing the dough when Mrs. Eaton returned to the kitchen, the eggs, of course, apparently being in the mix. At the breakfast table when the cakes were served, Captain Jesse said to his wife, "How short and palatable these cakes are!" "Well," replied Mrs. Eaton, "they should be, for I used two eggs in their cooking." Mrs. Clough never failed to see and enjoy the humorous side of life, as well as its more serious side. She always carried the sunshine with her wherever she went. She had no cloudy days in school, and her pupils easily caught the inspiration that came from her abounding good cheer, and sunny nature.

I have thus written at some length of Mrs. Governor Smyth and Mrs. Clough, because they came into my earlier life as teachers, and that my first school days are so closely and so pleasantly associated with their sweet, youthful lives. But there are other teachers whose names are forever linked with the school in district No. 4, and with other schools of the town, who will receive loving and honorable mention in chapter IX.

"Delightful task! To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

IX

It should be borne constantly in mind that these letters concerning the earlier life of my native town are not essays on some popular literary subject, neither are they disquisitions upon some intricate theological question. They are simply informal talks about Candia as she was when I was —

“Just at the age ’twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech and speech is truth.”

Indeed these letters are nothing other than familiar chats with the boys and girls of my day, before the open fire of a winter evening with a mug of cider, with its two fiery red bell peppers, simmering away for the further entertainment of the company, so that I am not hampered and bound in telling this story of the olden time, by any set rules of rhetoric, or by any severe logical way of putting things.

It is altogether delightful that in all narrative writing, one may roam where he will at his own sweet pleasure. He may, if he chooses, now and then switch off from the main story, to bring in a collateral, indirectly bearing on what the writer has to say. So please, dear reader, understand I am swinging a go-easy pen, and dipping it in ink of various colors.

Draw your chair up nearer, while I say a further word of the old time district school teachers in Candia. Perhaps not immediately following Mrs. Clough, but soon

afterwards, came her sister, Miss Martha Eaton, now Mrs. Spofford of Manchester, N. H., as a teacher in my home neighborhood school. I have the pleasantest remembrances of the then Martha Eaton. She too was of attractive personal presence, and winning in all her ways. I think it must be true that all the Eaton girls of the home place, where now Miss Ellen S. Eaton resides, were born teachers. At any rate they were naturally possessed of that drawing power which attracts the children and holds them willing and glad subjects.

A delightful evening was passed with Mrs. Spofford two summers ago at the home of Miss Ellen S. Eaton by several of her pupils of the early forties in the century gone by.

I, with the rest of that little company, was pleased to note how gracefully Mrs. Spofford had met the years as they have passed in quick succession. Many a story was told on that evening of reunion of teacher and pupils of district No. 4. I am glad to learn that Mrs. Spofford is really growing younger as the years accumulate, and that she is as much interested now as ever in all that pertains to this beautiful world and to its active, enterprising life. Then there was Miss Abbie Lane, sister of the late Mrs. Governor Symth, another of the early teachers in the home school. Miss Lane, so well known in Candia as Mrs. Doctor Paige, was a most amiable woman, so quiet and unassuming in all her ways! She was much beloved by her pupils, and yet I fear that some of the larger boys during that winter term of her teaching, troubled her. I recall now a little incident which occurred under her instruction which may be only one of others like unto it.

It was at the recess of an afternoon that some of the

boys created an undue disturbance upon the playground, in which disturbance, as I remember it now, Daniel F. Emerson, of Manchester, was the instigator and leader, but somehow, I don't know why, suspicions fell on me as being guilty of the somewhat irregular and demonstrative outbreak at the recess already mentioned. Dan, as he was familiarly known in district No. 4, was a good boy and one who always said his prayers, still he took no little delight in now and then playing his hand so cutely, that some other fellow would be compelled according to the law of all evidence, to shoulder the blame. So in this instance, I was apparently the "Jonah" — so thought the teacher, and I was consequently requested "to stop after school." I stoutly asserted my innocence, all the while saying, "It was Dan who did it," but all to no avail.

Miss Lane invariably closed the afternoon session of school by having her pupils repeat a verse of Scripture. The thought happily occurred to me that there might be something in the Four Gospels which would help my case, so I set about turning the leaves of my New Testament with earnest, prayerful intent, when in a sort of providential way I fell upon the verse reading as follows: "I told you the truth but ye believed me not." When it came my turn to repeat the Scriptural verse learned, I rose from my seat feeling that I had on the full armor of the Gospel, and that all the prophets and the apostles and the holy men of Israel were on my side. I repeated my verse with an unction, but I had to stop after school all the same. I remember with all the vividness of yesterday, just how gracefully Miss Lane leaned against her desk as she pleasantly questioned me concerning that tumultuous noise and disturbance at the recess hour. I do not recall just how

the matter was settled. This I do know, however, that "Dan" escaped the penalty of the law, and went forth with an innocent smile upon his face, and with an air of the most complacent satisfaction. It was only a few summers previous to the death of Mrs. Paige, that I called upon her at her late home. It was a reminiscent hour with us both. She spoke pleasantly of her pupils of the long ago, while I assured her of the love that every girl and boy of us had for her as a teacher, and for her as a loving and lovable woman.

It was in the autumn of 1858, when teaching the High School on the hill, that I had my midday meal with Mrs. Paige, so that I renewed my acquaintance with her. She never failed to pleasantly impress me with her quiet way of saying and doing things.

She was like the still summer evening, made charmingly attractive through its almost audible silence, when no rustle of twig or leaf is heard in all the land about.

Then there was Miss Elizabeth Murray, who taught a summer term in district No. 4, sometime previous to the forties. I think her teaching must have been in the later thirties. While I have only the most shadowy remembrance of Miss Murray as a teacher, still I do recall how she would stand a class of us little folks in the straightest of lines, and then just before our reading lesson, have us close our eyes and say our prayers in concert. And I cannot forget what a temptation it was for me to squint just a bit with one eye at least, before the class got to the "amen." And then I remember that brass-handle pen-knife, which, with its blade shut, Miss Murray would occasionally let go at some inattentive and refractory pupil. Let it be said, however, that she always aimed at some

non-vital spot. And then the male teachers, what a long line of them!

The late Edmund Hill was my first "schoolmaster," whom I well remember. Mr. Hill was a man of first-class literary ability. He was keenly alive to the best there is in the intellectual world. He infused his pupils with that same love of learning which he possessed. As a teacher in the public schools of the town, and as a citizen of Candia, he ranked among the first of the foremost. Mr. Hill, more familiarly known as Deacon Hill, bore a striking resemblance in facial feature and expression to the pictures of Shakespeare.

Then, there was the late Josiah Shannon, son of the late Deacon Shannon, who taught one winter term in district No. 4. Mr. Shannon was of an exceedingly nervous temperament, under whose management things had to go or break. A little impatient at times of results, he hastened on with quickened step with whatever work he had in hand. Mr. Shannon was much respected by his pupils, and highly regarded by his townspeople. I have learned that in Manchester, where he resided for so many years, he endeared himself to all classes alike through that love for humanity, which revealed itself in all his business and social life.

And now comes John Clement in the winter of 1847, then a senior at Dartmouth. Mr. Clement was one of the most amiable of young men. His companionship both in and out of the schoolroom was altogether delightful. He was after the same manner of man as was his genial father, the Rev. Dr. Clement of Chester. Then followed Rufus Jay Kittridge of Chester, Moses C. Smith of Hampstead, and J. Frank Dudley of Candia. J. Frank Dudley,

now the Rev. Dr., was my last teacher in the common district school. Bright as a new silver dollar, and sparkling all over with the keenest wit, he taught his pupils on the brightest and liveliest plans. I shall have more to say of Mr. Dudley in a subsequent letter.

In naming these individual teachers, representatives of the teachers in Candia as they were in a century that has now passed into history, I have had in mind the fact that each teacher made a lasting impression on his and her pupils, each in his and her own way. And thus must it ever be.

The teacher should be one commissioned from on high. He should tarry for a little in some Jerusalem, until imbued with the spirit; for he who deals with mind enters into copartnership with God Himself. That master of masters, and teacher of teachers, the very Christ, well understood all pedagogics. He taught in an objective way. To his disciples he said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." "He opened his mouth and taught them, saying," must be the base and cap-stone of all teaching that shall stand the test.

"And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him." The pupils of the Christ-master flocked to him, and as surely will the children flock to an earthly master who has the love and enthusiasm of the true teacher about him and in him.



FOUR GENERATIONS: ABRAHAM EMERSON, DANIEL F. EMERSON, RUTH ABBIE EMERSON BROWN
AND CHILD

X

MARK TWAIN, with all his good nature and keen sense of humor, was unconsciously guilty of a libel when he said that "God first made idiots for practice, and then made school committee men." At any rate, I have the profoundest respect for the school committee of Candia in the years of long ago. And how well, and with what pleasure I remember them! There come to me as I write, the Hon. Abraham Emerson, Deacon Francis Patten, Alfred Colby, Dr. Isaiah Lane, Col. Cass, Dr. Eastman, Harvey Philbrick, John D. Patterson, and others, who served Candia long and well in all her educational work. These men who have long been deceased, still live in the history of the district schools of Candia; so to write of these and leave the school committee out of the record would be again the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out.

I am quite sure there are none of the former pupils of the good old town who do not vividly remember those more or less frequent visits of the school committee to the several schools of the town. During their august presence how we boys and girls were on our good behavior! How upright those men of learning would sit in that red box desk in school No. 4! How they would carefully watch every movement of us pupils, and how they would note each answer given to questions put by the teacher! Occasionally the visiting committee would take an active part in questioning the pupil, and not so infrequently as one

might at first suppose, a heated discussion would be carried on between the pupil and the committeeman ; for in the olden time the school children in Candia were taught to think for themselves, and to hold to their opinion with an intelligent tenacity until convinced to the contrary. I well remember that earnest and interesting debate during one of the official visits of Dr. Lane to my home-school, had by the doctor and one of the pupils. The discussion was over the sentence reading as follows : —

“ How vain I find my power is,
To track the windings of the curious mind ! ”

The pupil insisted, and rightfully so, that the word “ find ” was a transitive verb ; to this Dr. Lane stoutly objected, as the verb had no single word for its object. The pupil, however, still persisted and insisted that the verb was transitive, having for its object the subordinate sentence following it. I have no question that the doctor and the boy, who so strenuously stood his ground, all the more respected each other, for holding each to his own view of the grammatical relationship of the sentence under discussion. I mention this one incident, out of many similar ones, to give emphasis to the fact that the children in the schools way back, both in time and in the country, were taught to think for themselves.

And then those speeches of the committeemen at the close of their visit ! Who can ever forget them ! How kindly Deacon Patten would say, “ I am glad to see that you children are wisely improving your time,” adding, “ You boys and girls must remember that soon the places we now occupy you will fill.” And then as though it were but yesterday, I can see Dr. Lane at the closing hour of

school rise from his seat slowly and with impressive dignity to tell us children how much pleased he had been with his visit, and I do not forget the good advice he gave so many years ago.

I'll venture there is not a man or woman in my home neighborhood who was a pupil with me in the little red schoolhouse, who does not remember that visit of Dr. Eastman, when he gave us boys a lecture on profanity in his closing "remarks." It happened that he heard one of the boys at recess use a "swear word" in his play on the school grounds, which was a very unusual thing in district No. 4, for we were all taught good morals as well as sound learning. The doctor did in no way forget that "bad word" when he came to make his little speech, and so it was that he gave the boys a sound lecture on the utter foolishness and wickedness of profanity. After the dismissal of the school, the boys each and all said to Daniel Emerson, who had his home with the late Simon French (not the Daniel to whom reference was made in chapter IX), "The doctor must have meant you, for he looked straight at you all the while he was telling of the awful wickedness of profanity." "Well he might look at me," replied Daniel, "for I was the only boy in school who could innocently look the doctor in the eye. All the other heads were down." This was the same Daniel, it will be remembered, who had a composition on "skating." It seems that Daniel had spent the previous afternoon in skating, so he ended his composition in this emphatic way. "Our legs were so stiff the next morning that we could hardly get one foot before the other, our legs were so stiff." How we all, teacher and pupils, made ready for the committee in a body, on those ever to be remembered and eventful

“examination days”! Every boy and girl of us in our go-to-meeting clothes, and the teacher in his best, and if a schoolmarm, in her neatest and prettiest gown. How ominous the silence just before the arrival of the school committee! And how the dear old fathers and mothers would come along in goodly numbers that they might witness the advancement made by their bright, promising children. Oh, those “examination days” were “field days” in the educational life of the children. And then came the speeches from the school committee, and then followed prayer, which was invariably made in those earlier school days. In the more modern method of doing things in the educational world, the schools have largely done away with the prayer and with the reading of Scripture. It is a question, however, if all this is not a step backward. I should have mentioned the Rev. William Murdock as a member of the school committee in Candia, for he served as such several years. I can now see his stately form as he approached and entered the schoolroom, and never did he leave teacher and pupils without calling down upon them the divine blessing.

The school committee of Candia a half-century and more ago were men of abounding common sense, with a practical education obtained in the country district schools. Many of them had had several terms of experience in these same country schools as teachers; and they were successful teachers, for they had first learned what a practical life necessarily demands.

My first “certificate” allowing me to teach in the district schools of Candia was granted me by Deacon Francis Patten, Hon. Abraham Emerson, and John D. Patterson, who then, in 1852, were the school committee of the town.

Were I to live however long, I shall never forget that examination. It was held in the schoolhouse at Candia Corner with every member of the committee present. I do not remember just how many of us would-be teachers were examined at that time. It is, however, fresh in my memory that Moses F. Emerson was one of the number. I recall, too, that the examination took in Colburn's and the written arithmetic, reading, spelling, grammar, and geography, and something of history. I have no distinct remembrance of any particular question asked me save one, and that was asked by John D. Patterson, and it was the following: "Will you tell me, Wilson, why the moon seems larger at its rising than it does as it approaches the zenith?" So I at once surmised that Mr. Patterson was something of a philosopher.

Well, Moses Emerson and I received with commendable pride our "certificates." Where he taught that first winter of his experience I am not sure, unless it was in the Pat-ten district. My first experience as teacher was had in the Island district, and I remember to this day that I "boarded round," and had during that winter seventeen different homes, and all of them excellent ones. With the best bed in the house and with the best of everything to eat, who could complain!

To the dear old district schools of Candia and to their intelligent and kindly committeemen, and to those loving and lovable teachers, and to those ever-remembered school-mates my heart fondly turns. The sweet memory of them all has become a part of my very being. Now for the Candia High School and its Lyceum, and then we shall gladly and proudly call the Candia boys and girls by name, those who have stayed at home on the old farm, and those who have

gone out from the home into that larger world to seek their livelihood ; for we are all of the same family, whether remaining on the old homestead or far removed therefrom, and we all have been educated in the same country schools. So give me your hand and your heart, while I go on with my story.

XI

HERE at Whiteface, N. H., in God's own country, surrounded by these grand old mountains, and in closest touch with this long winding valley stretching itself leisurely away to the Pine Tree State, I find myself still singing of Candia. There is a feeling of happy relief in occasionally getting away from men and women, so as to hold "sweet communion" with Nature. Christ delighted to withdraw more or less frequently from the multitude, and betake himself to a desert place. And so it was that he was often seen during the coming on of the twilight, in his boat alone, on the Sea of Galilee. There is a charm in solitude nowhere else to be found. Here, apart from the noisy, busy world, there comes to one's vision a clearer and more distinct vision of the past. Nestled among these mountains, of which Whittier so sweetly sang, the Candia High School of so many years ago comes back to me laden with a thousand precious memories. The high school of a half-century and more ago in the dear old home-town was the legitimate offspring and first-born of the Candia district schools; for the love of learning begotten in the little red schoolhouse demanded a further search for knowledge, in more extended fields of study, and so the high school in Candia became an institution of the town.

Every girl and boy counted on the coming of the autumn time, that they might make their way to this higher department of learning. I can only make a passing

reference to the earlier high school in Charmingfare, as it had its beginning in the shadowy past. The first teacher in this higher preparatory school whom I remember was a Mr. Pease, who taught on the road leading to Deacon Healey's home. Of course, I was not a pupil under Mr. Pease. My high school days came later. At the time of Mr. Pease's teaching there were the Lanes, the Eatons, the Browns, the Fittses, Mrs. Edmund Hill (known then as Sarah W. Emerson), the late Mrs. Walter R. Dolber (then Mary Jane Palmer), the Rev. Moses Patten and others of this class in years, who made up the registry of the earlier high school in Candia.

Following Mr. Pease, there came as teachers (not perhaps in the order that I name them), James O. Adams of Manchester, now deceased, the Hon. David Cross of the above city, the Hon. William C. Todd of Atkinson, so recently deceased, a Mr. Burnham, Mr. Marshall of Hampstead, Mr. Storrs, who subsequently became a distinguished clergyman, Mr. Farrar, Mr. Chapin, Deacon Samuel Sargeant of Methuen, Mass., and most likely others whose names I do not recall. In passing, I must speak more at length of two of the above teachers whom I came to know so well and so pleasantly in later life. I refer to the Hon. David Cross of Manchester, and to the Hon. William C. Todd, whose funeral obsequies were held at his late home in Atkinson on June 29, 1903. Although not under Mr. Todd's instruction in Candia, still I well knew of his deserved popularity as a teacher and a man by the people of my town. He was so genial in all his ways, that he drew a multitude of friends close about him wherever he went. Candia has never forgotten Mr. Todd.

In the spring of 1854, the late Capt. William R. Patten,

my brother, Alanson Palmer, and myself became pupils in Atkinson Academy, of which Mr. Todd was then principal. I shall never forget how, arriving in Atkinson at noon-day, I at once found my way to Mr. Todd's home, and were I to live on indefinitely, I could never forget the cordial reception given me. After telling him my plans for the college, he gave me a copy of Stoddard's Latin grammar, in which I first learned to conjugate the verb "amo," and what is better, I then learned its intense meaning in English. That first lesson in my Latin grammar was the most important one I ever learned, for it taught me that to love was, or should be, the beginning and end of all language. I found Mr. Todd one of the most delightful teachers. He had no pupil who did not love him. He had a heart responsive to all that was best, and he gave most generously to his pupils out of his heart of hearts. There was no one in the academy or in the town of Atkinson who did not deeply mourn his departure to the Girls' High School in Newburyport, Mass. I felt, and so did we all, that I had lost the immediate presence of a friend, such a friend as is seldom found. I met, for the last time, Mr. Todd some two or three years ago in Newburyport, while I was a guest at the Rev. Dr. S. C. Beane's home. He met me as in the years before, with all that cordiality that was so characteristic of the man. He affectionately inquired for Candia, and spoke lovingly of his pleasant remembrances of the town.

Mr. Todd took a personal interest and pride in the well-doing and success of every boy and girl who had been under his instruction as a teacher. The Hon. William C. Todd's life has been well rounded out in years, and in generous, loving deeds to his kind. For the something more than eighty years of his life, he had labored for the

good of mankind. His greatest happiness consisted in making others happy. His frequent gifts for benevolent and charitable objects will ever remain a tribute to his memory. In the death of Mr. Todd, New Hampshire is bereaved of one of her noblest sons, and as such will she mourn him, and so will Massachusetts as well. On Monday, June 29, all that was mortal of Mr. Todd was laid to rest. And yet he, the loving, generous, upright man that he was, survives, and will survive, through all the eternity of years to come, for such a life as he lived is immortalized here on earth.

It would be ingratitude itself, were I not to write of the Hon. David Cross of Manchester, whom I have come to know so well. While I was not a pupil in the high school when David Cross, now the Hon. Judge Cross, was its principal, yet I was a pupil in his law office during the year 1863, so that I came to know him intimately. As my law instructor I found him to be what he had so pleasantly proven himself as a man and a teacher during two terms of school work in Candia. Judge David Cross must have been born under a kindly fortunate star, for he has taken his busy life without a murmur. He has invariably looked upon the bright side of everything with which he has had to do. Happy himself, he has all the while made others happy. Whenever in Manchester, I make it a point precedent to call on Judge Cross at his office; and if I have but a moment to stay, I always go out from his office having about me the sunshine, for the judge dwells in an atmosphere of perpetual sunshine. Judge Cross is distinguished throughout New England for his legal attainments, and especially is he distinguished throughout his native state, and besides, what is better than all, he is greatly beloved



DAVID CROSS

by all New Hampshire. At the age of eighty-six years, Judge Cross retains all the enthusiasm of a man in middle life, and in spite of his many years he has the face and erect form of one many years his junior. Ask Dartmouth College to name one of her most distinguished and most loving and most lovable of alumni, and she will at once reply, "The Hon. David Cross of Manchester." I am sure I do not overstate the fact, when I write that Dartmouth College has no living graduate whom she loves quite so much and as tenderly as she does Judge Cross; and it may be safely said that in turn Judge Cross loves Dartmouth College with a devoted and well-nigh consecrated love. Dartmouth College has no Commencement or meeting of the alumni at which Judge Cross is not present, and on each and every one of these occasions his voice is heard singing the praises of his alma mater. I have thus written at some length of the Hon. William C. Todd and the Hon. David Cross, because their early lives were so closely associated with the earlier life of Candia, and because Candia shares in the honor that each of these distinguished men has so richly earned for himself. Candia well understood how to select for her high school as teachers, men of eminent worth and ability, and men, be it said, who have successfully stood the test of a noble manhood.

But dear me, there must be another chapter on the Candia High School. Why, to write the history of the earlier life of Candia, "the world would not contain the books" wherein that history might be written. But, dear reader, whose birthplace and date of birth are written down in the family Bible at your former home in Candia, do be patient, for I shall soon get to your name, when I shall gladly tell all the good things I know of you — and I know lots of them.

XII

It was not until the autumn of 1852 and that of 1853, that I came to know the Candia High School personally and well, and to appreciate its many advantages, for it was not until the above dates that I was registered as a pupil therein. In the high school immediately previous to my time there were among those in attendance Daniel Dana Patten, Nathan B. Prescott of Derry, my brother Albert Palmer, Cotton Beane of New York, the Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D. D., of Newburyport, Mass., the Rev. J. Frank Dudley, D. D., located somewhere in the West, Rev. John D. Emerson, Thomas Lang of Malden, Mass., Mrs. James H. Fitts of Newfields, she who was Celina French, Mrs. Dr. Eaton, better known in Candia as Harriet Lane, and Mrs. Charles Pressey of Winchester, Mass., known by all Candians as Elizabeth Patten, and a long list of others, some of whose names I mentioned in chapter XI. Daniel Dana Patten, Rev. John D. Emerson, Albert Palmer, and many others of the earlier high school have successfully and happily passed their final examination, and are now being taught in the Infinite Presence. Heaven has been enriched by those who have gone out and up from the Candia High School of years ago. That was an event in my life which enrolled me as a member of the school under the instruction of Samuel Farrar, then a recent graduate of Dartmouth College.

I shall remember for evermore how my good mother on

that auspicious September morning piled the dinner pail to the brim for myself and my brother Alanson, as we started for that temple of learning "on the hill." I am confident there was no Candia boy or girl in those days who sang with the poet, —

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

No, no, for with gladsome hearts the way was made easy for all by the many loving sacrifices made by those dear fathers and mothers that we, their children, might drink long and deep at "learning's fount." Mr. Farrar proved himself an exceedingly pleasant man and a teacher whom his pupils greatly loved. It was on the evening of the closing exercises of his term of school that in his good-by words to his pupils, he said as a finale, "Boys and girls, should you ever come to Pepperell, Mass., don't forget to call on Sam Farrar." There were in attendance at that autumn session of the high school some forty pupils, among whom were the Rev. S. F. French of Londonderry, Moses F. Emerson, the late Capt. William R. Patten, Mrs. Jesse W. Sargeant, Mrs. John D. Colby, Mrs. Moses F. Emerson, Mrs. Eben Eaton, the late Hon. James H. Eaton, Mrs. John G. Lane, the late Rev. James P. Lane, Emma Pillsbury, who subsequently became the wife of Rev. James P. Lane, Porter Reed, Sarah Fitts, who afterwards was Mrs. John Patten, Ann Emerson, who later on married and settled in Haverhill, Mass., the late Frank Buswell, Henry French, resident in one of the suburbs of Boston, and the late Mary B. Lane, and many others whose names I do not at this writing recall. The Hon. Luther W. Emerson and the Rev. George H. French were pupils in the high school

but a year or two after my time, if I remember rightly. Of course, I am not able to give a full and accurate list of those who were at one time and another, pupils in the high school; — however, I have given a representative showing, and those names which do not now occur to me will, I have no doubt, come to me later, when I shall gladly give them place in these reminiscences of the home town. The pupils who were under the instruction of Mr. Farrar, and under the tuition of Mr. Chapin the following autumn, were a company of bright boys and girls who were determined, from the start, to make the most out of their high school days. They were not content until they had learned the “why and wherefore,” in each department of their studies. This spirit of earnest inquiry pleased Mr. Farrar, while at times it seemed to trouble and annoy Mr. Chapin. But Mr. Chapin was a good man and I respect his memory. It happened, and fortunately so, I think, that Mr. Chapin was married, for Mrs. Chapin was of valuable assistance to her husband in effecting the discipline of the school. A woman pleasant in all her ways, with a face inviting, she easily drew about her Mr. Chapin’s pupils, which fact was a substantial aid to him. I am very sure that none of the boys and girls in the high school under Mr. Chapin will ever forget how we all accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Chapin, at the close of their term, from their boarding-place down to the depot as they were starting for home. And I am even more than sure that the memory of that kiss which Mrs. Chapin gave every boy of us, and be it remembered we were big boys, will never fade out of our remembrance.

I don’t know that we boys sang with Robert Dodsley :

“ One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu ;

Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet, shall pant for you."

But whether we sang or not the above lines, I, in speaking for myself, have ever held that kiss which Mrs. Chapin gave me in sweet remembrance, and in return for it, I have no doubt that I gave her an audible smack.

In writing of the high school pupils of my town I do no injustice to others in first paying tribute to the late Mary B. Lane, for she was a girl who constantly dwelt in a literary atmosphere. Of quiet and winning manner, she made a host of loving friends wherever she went. To know her was to love her. She had the keenest appreciation of all that was best in the world of intellect. All nature became her teacher, and she was one of her most devoted and appreciative pupils. To her, the morning and the evening were the painting and the poetry of the skies. The landscape, to her, was the penciling of an infinite hand. She was one in love with God's own world, so she took in the best and the richest of all to be found both in the material and immaterial world. No wonder that she so frequently broke forth into song in sweetest verse. She sang as few others could sing, for she was attuned to all the harmonies in air and earth and sky. Her heart responded to all that was sweet and beautiful, because she herself was all that is sweet and beautiful.

The following poem, written by Miss Lane in 1858, was published during the succeeding year in the "Boston Journal," and called forth from that metropolitan sheet the most favorable comment. The subject of the poem is, "The Things that are Unseen," and I gladly reproduce it as a whole, knowing that the Candia readers of the "Derry News" will especially enjoy her sweet verse, sung

so many years ago, and still a living inspiration in all the world of poetry. The poem reads as follows : —

“ Flowers more beautiful and fragrant
Than the richest gardens boast,
Bloom unheeded in the desert
Or in forest dells are lost.

“ Gems of purest lustre sparkle
Where no human foot has trod,
And no eye has ever wandered,
Save the Omniscient eye of God.

“ Hidden 'neath the waves of ocean,
Radiant pearls and diamonds glow ;
Richer far than ever glistened
On the monarch's haughty brow.

“ And a thousand constellations
Shine beyond our mortal sight,
Whose bright glories, ere they reach us,
Must be lost in endless night.

“ Like the pearl beneath the billows,
Or the forest flower unseen,
Unrevealed, yet passing glorious,
Is the spirit's life within.

“ Not alone in outward action,
Not in labor's ceaseless strife,
Is the sum of our existence
Or the charm of human life.

“ Most of grandeur, power and beauty
Far within the spirit dwell,
In the heart's deep secret fountain,
Whence the holiest passions swell,



MISS MARY B. LANE

- “ In the love that never falters,
Through all change enduring still,
In the busy faithful memory,
And the free and earnest will.
- “ Far beneath all speech or language,
Many a great and noble thought
Fit to deck the brow of genius
Lives unheeded and unsought.
- “ There are myriad aspirations
Never breathed by human tongue,
And a thousand dreams of beauty,
Which the poet never sung.
- “ Many a fierce though bloodless battle
Ne'er by history enrolled,
Has been fought by strong temptation
In the silence of the soul.
- “ Victories all unrecorded
Have been gained o'er giant wrong,
And by deeply hidden struggles,
Many a hero has grown strong.
- “ Outward loveliness and grandeur
Vanish like a fleeting dream;
But eternity is peopled
With 'the things that are unseen.'
- “ All true excellence and beauty,
Now by earthly mists concealed,
In that world of light celestial,
Evermore shall stand revealed.”

Mary B. Lane was the sweet singer of Candia, and wrote, —

“ In the love that never falters,
Through all change enduring still.”

So it was that she sang, having first been breathed upon by that intense spirit of love, which puts to the most melodious music, both heart and soul. I add no further word to this chapter, for I am desirous that the late Mary B. Lane, of the old Candia High School, shall herself give its ending, in her choicest note of sweetest song, and may she thus sing anew in every Candia home.

XIII

IN this my concluding chapter on the Candia High School, as I remember it, I must not forget to give Enoch Breed a conspicuous place among its teachers.

Mr. Breed was a young man, then recently from Dartmouth, bubbling all over with good health and youthful blood. He was eminently of a social nature, and was a most companionable fellow. He was one of those men who never fail to come in closest touch with the world, and he enjoyed its "three hurrahs and a tiger" as few others did. Mr. Breed proved himself an excellent instructor, and was much appreciated as such by his pupils. I was not under his tutelage, still I came to know him well through those who attended his school.

The Candia High School of the long ago was a substantial factor in moulding and giving emphasis to the character of many a girl and boy of the town who attended its sessions. Not only were the English branches taught in the high school in the times of which I write, but the preparatory studies of the college were taught as well. I shall have occasion later on to speak of the boys who went from this school to Dartmouth and other colleges, not forgetting to say a good word of the Candia High School girls who subsequently became pupils in higher institutions of learning.

I should fail in a large way, in setting forth the high school of my day, were I to leave out of my story those

never-to-be-forgotten Wednesday afternoons on which declamations and compositions made up the programme of the hour. How we boys and girls did enjoy those field occasions for flights in oratory and in essay reading! The woods back of the schoolhouse on the hill in those days were made vocal by many a young Demosthenes in rehearsing his "piece" for the Wednesday afternoon exercises. When one saw Captain William R. Patten, better known as "Bill," and the Hon. Luther W. Emerson, known as "Lute," and Porter Reed, and the late Hon. James H. Eaton and Alanson Palmer and other boys, making their way to the grove back of Eleazor Knowles' house, one could positively declare that it was Wednesday, on the afternoon of which each of these boys was to make his best bow on the stage, and pour forth his youthful eloquence. Those declamation days were invaluable to the boys of Candia. The good old home town has sent out into the world several men who in an oratorical as well as in a literary way, have brought much credit and honor to Candia. And that they have brought such credit and honor, is largely due to the training they received in the schools of the town. The selections for declamations were always made with great care. The best paragraphs in prose and poetry were memorized, and so memorized and repeated and re-repeated that they stayed by the boys, as does the English alphabet, or the multiplication table. The "pieces," or most of them that I declaimed in school fifty years ago, I have since declaimed time and again on many a by-road, and in field and pasture, and on many a prairie of the West. These selections have been my faithful and inspiring companions in many an hour, when otherwise there would have been nothing left me but

whistling to keep my courage up. The late E. P. Whipple, that most brilliant of all writers, says in his essay on "Authors," that "we can select our companions from the most richly gifted of the sons of God; and they are companions who will not desert us in poverty, in sickness, or in distress.

"When everything else fails, when this great world of form and shows appears a two-edged lie, which seems, but is not, when fortune frowns and friends cool and health forsakes us, even then, we are not without friends in whose immortal countenances, as they look upon us from books, we can discern no change. Friends who will people solitudes with shapes more glorious than ever glittered in palaces, who will visit the firesides of the humble and lavish the treasures of the intellect upon the poor, who will consecrate sorrow and take the sting from care, and who, in the long hours of sickness and despondency, will send healing to the sick heart and energy to the wasted brain." And then does Whipple add most eloquently, "Well might Milton exclaim in that impassioned speech of his for the liberty of unlicensed printing, where every word leaps with intellectual life, 'He who kills a man kills a reasonable creature; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye.'

"Many a man lives a burden upon the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life." That whole extract from Whipple, of which the above is but a part, I declaimed fifty-one years ago in the schoolhouse on the hill, and after so long a time I can now repeat it word for word as readily as I did on that autumn afternoon in 1852, from the little platform in the school building

alongside the "Meeting-House." And then those burning words of that great apostle of popular education, Horace Mann, delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston in the forties of the century just past; how can I ever forget them! Just listen a moment and you shall bear what Horace Mann said in part: "There is a time when the youthful heir of a throne first comes to a knowledge of his mighty prerogatives. When he first learns what strength there is in his imperial arm and what happiness or woe wait upon his voice. When the vista of the future with all its possibilities of glory and of shame first opens on the vision of youth.

"Then is he summoned to make his choice between truth and treachery, between honor and dishonor, between purity and profligacy, between moral life and moral death; and as he doubts or balances between the heavenward and the hellward course, as he struggles to rise or consents to fall, is there in all the universe of God a spectacle of higher exultation or of deeper pathos?

"Within him are the appetites of a brute and the attributes of an angel, and when these meet in council to make up the roll of his destiny and seal his fate forever, shall the beast hound out the seraph? Shall the young man, now conscious of the largeness of his sphere and of the sovereignty of his choice, wed the low ambitions of the world and seek with their emptiness to fill his immortal desires? Because he has a few animal wants to be supplied, shall he therefore become all animal, an epicure and an inebriate, and blasphemously make the first doctrine of his catechism, the chief end of man, to glorify his stomach and enjoy it? Because it is the law of self-preservation that he shall provide for himself, and the law of religion

that he shall provide for his family when he has one, shall he therefore cut away all the bonds of humanity that bind him to his race, forswear charity, crush down every prompting of benevolence, and if he can have the palace and equipage of a prince and the table of a Sybarite, become a blind man, and a deaf man, and a dumb man when he walks the streets where hunger moans and nakedness shivers?" And so on. There are entire pages of that admirable and eloquent address of Horace Mann that I can now as readily repeat, as I did when a boy. And I am sure that those who were in the high school with me can reproduce many a paragraph they learned when pupils in the schools.

I have quoted these somewhat lengthy extracts from Whipple and Horace Mann, that I may give objective proof that what is memorized in youth, becomes in after years a substantial part of the man.

And then those "compositions," — they were indeed a brilliant feature of those Wednesday afternoon exercises. This department of literary production and exhibition more particularly belonged to the girls, though all the pupils were required to write original essays. The girls, however, took the prize in the line of composition-writing. I seem to hear now as though it were but yesterday, Ann Caroline Anderson, Lucinda French, Keziah Patten, Abbie Patten, Lydia Ann Emerson, Mary B. Lane, and other girls of that day, reading what they had written by the light of the midnight oil, to an audience of pupils who most attentively listened. And one must not forget that the girls wrote on subjects that were suggestive of their best efforts in a literary way.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that declamation and com-

position day in nearly all of our city and suburban schools, is no longer recognized, and possibly there is no such day in the country schools. On this point I am not informed. But in Boston and its suburban schools, there is no declamation and composition afternoon — and this means a long step backward in all literary effort.

I thus dwell long and earnestly upon the “composition” and the declamation because they enter so supremely as factors into all scholastic effort and acquirement. Daniel Webster counted himself fortunate that he could repeat at a moment’s notice the unsurpassed poetry of the Psalms. It is an accomplishment to be able to repeat on such an exquisitely beautiful morning as this here in the mountains, those Scriptural verses, “The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.”

Who would forget that “The Lord is my shepherd ; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; He leadeth me beside the still waters ; — Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me ; my cup runneth over.” Here, among these eternal fastnesses, one may well exclaim, “Mercy and truth are met together : righteousness and peace have kissed each other.” There is no book in all the wide world from which quotations are so frequent and so apt, as those made from the Bible. Daniel Webster gave it as his pronounced belief, that it is quite impossible to become the scholar without being familiar with Scriptural writings.

Now, while I am not preaching, I still insist that memorizing, in early youth, properly selected passages of Scrip-

ture, is one of the fundamentals in all literary attainments. It is a mistake to be deplored that the boys and girls in these later days are not reading the Bible as it was read fifty years ago. Then the Bible (or rather portions of it) was read in the public schools, and in the family. The Sunday school in an earlier day had the Bible for its textbook. Why not get back a little to the former way in which Candia did things? Why not have the boys and girls memorize from the Bible, and from other departments of literature?

In some directions, I think that the world has taken a step backward. With all the advancement made in the educational world, I find no school in near vicinity to Boston, and I am a good deal familiar with the public schools in Arlington, Mass., in any way superior to the Candia High School of half a century ago, either in methods of teaching or in the subject matter taught. Indeed, I give the preference to the Candia High School. The test of all school work must be had in the subsequent business or professional life of the pupil, and I am safe in saying that to-day there is no boy or girl going out from our more modern methods of instruction better equipped for the duties of life than were the boys and girls of my native town fifty years ago.

All honor, then, to the little red schoolhouse in Candia, and to the high school which was a distinguished educational feature in the plans and purposes of those dear old fathers and mothers, who did their best for the children they so dearly loved. I owe, and so do all the boys and girls of more than a generation ago, a debt of everlasting gratitude for what the Candia schools have done for me, and for all of us. The debt can never be paid. But we,

then boys and girls, but now men and women, can and will hold the schools of the town, and the town herself, the loving mother of us all, in a remembrance the most affectionate.

My next letter will be of the Candia Lyceum as it was in 1852, and in the immediate years following, when "Mr. President, I shall contend in the discussion of this question, that the dissolution of the Union is preferable to the extension of slavery," made resonant and all alive the vestry under the Church on the Hill.

XIV

THE Candia Lyceum, as it was way back in the years of the calendar, has been a help to me in all my school and journalistic life, and I am positive that it has been a decided help to those boys who now occupy the pulpit, and to those who have made their mark in the legal profession. And it has been a substantial aid, as well, to the boys who have remained at home on the old farm and to the girls who took an active part therein. To be able to speak in public, and to discuss before an intelligent audience matters of current interest, is an accomplishment that everywhere counts. Public speaking is an art that should in every instance be cultivated. It is not only important that one should have something to say, but it is almost as important that he should know how to say it. The pulpit adds greatly to its power, when the clergyman has a delivery at once attractive and forcible. Many a case has been gained in court, by the manner in which the case has been presented to the jury. Not only this, for the ability to speak in public is of material aid to one in his personal conversation. One's words, and their better expression, ought always to be invested with that charm which draws and holds the listener. These accomplishments, however, cannot be achieved without the most careful and persistent training. Demosthenes only became the Demosthenes that he was, by walking the shore, and with pebble-stones in his mouth, so overcoming his stammering

and the noise and angry strife of the sea, that subsequently the world listened to and easily heard and understood his words of unsurpassed eloquence.

The Candia Lyceum was an educator that cannot be left out of any written record of the town. Its formative influence and power in shaping and moulding the life of many a boy and girl, cannot be well overestimated. It was in the Candia Lyceum that the sharpest competition was had in the line of public speaking. Then, the boys were ambitious to excel each other, and so each did his best. In the discussion of the various questions presented, there was always that previous preparation which went far in fitting the boys and girls for their chosen department of life.

The Lyceum, as I remember it, was conducted in a parliamentary way. It had about it all the dignity of a deliberative body. I now can hear the Rev. S. F. French of Londonderry, then a member of the Lyceum, addressing the president with all the consideration becoming that office, and then followed that opening sentence of his discussion, namely: "I shall contend that the dissolution of the Union is preferable to the extension of slavery." After the question under discussion had been well ventilated by the four disputants, two on the affirmative side, and two on the negative, then the question was opened to volunteers. The discussion was frequently carried on at a white heat, when there would be Sam Beane, Luther W. Emerson, Cushing Sargeant, who by the way, was a pupil in the high school, Porter Reed, William R. Patten, James H. Eaton, Alanson Palmer and others, all trying to get the president's eye and so gain the floor at one and the same time. In the discussion of the question quoted above, its affirmative side would draw all those of republican

affiliation, while every red-hot democrat of a boy would stoutly maintain that the extension of slavery was a thousand times preferable to the dissolution of the Union. Subsequently, President Lincoln joined in the discussion, declaring that the Union should not be dissolved, neither should slavery be extended, and to make his declaration all the more emphatic, in good time came his Emancipation Proclamation, freeing four millions of slaves, with the Union saved.

I do so wish I could reproduce every question discussed in the old Candia Lyceum, but unfortunately I do not recall them all, so can only repeat the two or three I do remember. I readily recall that the questions, Resolved: "That Intemperance is Productive of Greater Evils than War," and "That Capital Punishment should be abolished," were discussed for all they were worth. The meeting of the Lyceum was held in the vestry of the Congregational church on Wednesday evening of each week, and it was opened by the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting by the secretary, and then followed two declamations by boys, previously appointed by the executive committee; and then followed, if I remember correctly, the discussion of the regular question; and then came the paper edited and conducted by the girls. The declamations were always selected with evident care, and had been many times rehearsed before spoken from the Lyceum platform. The boys declaiming always were sure of appreciative and critical audiences, for the Lyceum had become of so wide repute, that many of the older people of the town were uniformly present at its meetings, and took part in the discussions, so the boys were bound to do their best. In whatever little public speaking that has fallen to me in

life, nowhere have I had audiences that called out the best I had to give, as did those audiences in the old Candia Lyceum, and right here I may properly add, that I invariably take a greater delight in speaking to a Candia audience, than to any other audience wherever convened, and this, not only for the reason that Candia gave me my birth and education, but for this other reason, that a Candia audience is always an appreciative and intelligent audience. Those declamations in the Lyceum were a marked feature of its meetings. From that little platform in that vestry have spoken Daniel Dana Patten, Frank Dudley, John D. Emerson, William R. Patten, Moses F. Emerson, Porter Reed, Andrew Patten, who was a brilliant pupil in the high school, Daniel F. Emerson, Albert Palmer, Alanson Palmer, Luther W. Emerson, George Brown, son of the late Jonathan Brown, Henry Brown, Benjamin Franklin Brown, Frank Patten, S. F. French, George Henry French, Sam Beane, Cotton Beane, Nathan B. Prescott, Cushing Sargent, James H. Eaton, John G. Lane, James P. Lane, Warren Worthen, and others, who made that old vestry eloquent with words that counted, and with gestures that told. And then these voices of the boys were supplemented by those more telling voices of the girls, Lucinda French, Ann Caroline Anderson, Mary B. Lane, Abbie Patten, Lydia Ann Emerson, Sarah Fitts, Keziah Patten, Ann Emerson, Lucretia Eaton, and the Smith girls, whose home was on the South Road, and others, whose names do not at this moment come back to me. If the vestry of the Congregational church could only give back in audible voice, what it has taken in of the Candia Lyceum of fifty years ago, how it would echo and reëcho of times gone by !

That paper, largely the production of the girls, and read by them, gave to the Lyceum its supreme moment of interest. The paper was ably edited, and it contained a variety of literary matter — and then its humorous column and funny paragraphs always had a point. That paper, as I remember it, was far superior in culture and ability to many a country or suburban newspaper published at the present day.

Every department of the Candia Lyceum was educational in its purpose and influence. How commendable of those boys and girls of so many years ago to associate themselves together for the avowed object of intellectual advancement! In all my associated life with the public schools as teacher I have never known in a single instance the pupils voluntarily effecting an organization among themselves for the purpose of public debate, declamation, and original essays. All honor “say we all of us” to the Candia Lyceum of old! It did a noble work, the results of which remaineth to this day. Then there was the social feature of the Lyceum, which counted in after years in the home.

I can never forget how after the adjournment of the Lyceum I would take my stand near the vestry door to see the happy mating of some of the bolder and more daring of the boys and girls as they made their exit on their way homeward. I can now see Daniel F. and Theodosia, and John G. and Ann Caroline, and Eben and Lucinda, and other congenial and loving souls “looping the loop,” so that arm in arm they began their life’s journey from the vestry on the hill happily together and have so continued it. Men and women are oftentimes “led in ways they know not of.” The Candia Lyceum of the early fifties of

the century gone by was my first love. To her I gave my heart, and in return she lavished upon me the best she had in her possession, and this same she did for all of us. God bless and perpetuate the memory of the Candia Lyceum as we older boys and girls remember it. I thank, right here and now, my Candia readers for so patiently following me along in what I have had to say of the churches and schools and the good old Lyceum of the dear, good old town, and I hope what I have thus far written, may have been of some interest to all the readers of my reminiscences of the home town. Having told my story, necessarily imperfect in many ways, of the churches, schools and Lyceum, I am now ready to tell as best I may, what these institutions of morals, religion, and sound learning have done for the children of the town, as seen in their individual lives. So boys and girls, friends of my youth, and dearer friends of my later life, you will pardon me, I am sure, as I call you by the name your mother gave you, and tell of some of the good things you have achieved in life. In doing all this I am going to write first of the boys and girls who have willingly and gladly remained at home on the old farm, and done God's service in bringing peace and happiness to the fathers and mothers in their declining days, a debt which none of us can ever fully repay however much we may try. "The old farm!" What delightful and almost sacred associations it brings back to the children!

It was Ralph Waldo Emerson who said, "When I bought my farm in Concord I did not know what a bargain I had in the bluebirds, bobolinks, and thrushes which were not charged in the bill. As little did I guess what sublime mornings and sunsets I was buying, what reaches

of landscape, and what fields and lanes for a tramp." Well, it is the old farm, and the boys and girls who have remained upon it all these years, of which and of whom I shall sing in my next chapter.

XV

GOVERNOR BACHELDER'S rustic and cordial invitation to the absent sons and daughters of New Hampshire to return to the good old Granite State for a week during the present summer, and so revisit the scenes of their youth, touches the tenderest spot in the memory of my early boyhood.

“How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.”

Dear Governor, I with a whole army of grateful children, shall most lovingly accept your call home, and so hasten my steps to my native town, to pass those reminiscent days intervening between August 15 and 21. I deeply regret, however, that Candia under the leadership of her selectmen, with that of her other prominent citizens, has not moved in this matter, and so have given emphasis to the Governor's underscored invitation, by inviting every native of Candia to a reunion around the family hearthstone for at least one day during “Old Home Week.” Candia, God bless her, usually to the front in all good things, has not as yet caught on to the resurrected life of New Hampshire, as seen in her Home Week. But I well know that her latch-string is always hanging outward to her absent boys and girls, so without any formal invitation

of the town, with grip-sack in hand and the gods willing, I am going to land myself in Candia on Thursday evening of August 13th, and I am going right into the dear old home, without knocking or ringing the door bell. During the week which Governor Bachelder designates, I am going to revisit the "brambly pastures" where, as a bare-foot boy, I went for the cows fifty years ago; I am going down to the well-nigh sacred spot where stood the old red schoolhouse in district No. 4. I shall not fail to quench my thirst from the old well, neither shall I fail to go to the Church on the Hill, and then revisit the cemetery adjoining the church, where lie so many of the precious dead of Candia.

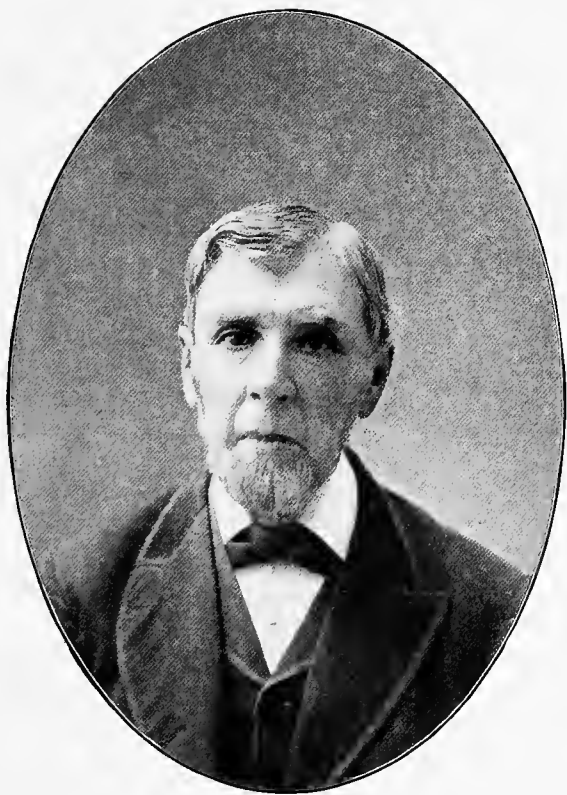
I do not forget that this letter is to be of the boys who have stayed at home on the old farm, and who through all these years have labored and wrought amidst the scenes of their childhood, so that my reference to Governor Bachelder's delightful and unique proclamation to the absent sons and daughters of his state, is both timely and pertinent. Oh, the old home farm! What endearing associations cluster around it! I know every field and pasture by name, and there is not a by-path or lane on the old homestead with which I am not familiar. The "Round-about," the "Israel field," the "Woods field," "the field by the house," the "Burnt ground," the "Calf pasture," and the pasture down by the "cross road," are among my dearest memories, for they are closely associated with the lives of father and mother and brothers and sisters, who made life so precious and so attractive to me. Well, on the dear old farm at home, there has remained all these many years, my brother Thomas Alfred Palmer, who has tilled without fret or worry the paternal acres.

"I know it, and if our rum had n't given out we would have bought the whole republican party."

I make no apology in beginning this reminiscent story of the farm life of Candia, at my old home, for however much I love Candia, and I do love her, I love my old home the best of all, and so from it, "the dearest spot on earth," I begin my reckoning. Mr. Palmer, though never having seen the college, is a man well up-to-date in all matters of current interest. We college brothers are compelled to have our wits about us, whenever in conversation with the brother at home, or otherwise we get sadly "left." Then there is A. Frank Patten, who instead of going to college, as he might have done, said, "No, I'll stop at home on the old farm, and 'make two blades of grass grow where only one has grown before;'" and I am of the opinion that he chose wisely. "Frank," as everybody calls him, has found on the broad acres of his father, the late Deacon Patten, the secret and fount of happiness; at any rate, he is always happy, and he never fails to make others happy. Intelligent, he takes in all that is latest and best in the world of books. Frank well understands how to so "tickle the earth with a hoe" that she never fails to respond to him. Although Frank has removed his household gods to a home of less acreage, yet he has land enough to ever keep in memory his first love of the old home; and he has still a delightful home. I have often shared its generous hospitality, thanks to him and his excellent wife, Mrs. Patten. Frank Patten is one of the prominent citizens of Candia, and has largely shared in its official life. For several years he was a member of the school-board, and for several terms its president. In the war of the Rebellion he did his duty by shouldering

his musket and going to the front. Mr. Patten is a prominent Mason, and is one of the founders of his lodge in Candia. True to every trust, he passes current wherever known for a hundred cents on the dollar. Frank has made a success of life by remaining on the old farm. In near neighborhood to Frank resides Moses F. Emerson, on the familiar acres of his boyhood, and in the very home where he was born. His advent into this lower world was only a little previous to my coming on to this stage of earthly existence, — he was only a few months ahead of me, so that I am his close second. "Moses" — Candia boys always call each other by their front names, and I am glad they do — has been an unusually successful farmer. I say has been, for now he, in a sensible way, is taking life as it comes, at his leisure.

Moses F. Emerson well understood how to make a dollar out of the land, and he has made it. Even those meadows on either side of the "beaver dam," where the sun smites down with all its intense scorching heat on a summer day in haying-time, he has made even those somewhat boggy lowlands count on the plus side of his bank account. Moses and I were not only schoolmates and in the same class in the district school, but he and I were schoolmates at Pembroke Academy when his brother, the late Rev. John D. Emerson, was its principal. Moses and I roomed together in the home of the late Priest Burnham, and studied at the same table, at which Governor John A. Dix of New York had years before learned his lessons. Moses always had a dignified bearing which I never possessed, and yet he had a keen sense of wit and humor, which would more or less frequently crop out in words in spite of himself.



JOHN P. FRENCH

I shall never forget the story he once told me which had to do with the lightning-bug, or fire-fly, as it is sometimes called. The story is this. Two foreigners who had but recently come to this country, stopped for a minute to quench their thirst at a spring on the evening of a June day, in the lowlands — whereupon discovering the glow of the lightning-bugs all about them, Pat said to Mike, "Let us run, for hell is not a mile from this place." Moses will, I am sure, excuse me for telling this story, for while he is a member of the Church on the Hill "in good and regular standing," and I, a member of the church universal, still neither he nor I believe now in that hell which was fired at us nearly every Sunday in the Church on the Hill fifty years ago. Well, "Moses" (the name his mother gave him) has, as I have already said, made a successful farmer, and has besides filled nearly every public position the town of Candia could give him. It is but recently that he closed his two years as a member of the state legislature, so that I risk nothing in the statement that the now Hon. Moses F. Emerson knew what he was about when he decided to remain on the old farm. I sing this morning with Milton by reproducing his inspired verse.

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide."

Since the above was written Candia is celebrating Old Home Week each year with a zest.

XVI

EMERSON says: "A man should have a farm or a mechanical craft for his culture. We must have a basis for our higher accomplishment, our delicate entertainments of poetry and philosophy in the work of our hands. The doctrine of the farm is this: that every man ought to stand in primary relations with the work of the world."

Those who have remained at home in Candia on the old farm have kept themselves surrounded by those primary relations of which Emerson writes. To go in and out of the same doorway during one's entire lifetime; to sleep in the same room for three score years and ten, to eat from the same table, to walk and work in the same fields for a generation, are privileges that come only to the home-boy who remains on the old farm.

Deacon John P. French well understood from the beginning the sentiment and poetry, and all that constitutes that immaterial wealth which has a value far above the quotations of the stock market, and so he has remained at home for these years, cultivating the same paternal acres which his father did before him. While his two brothers have been preaching from the pulpit the Gospel of Revelation as seen in the scriptural writings, John P. French has been preaching, in an effective way, the gospel of the soil; and by the way, he has been always sure of his salary. He has n't been compelled to submit to church fairs and donation parties for his livelihood. He has taken



JESSE W. SARGEANT

his text from good old Mother Earth and preached his daily sermon while his farm has done the rest.

Deacon French has made farming pay. He has labored long and faithfully and now he is receiving the abundant fruits of his labor. I have always been impressed whenever passing the home of Deacon French, with the thrift so evidently manifest all about his premises. That doorway! What a picture of almost immaculate neatness and order! The woodpile is an ornament to the home-grounds. Every stick has its place. Deacon French is one of the foremost citizens of the town. He has never been known to publish his claims in the line of preferment. Modest and unassuming, he has proven himself an essential factor both in the church and in all social and business life. Deacon French has made his score by staying at home.

Then there is Jesse W. Sargeant, who has continued during all his married life to sit under his own vine and fig tree. Upon his ancestral acres he has gotten out of life a generous share of solid comfort. Mr. Sargeant knows what it is to work and work hard. In his earlier life he wrought long and well for others on those stubborn acres on the North Road, and the lesson he then received of unremitting industry has served him well on his home place. Mr. Sargeant has received many official recognitions from his town. The college could not have easily added to Mr. Sargeant's present success in life. The most serious thing that I have charged up against Mr. Sargeant is that he came over into my school district and captured and took unto himself one of the prettiest girls in district No. 4, and this he did in spite of us boys who lacked the courage of our convictions. Mr. Sargeant has made his count on the old farm and in his domestic life.

Among the boys J. Lane Fitts stands at the very front. A man with a level head, his judgment may be relied upon in every instance. J. Lane Fitts never goes off half cocked. He never gives his opinion until he has formed it upon good and substantial reasons. An excellent pupil in the schools, he would necessarily have taken a leading rank in any of our New England colleges. But he chose to remain at home with his father and mother and minister to their happiness and comfort during those last days of their life. So Mr. Fitts has lived and breathed in the atmosphere of a delightful home for these many years. And yet, he was not necessarily a stay-at-home, for when the War of the Rebellion had shot its first gun, he left father and mother and all else that was dear to him and hastened to the conflict, ready to give his life if need be for and to the life of the nation. (And there was many another Candia boy who armed himself for, and took active part in, that prolonged and terrible struggle for the preservation of the Union. Of these brave boys it will be my pleasure to speak in a subsequent chapter.) Mr. Fitts is not without honor in his own country. He has done much for the betterment of Candia. A man of first-class ability and of undoubted integrity, he deserves the best. Such a man as Mr. Fitts gives character and dignity to the cultivation of the fields.

Then there are the Rowes, — Charles, who lives on the home place, and his brother Frank, who has a pleasant home in the same neighborhood. Both Charles and Frank know well how to run a farm and make it pay. Frank D. Rowe is one of the leading citizens of the town, and he has filled nearly every one of its public positions. At one time Mr. Rowe represented his town in the state



MRS. JESSE W. SARGEANT

legislature. Twice he has made his way across the continent, so he is familiar with the geography of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The Rowes come from blood that counts, and it has shown itself in all the generations of Rowes. Later on, I shall have more to say of them. I have now in mind "Lame Nat," as he was familiarly known in Candia. A man of the most consummate wit, — I shall give him a conspicuous place in these reminiscences at no late date in a chapter under the heading of "Some Quaint Characters of Candia."

Edmund Smith, on the South Road, is another of the boys who has continued to till the broad acres of his father; and by the way, Edmund and his brother Alvah were bright pupils in the Candia High School. Mr. Edmund Smith is one of those well-informed men who keeps about his business, without any undue worry or fret.

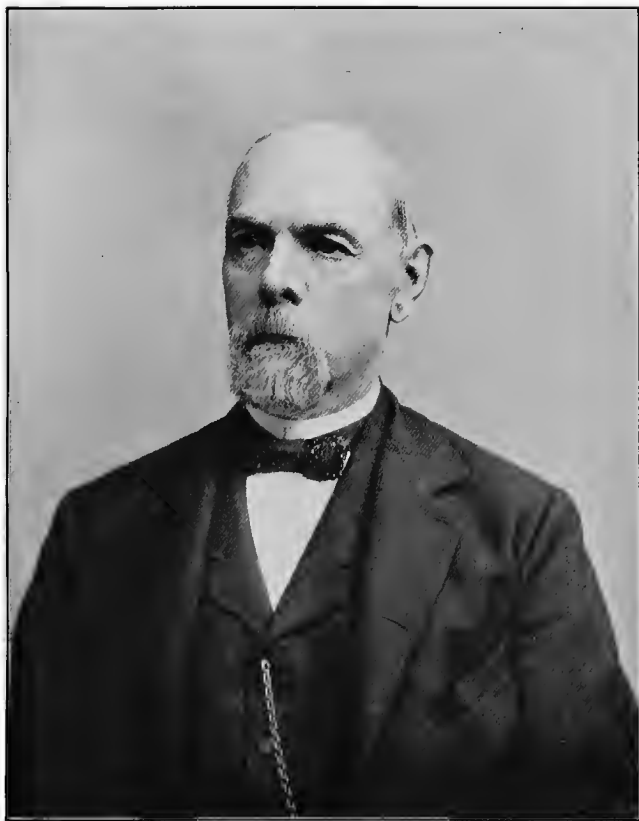
And Daniel F. Emerson, while he did not remain on the home farm, he purchased the one adjoining, and has worked early and late, and made his way on acres that have yielded him the returns of a faithful husbandman. Of late years, Dan (I must call him "Dan") has resided in Manchester, and so ridden to and from his farm, a distance of ten miles each way, during the summer and autumn. What morning concerts by the birds Dan must have taken in on that early ride to his farm; and at evening on his return trip to Manchester, he must have often stopped his horse to listen to the whippoorwill's song. Dan, as I have previously said, was a boy who was often up to mischief, and who delighted in seeing a barnyard fight among the "steers" and "cows," but in all his maturer manhood, he has given his attention to the real work of life. He has bestowed his thought and labor

upon the fields, never regretting that he did n't go to college.

And Jonathan Hobbs, who lives on the home place, on Walnut Hill, one of the most delightful sites in Candia, knew what he was about when he determined that he would live and die on the old place.

It was but a summer or two ago, that I spent an agreeable afternoon with Mr. Hobbs at his home. He took me out on to the tip of the hill, and showed me the kingdoms of the earth. But he did n't say, Fall down and worship me, and all shall be yours. Mr. Hobbs makes a generous host, and I always enjoy meeting him. George F. Patten is another of the sensible Candia boys, who knows a good thing when he sees it, and so he has remained at home. Until very recently, he has lived in the very same house that gave him birth. Now a little removed from the early home, he is still happy to register himself in his present pleasant Candia home. Had Mr. Patten gone to college, he would have made a Phi Beta — but he has already secured this honor on the farm, so what more does he want?

Oh, these home-boys! It is a delight to write of them. Why should one wait until the friend is dead, and his remains laid away in the graveyard, before a good word is spoken of him? I have known, and so have you, many a tear to be shed over the grave of the departed, to whom no kind word, it may be, was spoken, while living. Now, this side of the grave is the time to catalogue the virtues of your friend. And so it is that I write with the greatest pleasure of my living friends. But how the home places have changed hands in Candia! As I come to write them up, I find only the comparatively few whom I knew as a



FRANK D. ROWE

boy, on the old homesteads. It would be fortunate for the American people, could the homes of this country forever remain in the possession of ancestral families. The American people, in their restlessness and desire for change, lose much of that supreme wealth found in the sweet associations of the home descending from generation to generation. This swapping farms, and "selling out," and "getting out" is nine times out of ten a losing game. "Stick by the old farm!" is the burden of the song happily revived by the "Old Home Week," inaugurated by ex-Governor Rollins. Governor Rollins has immortalized his name through Old Home Week.

While I as firmly believe as do others, in our schools and colleges, yet I am of the decided opinion that many a boy goes to the college and to the university, who would have made a greater success in life had he stayed at home. Let the boy and girl understand early in life that "honest work, well done," in whatever department of life, is in every way honorable. It is Horace Mann who says that "because absurd notions descending to us from the worst and the weakest of men have created factitious distinctions between employments, shall the young man, therefore, seek a sphere of life for which he is neither fitted by nature nor by culture, and spoil a good cobbler by becoming a poor lawyer, or commit the double injustice of robbing the mountain goats of a herdsman to make a faithless shepherd in the Lord's pastures? Let the young man remember there is nothing derogatory in any employment that ministers to the well being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it. The ploughman who turns the clod may be a Cincinnatus or a Washington, or he may be brother to

the clod he turns. It is every way creditable to handle the yard stick and to measure tape ; the only discredit consists in having a soul as short as the stick and as narrow as the tape."

Honest work, well done, deserves a kingly reward in each and every department of life.

Here is to the home-boys of Candia, and to the home-girls of Candia, as well ; may their shadows never grow less. There is more than one of us college boys who would just love to go back and live with you. "A home and country are the charm of life," says Julian, and so say we all.

In the next chapter of these reminiscences I shall begin my story of the college boys who have gone out from Candia to do their work in their several departments of business and professional life.

XVII

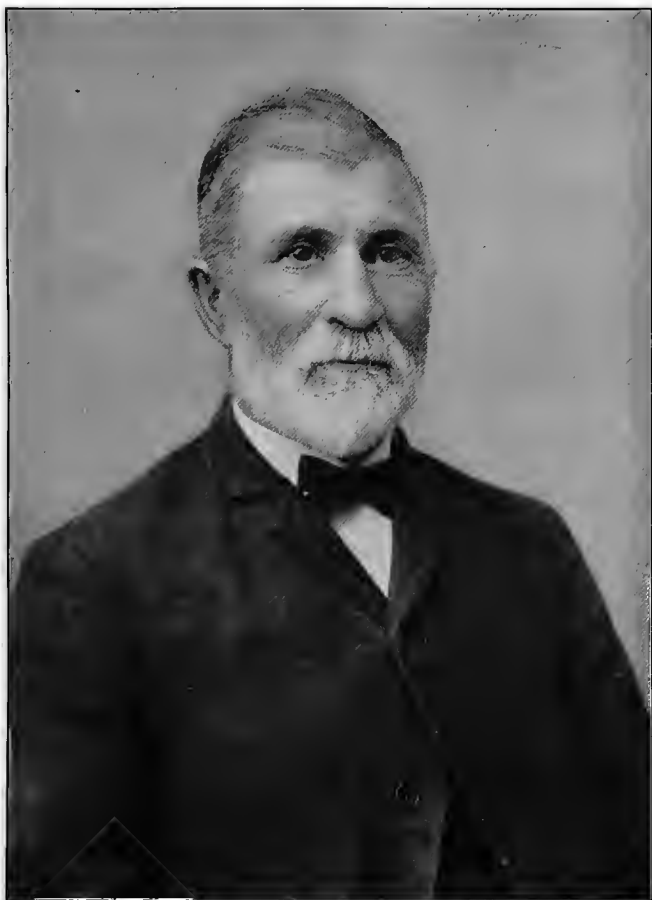
“ A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring :
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely, sobers us again ! ”

So wrote Pope, and many of the Candia boys took him at his word, and went to college, where they drank at the very fountain of knowledge. In writing of the Candia college boys, I shall not take them in the order of their graduation. I just enjoy being somewhat irregular, and so getting outside of the usual way of doing things. The so-called irregularities in life do much in breaking up its dull monotony. Objects carefully set in a row lose much of the interest they would otherwise have. Not knowing just what or who is coming next, keeps one in an expectant mood, so I shall not give the slightest attention to the chronological order of collegiate graduates from Candia, but write of them as they shall come to me by a sort of mental or intellectual telegraphy. The only established and irrevocable point I have in these “ Reminiscences ” is : that in every instance I must, shall, and will date my reckoning from district No. 4. The “ A. B. ” I now have in mind is the Hon. Luther W. Emerson, whose home is at 125 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, and whose law office is at 206 Broadway, New York City. “ Lute,” as I have already said in a previous letter, received his primary education in that little red schoolhouse which was, but is not, in district No. 4. His preparatory course for the college was had at

Andover, Mass. Apt at his studies, both in the academy and at Dartmouth, he maintained an excellent standing during all his preparatory and collegiate course. Emerson, upon graduating at Dartmouth in 1862, went to Columbus, Ohio, where he taught school for several years, for he it known, like many another Candia boy, he was not born with "a silver spoon in his mouth," so that by downright hard work he was compelled, and fortunately so, to make his own way in life.

As a teacher, Emerson ranked among the first. His greatest achievement, however, in the educational world is the fact that, in his school work, he fell enthusiastically in love with one of his most attractive teachers, whom in a persistent, graceful way he won and married. I say in "a persistent" as well as in a graceful way, for Lute well knew that a "faint heart never won fair lady" — so he went in to win, and he did win one of the best of wives. Mrs. Emerson has proven herself an essential factor in all the business, social, and political life of her husband. From Columbus, Ohio, Emerson went in April, 1865, to New York City, arriving there just a few days prior to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. In the autumn of 1865, he entered, as a student, the law office of Lewis & Cox. Mr. Cox was known the country over as "Sunset Cox," a man of distinguished legal ability and learning, and one who held a front rank among our leading American statesmen.

After two years of hard study Emerson was admitted to the bar of the State of New York. For a year or so, immediately following his admission to the bar, he was a clerk in a lawyer's office. Soon after, he secured a position in the office of the United States district attorney for the



MOSES F. EMERSON

southern district of New York. Emerson obtained this position through Daniel G. Rollins, who was then connected with the office as assistant, and with whom he had been closely associated as a student at Dartmouth. Rollins, who by the way was a New Hampshire man, was a classmate of mine, so that I came to know him intimately and well. Daniel G. Rollins became one of the most eminent lawyers in the country, and was oftentimes interested in cases where millions of dollars were involved. He was the right-hand man of President Arthur, and it is said, wrote many of his state papers. Rollins never forgot his friends. Emerson has often said to me that had it not been for the encouragement and aid of Rollins, it would have been exceedingly difficult for him to have obtained a sure foothold at the bar in the great city of New York.

It was magnanimous of Emerson to pay such tribute to Daniel G. Rollins during his lifetime. The most of us wait until the friend is dead before we say a good word for him. Emerson remained in the district attorney's office for several years, having to do all the while with the internal revenue branch of the business, and for two years having the entire charge of that department, which work was very important to the government. The incumbents of the district attorney's office at that time were the Hon. Samuel G. Courtney, Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, afterward in the cabinet of President Grant, and subsequently minister to England, and the Hon. Noah Davis, who had been for thirty years on the supreme court bench of the state of New York, and who was a member of Congress from New York at the time of his appointment by President Grant, as United States district attorney.

While Emerson was connected with said office, the most

important cases were tried under his management. He tried the "Bankers and Brokers" cases of the city, which so attracted the attention of the financial world. The most eminent lawyers in the country were interested for the bankers and brokers. There were Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, ex-Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin, ex-Judge Bartley of Ohio, and others of equal prominence in the profession, against whom the Hon. Noah Davis and Emerson had to make their case, and they did make it. The victory they gained for the government was a signal one, and it brought Emerson to the forefront of the New York Bar.

That Emerson should have been associated in his early practice with such men as Davis and Pierrepont and others equally distinguished in the legal profession, was a decided compliment to the ability and promise of Emerson as a man and a lawyer, and of peculiar advantage to him in the practice of his profession. Somewhere in the seventies Emerson, together with the late B. B. Foster, defended a United States soldier stationed at West Point, charged with murder. This was Emerson's first criminal case of any importance. All his practice up to this time had been on the civil side of the law. He was reluctantly drawn into the criminal practice, for which he had a dislike, as it was out and out foreign to his nature. He was at one time assigned by the county court of Kings County to defend a barber charged with the murder of a saloonkeeper in the city of Brooklyn, obtaining a verdict of manslaughter. During the year of 1899, Emerson was prosecuting criminals for King's County, charged with all degrees of crime, from petty larceny to murder. He obtained the only verdict during that year of murder in the first degree in that

office, which verdict was sustained by the highest court in New York, and finally the defendant was electrocuted at Sing Sing. Emerson's method and manner of trying these cases won the warm commendation of the judges before whom he appeared. "Lute," as he is still known in Candia, has had a busy life, and he is still at it with all the vim of his more youthful days, and he has been successful in his chosen department of labor. Not always gaining his point, and yet never defeated, for he had that determined will left, which always placed him squarely and firmly on his feet. His successes, however, at the bar are largely in the majority, and they are successes so pronounced that they have given him an enviable position among the foremost lawyers of the state of New York.

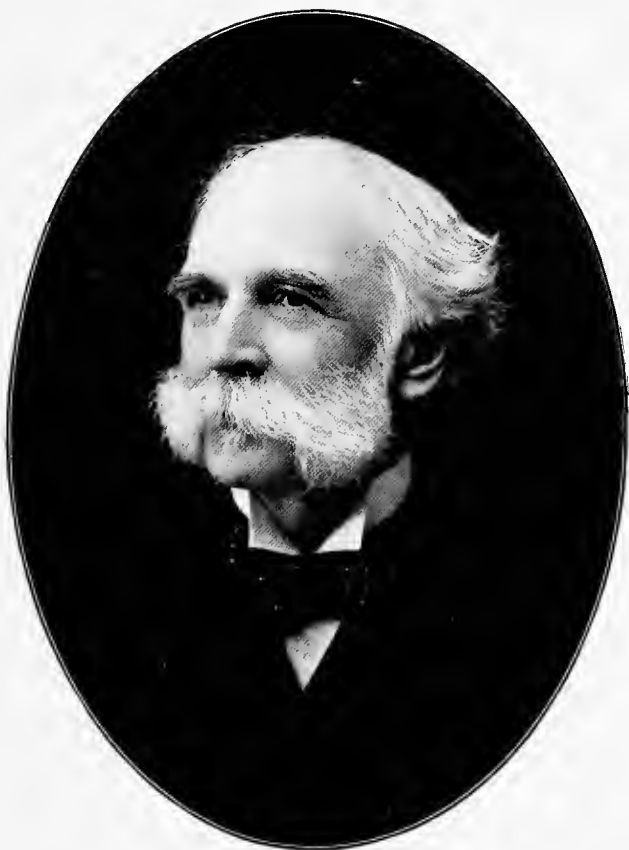
I say all this in spite of what Emerson once said to a friend in answer to the query "if he felt that his position at the bar in New York had been successful," when he replied that he considered any lawyer of years of practice successful who had escaped the poorhouse and the penitentiary. But Lute has done more and better than this, for he has one of the pleasantest homes in Brooklyn, and instead of the penitentiary, he has the freedom of the greater city of New York, where he is so well and favorably known. And what is still better, he has the freedom and run at will of his home-town Candia, for where is the man, whatever honors may come to him in an adopted home, will not leave them all if need be, to receive the greeting, and the benediction, and the scriptural "Well done" of the town which gave him birth, and which cared for him during all his boyhood and earlier manhood?

Luther W. Emerson has frequently been urged by many of the leading men of the republican party in Brooklyn

to run for political positions of public trust. At one time he was a much talked of candidate for Congress from his district. But fortunately he has for the most part kept out of politics. He has ever kept in mind that "the law is a jealous mistress," so he has given his time faithfully to his profession.

It is a pleasure for me to write at this length of Lute, for he is a Candia boy, and loves the good old town of his nativity with all the ardent affection of his youth. The honors that he has scored are not only a credit to him, but they are a credit to Candia as well, and I am sure, without the asking, that Candia will be interested to read of the success which the Hon. Luther W. Emerson has achieved in life. Candia is indeed rich in the children she has sent out into this hustling, bustling world to make their own way in life. Her college boys, as I shall show in other letters, have measured up well to the best, whether found at the bar or in the pulpit, or in the medical world or in the educational field.

So far as I am able to learn, none of the Candia college boys have been euchred in the game of life. They may not all have made "marches," still they all have made a count. They have played their trump cards to advantage, and never have they been known to trump their partner's trick. All this we shall show in subsequent chapters of these reminiscences. Whom of the college boys I shall call up next is altogether uncertain, for don't forget, as at Dartmouth, I am calling by card, as did those good old professors in our day; so whose name will come out next the Lord only knows: you and I don't. So be prepared, every "A. B." of you, to answer "Here." This everlasting uncertainty of things gives a tantalizing interest to all



LUTHER W. EMERSON

expectancy. Of all things that I most dislike is to be set down in a row so that everybody will know that I am to come next in the count. That college boy of whom I shall next write, will be he who shall send me a wireless telegram.

XVIII

CHRIST and his disciples often went up into the mountain to worship — but I have come down from the mountain to worship in this dear old town during what should have been Old Home Week in Candia. However, upon the invitation of Governor Bachelder, I have come home for a week without any formal or cordial invitation from the mother town, and I am glad I have come, for Candia, in every instance, gives a warm welcome to every returning son and daughter of hers. To renew one's life, one must by a natural law get himself back to the sources of life. The home never fails to unburden the years, and so they give me back my youth. To return to the starting point in one's reckoning is to make all the surer our arithmetic. I wrote a few months ago a letter to "The News," and it was all about Candia, but I must write of her again at the risk of repeating myself, for she is a town of so many attractions that her virtues cannot all be told in the short space of a single communication in the columns of "The Derry News." As I am here right upon the ground of which I am writing my "Reminiscences of Candia," it is sufficient reason that I, for this our New Hampshire Home Week, drop the logical order of my more or less historical story, and write in a more general way of the town, and of the jolly time I am having, and enjoying to the full.

"Charmingfare" was the original name of Candia, a

name in happy harmony with the sentiment and poetry attaching to her unsurpassed site, and to her varied and exquisite scenery. While she is not situated as is Rome on her seven hills, she can boast of her five hills, where from the lofty heights of each, may be seen on every side a world of rarest beauty. It was on Friday of last week, a day well nigh perfect, in an atmosphere so clear that one easily took in the long out-lying distances, and with a sky so blue and so near that one felt himself in very touch with the heavens, that I had that enjoyable ride with Henry Moore, Esq., a prominent citizen of the town, in his easy-going carriage, behind the surest and fleetest of horses. Sheriff Henry Moore possesses in a large way the grace and social nature of his father, the late John Moore, Esq., so that my company on that queen of mornings was all that one could wish. The ride was up High Street, and my song, all along the way, was one continuous interrogation and exclamation. What an extended view was that on every side! To the west was seen that long chain of mountains extending from Kearsarge, on the right, to Mount Wachusett in Massachusetts, on the left. Then there came in view that gem of lakes, the Massabesic. From the highest point of High Street is seen Patten's Hill, Tower Hill, Walnut Hill, and that hill of hills on the North Road. To ascend either one of these lofty heights, is to take a long step heavenward. Since arriving here on Thursday of last week I have been on the "go" each day from the early morning until late at evening time. In passing, I should say that I stopped over one night in coming down from the mountains, with my brother Alanson Palmer, at his attractive summer residence on the camp-grounds at Hedding.

The grounds are so familiar to most of the readers of "The News," that I need not delay by describing them. The grounds are nestled among the pines, which bear healing in the softening fragrance they emit. The walks in and about the grounds are especially inviting and unique. The Hedding camp-meeting grounds have become especially dear to the Methodist brothers and sisters through years of occupancy, for there it is that "souls have been born into the kingdom," and where the backslider has been reclaimed and returned to the fold. But the Methodist camp-meeting is not what it formerly was. Now the individual life grows up into a Christian life, as naturally as the bud becomes the flower in the sunshine. The sudden conversion is of the past. The world is more largely recognizing now than ever before, that religious thought in these later years is being developed and inwrought into the individual life by that law which is known as natural growth.

After my brief stop-over at Hedding I made Candia, the home of my birth, where, since my arrival, I have visited every nook and corner of the old farm. I have been down to the pasture where, as a boy, I drove the cows in the early morning for their day's grazing. I have sat upon the steps of the old schoolhouse, and imagined myself a child again with my primer and spelling-book in hand. I have drank from the old well, and roamed again through the old paternal home, visiting every room with which I was so familiar when a barefoot lad so happy and free from care, not forgetting to delay a brief while in the little sleeping-room "where the sun came peeping in at morn."

Oh, these August days! How delightful they are! Can-

dia, under these deep blue skies, never seemed so fair and so enticing to me as now. It is somewhere told how two boys once telling each other with glowing, loving enthusiasm of the attractions of their homes, the one said "my home is situated right in sight of the green fields, with the pastures and the woods a little beyond, and close by is the running brook." "Well," said the second boy, "my home is situated within sight of the delightful mountains, and within touch of those first temples of God, the groves, at the junction of two roads, with the birds singing on every side, and then," he added, as he pointed his finger to the zenith, "my home is situated right under the middle of heaven." And so with these Candia homes—they are all situated right under the middle of heaven. It is always so delightful to revisit this good old home town! She is the mother who never disowns her children. My entire visit has been enriched by a thousand sacred memories, and in meeting the few friends of the earlier day. Among the many pleasant calls I have made, the one made on Mr. Austin Cass was especially enjoyable. Mr. Cass, now nearly eighty-six years old, retains the full vigor of heart, soul, and mind, though somewhat enfeebled in body. An omnivorous reader all his life, his conversation is always instructive. One of the most prominent citizens of the town, he has been an important factor in shaping and promoting her interests. In a subsequent chapter of "Reminiscences of Candia," I shall write more at length of Mr. Cass.

Another enjoyable call made was that on Mrs. Holt of East Candia, who is the president of the school committee. During the six years of her official school life she has wrought earnestly and intelligently for the schools under

the supervision of the committee. Mrs. Holt has informed herself at every available point, both as to methods and subject matter of instruction. She has brought to the schools of Candia her personal experience in teaching, with all that enthusiasm and love which she possesses for that higher practical education which makes men and women.

Yes, my visit to Candia has been to me a delightful one, made all the more delightful by the generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. A. Frank Patten. Their home is always my home whenever in Candia. They invariably give me the freedom of their house. There I come and go whenever I please. I have had occasion heretofore to write of the unbounded hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Patten. As hosts they are unsurpassed. Talk of Rome on her seven hills as much as you will, give me Candia in preference to the Eternal City.

In my next letter I am to tell what I know of Sam Beane, better known throughout New England as the Rev. Dr. S. C. Beane.

XIX

By way of preface to this letter, I must say a further word of my Candia visit, so full and running over with the old hospitality. In the first place the skies so blue and the atmosphere so genial and inviting, that all nature in her best mood was my attendant, so that I found an added charm to my stay in the pleasant and attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Frank Patten, and then my walks and rides about town were a re-living of the former days. Not only the living friends came to me with outstretched welcoming hands, but those so peacefully sleeping in their narrow home in the graveyard, gave me welcome. Talk as we may, the so-called dead are our companions still.

My ten days in Candia were review days, so that I had my earlier lesson over again. Among the boys who came trooping back at my call was Sam Beane, now the Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D. D., of Newburyport, Mass. Everybody in Candia knew Sam as a boy, for he was one of those bright, active lads, who never failed to make his presence felt in the most agreeable way. There was always that keen humor, and delightful charm in his conversation that drew about him a host of admiring listeners. Sam could always tell a story for all that it was worth, and then add to it something of his own wit and genius which gave fascinating emphasis to the point to be illustrated.

Samuel C. Beane was born an optimist. He has always looked upon the bright side of everything. It has been

with him, and is still, the rainbow instead of the cloud. He lives upon the promises, and not upon the dire threatenings of the more orthodox days. Quick of perception, he readily catches sight of the truth to be demonstrated. No one has ever been compelled to shoot an idea into the brain of Sam Beane. He at once catches on to all that is best in the world of mind and in the world of soul, so that the latest truths are always his. As a pupil in the schools from the primary up through the college, he was invariably among the foremost. Never satisfied with present attainments, he has been all these years reaching out for newer developments in the intellectual and religious world. His early religious training had upon it the stamp of a somewhat bigoted orthodoxy, from which he broke away in his early manhood, for to such an inquiring mind as has Mr. Beane, there could be no chain so strong as to bind him to the ground. He at an early age saw the reason of things. With an ardent and loyal love for father and mother, and for family ties, yet such as he could never accept a faith, simply because those gone before him had accepted a certain belief without a doubt. Mr. Beane has never been known to pin his faith to a dogma. He has done his own thinking, and never has he hesitated to think at large. He has an extended horizon, so that his vision is not measured or limited by any narrow circle. His college life was a prophesy of the man he is. In all his scholarly life, he has met and studied men as well as books. Life to him is a reality and not a theory, and he has met it in a practical, helpful way. As a minister he has filled no other than important positions. His first settlement as a pastor was in Chicopee, Mass., and then followed his pastorates at Salem, Mass., and at Con-

cord in this state, and then at Newburyport, where he is still in service.

Mr. Beane occupies a front rank in the Unitarian world. He is one of the leading clergymen in his denomination, and distinguished throughout all New England in the church of his choice. With all the honors that have come to him in his profession, he never forgets to meet men as a man. Mr. Beane has nothing of the "cloth" about him. His religion has never shut him out from the world. He is not afraid to "eat with publicans and sinners." He accepts the world as it is. No confession of sin startles him, for he sees beneath it all — the real man. His articles of faith may be reduced to one, namely: That God is the loving father of his children, and in spite of the fact that most of them stumble and fall at times by the way, still does the one God love them none the less. Mr. Beane believes in men and women, and that they have certain just rights to a salvation that finally saves to the uttermost. It is always a pleasure to meet Samuel C. Beane. One invariably goes out from his presence with a more hopeful view of life.

It is of the man, however, that I most desire to write, a man of the most unbounded hospitality and good fellowship. He has not an ambition that he is not willing and ready to share with his fellow — not a jealousy, save that of good works. His life is as open as the day. It was at a meeting of the Candia Club two years ago in Boston, when a lady friend who had not seen Mr. Beane for many years, said to him, "Well, I never thought when you were with me in school, that you would become a minister," — the highest compliment that could have been paid him, for the saying of the lady friend revealed what was the

fact, that Mr. Beane was a boy among boys, as he is now a man among men. He has never been known to advertise himself as being unlike the majority of the human kind.

In Candia, Sam Beane is known as a jolly good fellow, and as bright as they make them. Every one in his native town is more than glad to welcome him to the old home. The Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D.D., of Newburyport, Mass., is the same Sam Beane in Candia as he was when a lad in his teens. As a man he is greater than his "Reverend" or his "D. D." His profession and his honorary titles have n't unmanned him. It is "Sam" still with Candia people, and I am sure that it will always be with the home town the same Sam Beane. In that simple name there is all honor, well earned. Recently Mr. Beane has received and accepted a call to the First Unitarian church at Lawrence, Mass., at an increased salary.

Then there is the Rev. Frank Dudley, D.D., who graduated with Mr. Beane in the same class at Dartmouth. Candia people always recognize in the Rev. Joseph Frank Dudley, D. D., the Frank Dudley of years ago. How well and with what pleasure I remember Frank! He was a schoolmate of mine and my teacher as well, and my college mate for two years — he graduating two years in advance of me at Dartmouth. It is remembered to this day in Candia how Mr. Dudley, when a young man, was a clerk in Blake's store in Raymond, and subsequently he clerked it in Deacon Dudley's store at the village. Men and women alike, invariably did their trading with Frank when this was possible, for he was so agreeable and entertaining when showing his goods. He always had a story to tell that fitted the occasion. Frank Dudley has always had a

marked individuality of his own. He was as a boy, no other than himself, and as a man he has preserved his identity. To get ahead of him one had to have his wits about him, and even then, he was likely to come out second best.

I well remember at an evening entertainment given by the late Mrs. Coffin Moore when Frank Dudley was one of the number, and at the time teaching in district No. 4, Mrs. Moore said to him in a jolly, bantering way, "O Mr. Dudley, I saw you Monday morning as you passed my house making your way to school from your village home, and it was half past nine o'clock." "Yes, I remember," replied Mr. Dudley; "you were in the doorway shaking your table cloth, having just been to breakfast." Mr. Dudley was a wit of the first order. He saw the ludicrous side of things, as well as their more serious side. He frequently came to my room when in college, where he never failed after his cheery "good morning," to relate some anecdote which made the day all the brighter and all the more welcome.

Mr. Dudley early proved himself an effective speaker, and never did he fail to hold the closest attention of his audience. His incisive way of putting things always counted. While as a clergyman he has distinguished himself, the bar has lost one of its most brilliant advocates in his choice of a profession. Mr. Dudley's ministry has been largely in the West, and while I know that he has occupied some of the more prominent pulpits west of the Mississippi, I am not familiar in detail with his work in the several churches of which he has been pastor. It is safe to say, however, that he ranks among the first of the clergy.

It is now something over forty years ago since I saw Mr.

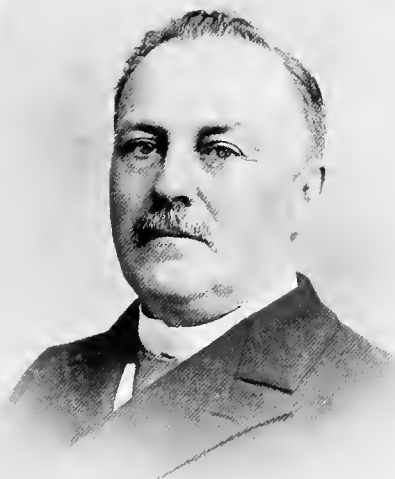
Dudley — still, I shall never forget that enjoyable ride had in the cars with him from Candia to Manchester in the so long ago. He was then brim full of pleasantries that told. In our many conversations he and I frequently discussed that most momentous of all subjects, “love.” Whenever I would stoutly insist, that if I ever married it would be that I intensely loved some pretty girl, and that she gave me in return the full measure of her love, he would facetiously reply, “O Wils, what nonsense!” And then he would add, “When you and I marry it will most likely be on purely business principles;” and yet Mr. Dudley, when he came to seek a wife, it was all through an overshadowing love, and through that heart-love of his, he won all to himself a wife who has been to him his helpmeet in his pleasant home, and in his public ministry. Joseph Frank Dudley, now the D.D., has added to the good name of Candia, and the town is all the richer for his adoption.

Mr. Dudley was a native of Raymond; but all his earlier manhood was lived in Candia, and Candia gladly includes him in the roll-call of her children. Through these reminiscences of the college boys of the dear old town I am brought face to face and heart to heart with those who climbed with me “the steep where Fame’s proud temple shines afar.” How delightful it is to revel in the past, while we live in the present, keeping close watch of the future! So recently from my visit in Candia, I still feel her warm breath upon me, while her words of welcome are yet making vibrant all the air about. In these writings of my native town, I am living over again the happy, joyous days of my youth. A new song has been put into my mouth, or rather the old song has been revived. I am so glad that Candia has now an Old Home Week association

the immediate object of which is to bring all the children, resident and non-resident, together in the summer of 1904. The official management of the association gives assurance of its success; for its officers, from Mr. J. Lane Fitts, its president, down, are representative men of Candia. "Come home, come home," is now to be the loving, urgent invitation of Candia to her children. If it were not too frequently repeating myself, I should end each letter of these "Reminiscences" with "God bless Candia." I love her, and I love those who love her, and in the words of "Ann Elizy," "I even love those who love those who love Candia." A real love forges an endless chain in the world of the affections — and how delightful it all is!

XX

WHEN a pupil in the Candia High School, the late James H. Eaton often told me of his plans in pursuing a course of study in one of the State Normal schools of Massachusetts ; and I well remember that Sunday morning at the Church on the Hill nearly half a century ago, when "Jim," as the boys all called him, said to me that he was soon to enter the Normal School at Westfield, Mass., under the principalship of the well-known educator, Mr. Dickerson. James Henry Eaton, from his early youth up, was ambitious to make the most of himself. He was one of the brightest pupils in the public schools of his native town. As a boy he saw no idle moments. When not at work at manual labor, he was at his books. In all his school experience he paid his way through unremitting industry. As a pupil in the Westfield Normal School, he stood among the very first of his class. After graduating with the honors of his school, he for several years was a teacher in the public schools of Massachusetts, and as a teacher he was a pronounced success. James H. Eaton had an analytical mind, and so it was that he taught the reason of things. He reasoned that into the brain of his pupils which had first been reasoned into his own brain. The boys and girls under his instruction, caught much of the inspiration of the teacher. Eaton believed in the efficiency and democracy of our public school system. He saw in it not only the continued life of the individual, but the



JAMES HENRY EATON

continued life of the American people as a nation. So his teaching was always in keeping with the philosophy of all that is best in the world of ethics. Mr. Eaton was for several years principal of one of the public schools in Lawrence, Mass., his adopted city. His rank as an instructor was that of one of the leading educators in the Bay State. After leaving the schools he became an important factor in the business interests of Lawrence. Associating himself in an active way in her street railways and in her banking institutions, he soon proved himself a power in all that had to do with the welfare of the city he so much loved. For several years, and up to the time of his death, he was treasurer of one of the savings banks in Lawrence.

As a financier Mr. Eaton was regarded among the first. He saw things clearly from the start, so that he was never compelled to take a backward step. Men and women of all ranks and grades in life, sought his advice, and he gave it cheerfully. He was a helper and leader in every good cause. He left nothing undone for the city of Lawrence. His love for the home of his adoption, which was so continuously manifest, and the ability he evinced in promoting her interests, made him for two consecutive terms mayor of Lawrence. As the city's chief executive he earned in a marked way the cordial and enthusiastic approval of his constituency. It is speaking within bounds that during his two terms of official rule as mayor, Lawrence had never before experienced such a healthful growth. Mayor Eaton ever kept a watchful eye upon what was best for Lawrence. With the courage of his convictions, he dared to act, whatever might be the opposition. It was enough for him to know that he was right. A prominent

member of his church, he was always among the first to advance her interests. Mayor Eaton so endeared himself to all the people of Lawrence, that the entire city was a mourner at his grave. It was Judge Stone who said, that "we know not where to look to find one to fill Mayor Eaton's place." And this was substantially the saying of all Lawrence. My remembrances of James H. Eaton, both in Candia High School and at Pembroke Academy, are altogether pleasant. At the academy he was a universal favorite, and especially was he all this, among the girls. I shall never forget when he was a pupil in Pembroke Academy, how two of the prettiest girls in the school became enamored of him — the one whom he afterward made his wife, and the other, who afterward became the wife of his brother, the late Charles Eaton. It was on the closing evening of the spring term of the academy in 1853, when the late Rev. John D. Emerson, its principal, made the boys, in a good-natured way, say a word at the closing festival. I have entirely forgotten the little speech I made, but the toast or sentiment that I offered to one of the fairest girls of the academy, I shall never forget. I reproduce it after so many years, with no little pride. The sentiment was the following: —

"Here's to one of the fairest girls of the academy;
May she never be consumed, although she may be Eaton."

Mrs. James Henry Eaton will excuse me, I am sure, for telling this tale out of school. The entire private and public life of the late Mayor James Henry Eaton reflects distinguished credit upon the city of Lawrence, while it adds new lustre to the fair name of Candia. And here, I may very naturally and properly write of Mayor Eaton's

brother, Mr. Eben Eaton, who is now living hale, hearty, and happy in his pleasant home on High Street. "Eb," as they all call him to this day, in spite of his honors and his years, and he is still young, right in face of his years, is one of the jolliest and brightest of men, and he has a wife (that same Lucinda French, who was a pupil in the Candia High School) who is just as bright as he is — the two make a brilliant, sparkling span. The sun is always shining wherever Mr. and Mrs. Eben Eaton are to be found, and should there happen to be a cloud in the skies "no larger than a man's hand," one may feel sure that the rainbow, with all its glad promise, is soon to make its appearance. It is only little more than a week ago, that I sat at the hospitable and well laden table of Mr. and Mrs. Eaton in their attractive home on High Street, and I was delighted as the keen wit and pleasantries of mine host and hostess were showered upon me. Well, as I was saying, "Eb" is one of the jolliest and brightest of men. In all his private and public life, he has proven himself up to date. For twenty years was he sheriff, and at one time a member of the New Hampshire State Legislature, and later on a member of the New Hampshire State Constitutional Convention, and besides, "Eb" has held many other official positions of the town; but Eben Eaton, be it remembered, has deserved all the honors that Candia has bestowed on him. A born democrat, in the primary signification of that term, he meets men and women "on the level." He has nothing of the starched-goods quality about him. He is a man among men. A republican in his political preferences, and yet with lots of friends among the democrats. My earliest remembrance of "Eb" is of the boy who could beat the snare drum in such

lively, rhythmical measure, and who could so uniquely execute the "double-shuffle" on town-meeting day on the stone steps of the Church on the Hill. Eben Eaton never got left in any of the manly sports of the boys, and he has never been left in all the more serious sports of riper manhood.

My recent call on Mr. and Mrs. Eaton gave pleasing emphasis to my recent visit in Candia. How the Candia boys and girls crowd upon my memory as I write these "Reminiscences." They come to me with all the freshness and fragrance of youth.

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;"
"But you, boys and girls of my native town,
Shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

XXI

IN writing of my brother, the late Albert Palmer, I come to him with all that love and affection generated and fostered in the dear old paternal home, when father and mother and brothers and sisters made up the happy family group. Only two years my senior, Albert and I in early childhood and in our earlier manhood were much together. We had our plays in common with each other, and the sorrows and griefs of our boyhood days came to us both alike. We had no secrets apart from each other. In those days long gone by, we went and came together; so, most naturally do I write of him with that affectionate love and with that family pride which are so eminently due a member of the same household with myself. These broken family circles, how in sweetest memory they come back to all of us! The "vacant chair" is the sad refrain of nearly every home, the world over. And yet, those gone before are with us still. While we may not clasp the vanished hand, and hear the voice that is still, we are all the same within reach of those who have gone up and on into that clear, upper atmosphere where dwell the immortals. And so it is that I write of Albert in his very presence.

Of a keen intellectual perception, and of a nervous temperament, Albert Palmer was always doing something. A ceaseless activity was the underscored law of his being. In the schools from the primary up through the college,

he invariably stood among the very first of his class. At Dartmouth he maintained a high rank in scholarship throughout his entire college course, as he had done in his preparatory studies at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Soon after graduating at Dartmouth he was elected tutor by the faculty of the college, but did not accept the proffered position. Albert was a favorite with the college faculty from President Lord down through the whole list of professors, and this on account of his ill health at times, as well as his scholarship. Dr. Lord, the venerable President, always evinced an especial interest in Albert's health, and would often say to him, "Palmer, I have two horses in the stable, and the use of either of them you can have at your pleasure, for a horse-back ride." Albert frequently went to Dr. Lord's office for a word of encouragement and assurance when discouraged and somewhat moody from illness.

It was on one of these occasions, when my brother was particularly down-hearted from being so frequently "under the weather," that Dr. Lord said to him in a humorous way, "Ah, Palmer, you remind me of the Apostle Paul — you die daily." Albert always retained a deep love for his Alma Mater and for that old-time faculty. He loved Hanover for its unique situation, and for its picturesque surroundings. There was no nook or corner in or about Hanover with which he was not familiar. His lone solitary walks gave him all material things for his companions. His love of nature was akin to worship. A brilliant sunset was to him more than a rainbow of promise, while the sunrise was his delight. He roamed the fields and the woods, as great highways cast up by the infinite hand. Albert was in full sympathy and in deep-

est love with all that is most beautiful in this world of exquisite beauty. I remember well how frequently he would come in from a walk, all aglow with nature's best. A tree by the roadside was to him a living, sentient being. With it he talked, and had sweet communion. Those English elms in front of his Candia home are of his own setting. "Woodman, spare that tree" was his favorite song.

No one surpassed Albert in his love for his home town. The last time he ever spoke in Candia was at the celebration of the remodeled "Church on the Hill." It proved his farewell word to the good old town — and how fitting it was that he should then and there assure the Candia friends of his great love for them, and as a final request ask that he might never be forgotten by them! In that delirium of pneumonia of which he died, among his last words were those of his dear old home in Candia. Yes, Albert loved Candia, and Candia loved him. After graduating at Dartmouth in 1858, in the same class with the Rev. Drs. Beane and Dudley, he taught for some little time in Arlington, Mass., and in the Boston Latin School, and with marked success. Albert had the power in an unusual degree, of infusing his pupils with much of his own enthusiastic life. He got near to those under his instruction, so near that he breathed upon them. After leaving the schools he became interested in the ice business with Nathan B. Prescott, now a resident of Derry. He and Mr. Prescott had known each other intimately and well from boyhood, and the friendship that finally came to exist between them was that of brothers, so he went into business under the pleasantest and under the most favorable auspices. In the ice business, Albert was the same active, impetuous man

that he was in the schools. Into whatever work he did, he threw his whole intense being. He put things in italics, so that every one could easily render his meaning. Quick to see the point, he aimed straight for it. In college he was equal to any emergency that might arise.

I well remember that one of his classmates when in college, brought down from his home vacation in Vermont a parcel of home comforts with a sentiment or line written on each, which were to be distributed to a few of the class of '58, and to which an answer was to be returned. Albert was given a bunch of matches sent by "Mary," on which was written, "Matches are made in heaven." To this Albert responded as follows : —

"Dear Mary : —

 "Matches are made in heaven, you say,
 And this you said in mirth,
 But a match with you, I swear,
 Would be a heaven on earth."

Albert Palmer, although he did not always succeed in securing the object he had in view, yet it was very seldom that he made an out and out failure. He always somehow managed to get there. For four years he was a prominent member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and for three years he was as prominent a member of the Massachusetts State Senate. In both departments of the Massachusetts State Legislature, he held a leading position. He was invariably chairman of some of the most important legislative committees. As a speaker he was regarded both in the House and in the Senate as one of the most brilliant and most effective. He it was who caused the vote of censure of Charles Sumner passed by a pre-

vious legislature, to be rescinded and blotted out from the state record. His fame as a speaker was such throughout Massachusetts, that he lacked but one vote of being the orator to pronounce the eulogy on the life and character of Wendell Phillips — George William Curtis finally receiving the majority vote.

In 1881 Albert was elected mayor of Boston, which position he held for one term. The address he made at the time of his inauguration as chief executive of Boston was one of his ablest efforts. His work as mayor of Boston resulted in not a few substantial improvements to the city, the chief of which was the securing and laying out of Franklin Park. While mayor, he delivered in Faneuil Hall on Decoration Day, the address before the Grand Army boys, and it was one of the most brilliant efforts of his life. Wendell Phillips, who was present at the time, approached my brother at the close of his memorable address, and taking him by the hand said, "Mr. Palmer, Edward Everett never did better." This same address I heard him deliver in New York City a year or two later in Cooper Institute, before a packed audience, holding the closest attention of his hearers for an hour and a half, not even once referring to his paper during the entire evening.

As a speaker Albert Palmer was among the most brilliant of orators. On the platform there was a peculiar charm in his whole manner of delivery. And he was just as brilliant and taking in his personal conversation. At an evening entertainment he drew about him those present through his remarkable conversational gift. Somewhat superlative it may be in his conversation, yet his ready flow of language and his pictured form of words always gave him a ready hearing. We, the brothers, kept quiet,

“per necessitate,” whenever Albert took the floor. My brother was during his entire lifetime a reader of our best authors and speakers. He was a great admirer of Webster and Choate. While a pupil at Phillips Academy he walked from Andover, Mass., to Boston, that he might hear Daniel Webster speak in Faneuil Hall. Choate he read and reread many times over. He never tired in quoting from Choate’s eulogy on Daniel Webster, delivered at Dartmouth in the summer of 1853, a eulogy which is not surpassed in the English language, in its elegant and eloquent diction. Holmes was one of his favorite authors. While mayor of Boston the city entertained Princess Louise, so that Albert was privileged to act as the honored host. I have heard him relate with much satisfaction how the princess, the royal guest on his right, in earnest conversation with him sugared in a moment of forgetfulness his coffee with her own dainty fingers, and then immediately begged his pardon for it. Whereupon my brother immediately replied, “I sincerely thank you for this sweet way to royalty.”

I have no apology to offer for thus writing so fully and so positively of the late Albert Palmer — for be it remembered that he was my brother and is my brother still. He was the very center of attraction in the paternal home, and this same drawing and magnetic influence that he exerted there, he displayed in all his private and public life. He drew about him friends from far and near. His personality was always felt. He always took a pride in the home of his youth. With a loyal love for father and mother and for brothers and sisters, he felt himself especially at home wherever the Palmers dwelt. It was he who urged my brother Alanson and myself to pursue a college



ALBERT PALMER

course of study, and never shall I forget how on that morning in the spring of 1854, as I was starting for Atkinson Academy to begin my preparatory studies for the college, he said, "Wilson, having once put your hands to the plough, never look back." Albert was not only ambitious for himself, but he was ambitious for us brothers as well. He frequently feared that we should fail when we ought to succeed ; so it was that he kept his eye closely upon Alanson and myself while in college. Well, Alanson and I, if the truth must be told, did n't make as brilliant a record as he did at Dartmouth, still we got through somehow and secured our A. B. Albert, however, was a great help and inspiration to us in all our student life. It happened that he was class orator over the grave of mathematics at the close of his sophomore year — and it goes without saying, that his oration was a pronounced success. Singularly enough, it so happened that I was elected class orator over the grave of mathematics, at the close of my sophomore year. Albert, I remember, got nervous over the matter, fearing I would make a "flunk" at dead of night before that big audience on Hanover common. So fearful and nervous was he of the result, that he could not be prevailed upon to be one of the audience, but he was the first one to congratulate me on so well delivering my oration.

I mention these side facts to show how interested he was in all that pertained to the family. Yes, a good brother and true, and a good man and true in all the aspirations and work of life, Albert Palmer has brought credit and honor to himself and to Candia, a town which he ever held in sweet remembrance.

XXII

IT is the unexpected that lends a peculiar interest to all narrative writing. It may not be quite logical and in accordance with the best usage to break in upon the thread of the story being told. Yet there is a certain fascination about such irregularity in a series of written communications, that at times I find well-nigh irresistible. While it is mathematically true that "a straight line is the shortest distance between any two given points," yet to me there's no little pleasure in occasionally leaving the direct road, and going round by "Robbin Hood's barn" to reach the point of destination. There is always a charm to be found along the winding serpentine way, from the fact that therein is many an avenue all unseen, and the more greatly enjoyed when approached, because heretofore it lay in the region of the unknown. It is, indeed, the unexpected that gives impetus and zest to life. Anything is allowable, if it shall serve to break up the dull monotony of doing things.

So it is that I leave for the time being the classic shades of Dartmouth and its Candia graduates, that I may write of those quaint characters of the town, who were so well known years ago by every man, woman, and child in Candia. These queer people were not tramps. They did not roam the world over, swearing all the while that the world owed them a living. They were not promoters of strikes or trade unions. They were willing other

people should work if they so chose. As for them, they were satisfied to become wanderers not in a strange land, but in a land made familiar to them by their frequent goings up and down the country highways.

Pete Varnum! Good old soul! I am sure there is no one in Candia who does not have a pleasant remembrance of Pete. Of erect form, standing something more than six feet in his shoes, he made an impressive figure. It is told by those who are supposed to know, that Pete had had a romantic and somewhat unfortunate love experience. At any rate, he did not win the object of his early affections, so he determined to tie up all his earthly goods in a handkerchief, and bidding good-by to woman's love, set out on the road and see the world for himself and study human nature. Pete's wandering life was really a beautiful tribute to the love of the woman he so nearly worshiped—for he reasoned thus: When her love fails me all fails me. When she is gone, all is gone. Nothing can be left me but to roam my little world o'er and o'er again. Without her, all is blank—And Pete reasoned a good deal as other men would have reasoned had they been defeated in the world of love.

Pete in his younger days must have been "a good catch." In manner and grace of conversation he told of better days. While shabbily dressed, still there was something in his personal make-up that commended him to the more fashionable world. Pete always wore a tall hat, although somewhat battered and beaten by the weather, for he invariably made his rounds in spite of wind and storm. There was no one who did not like to see Pete "coming up the road." His cheery greeting never failed to find a cordial response by all the neighbors along his way. The

good house-wife gave him in every instance the best her table afforded, and would have gladly asked him to have sat at her table, had it not been that Pete did not practically believe in immersion nor even in sprinkling, so the bathroom was a stranger to him. Though all unwashed, Pete after all had a great, big, clean soul. A man of abounding common sense and generous impulses, he made friends up and down every country road and lane he ever tramped. He could have a bed on the newly mown hay in every barn in Candia, Deerfield, Raymond and surrounding towns, whenever he chose. Pete really had the freedom of the country at large. What a volume of intense interest it would have made, had Pete's soliloquies along the road found their way into published form! What thoughts must have come to him, of what might have been! How he must have often exclaimed along the wayside, with Shakespeare, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" and then have added, in the language of the Bard of Avon, "Woman's at best a contradiction still." How Pete must have at times, when weary of his long, tiresome journeyings, wished for that happiest of days when he could leave his bundle of rags outside some one of the twelve gates and find abundant entrance into that city where there will be no going out for evermore!

I have had occasion in other writings to speak of Pete as a philosopher. He was at one time making his way in dead of winter towards Deerfield, facing all the while a biting northeast snow storm, when all at once coming to his better judgment he exclaimed, "Pete Varnum! What a d—n fool you are to face this snow storm, when it makes no difference which way you go" — thereupon, he turned right about and went the other way, having

then the storm at his back. Ah, Pete, in all this, you taught us, more fortunately placed in life than were you, a healthy lesson, namely, to take advantage of wind and storm in making our way in life. It is with no little affection that I write of Pete Varnum. In spite of his rags, he had a manly, generous heart, and he made friends of all whom he met. Dear Old Pete, a wanderer, weary and sore of foot here, but there in your kingdom come, a winged seraph. What an infinite difference between the two estates!

Then there was Polly Hildreth, or "Poll Howard" as everybody in Candia called her. Poll must have been a girl of remarkable beauty, for she had in her maturer years all those attractive facial features which in her earlier life must have drawn to her many a pulsating young man of tenderest emotions. But it was the same old story with Poll, as it had been with many another before her. Disappointed in love she became an old maid, and went to taking snuff. What havoc a disappointed love makes in the world! It blots out the brightest star in the firmament of the affections, and casts a gloom over the glad sunshine.

Fortunate, indeed, is that man or woman who comes out of the wreck of love, with just a little bit of his or her heart left, and with a brain that is not altogether paralyzed. Well, Poll somehow survived her great disappointment in life, though somewhat in a shattered condition. In many ways she was yet one of the brightest of women, and when she took from her dress pocket that snuff-box, and drew therefrom, between thumb and forefinger, a generous "pinch," one might know there was a bright, smart saying just ahead.

It was on one of these occasions that a young man in my neighborhood was telling her some yarn, when Poll said to the young man, "If I were going to lie, I would n't tell such a d—n foolish lie as that." Poll was not easily deceived. She had a clear insight into the reason of things, and never did she fail to entertain through her ready conversation. She was a welcome visitor in nearly every home in Candia. Her tramps would cover annually nearly every highway in Candia and in the surrounding towns. She was known throughout all the region round about. "There comes Poll Howard," was the familiar and glad saying of all the boys and girls in town. She usually made her headquarters, when in my neighborhood, at the home of the late Mrs. Abraham Emerson. So frequently did Mrs. Emerson care for Poll, that she really became a sort of a favorite with the children. I have often heard Luther W. Emerson, both at his home in Brooklyn and at his office in New York, speak with no little interest, not to say affection, of Poll Howard as he remembered her in her frequent visits to his mother's home. But Poll was at home anywhere in Candia, and all Candia made her at home. Poll Howard was a shooting star. She had no fixed orbit. She knew no law of gravitation. The centrifugal and centripetal forces were unrecognized and unknown quantities in her revolutions around the circle. Shorn of her great love in early life, of the man of her choice, she became a nomad. And who wonders at all this? Blot out one's future of a home made happy and resonant with child-life, and then one must necessarily grope along a way, absolutely without the promise of a better day. Poll Howard remains to this day one of the quaint characters of Candia. I often wonder, now that she is in heaven, how

she manages to get along without her snuff-box filled to the brim.

Then there was "Lame Nat Rowe," so well known in Candia, whose pronounced eccentricities came from no disappointment in love, neither did they come from the want of a home. But Lame Nat was nevertheless unlike most men. With a vein of wit that was irrepressible, he made things wherever he was especially interesting. How frequently the voice of the moderator in the Candia town meetings of years ago, would echo and reëcho throughout the vestry under "the Church on the Hill," with the mandatory exclamation, "Is Capt. John Smith in the house?" "If so, he will please put Lame Nat Rowe out." It was just meat and drink for Lame Nat to make things lively at the annual town meeting, and he never failed to accomplish his object. At one time he posted himself at the vestry door, when the late Rufus E. Patten, as moderator, was busy receiving ballots, and shouted with a stentorian voice, "Is Capt. John Smith in the house? If so, have him put Lame Nat out." And then Lame Nat put with lightning speed for the horse shed.

Mr. Austin Cass, in my late interview with him at his home, told me how the boys in his school district in the days of "Master Fitts," got Lame Nat to slide, or rather to attempt to slide, across a pond of ice which they well knew would not support his weight. For the attempted feat they offered Nat a pint of rum. Nat did not hesitate to accept the offer. He downed with the rum at one drink, and started on his perilous slide. Half-way across the pond in he went, and came out thoroughly baptized. With clothing dripping, and yet in a happy state of mind, he took his accustomed seat in school, when he soon be-

came so over-enthusiastic in demonstrations not in keeping with Master Fitts' school, that the teacher called to the desk *Lame Nat*, and at once proceeded to whip him, but the more Master Fitts whipped the more *Lame Nat* laughed, until finally catching the fumes of *Nat's* breath, Master Fitts sent him to his seat, to sober off.

It happened some years ago that I was on the train with *Lame Nat*, just as the evening was coming on, from Portsmouth to Candia. When the train reached Candia it was dark, so that *Lame Nat* in stepping from his car landed between the car and the platform — when in an instant *Nat* shouted to the conductor, “Why don't you drive your d—d old cars up nearer the platform?” *Lame Nat Rowe* was a genius in his way. With a Websterian head, he knew all the while what he was about. Had he become a lawyer he would have ranked among the very first of his profession. He intuitively saw the point to be gained. The unwritten sayings of *Lame Nat Rowe* deserve a conspicuous place in any history that may ever be written of Candia. Another letter on the quaint characters of Candia, then will I betake myself to the college boys again — and you Candia girls, don't think I am to leave you out, for I have always felt an especial delight to be after you, and no less a delight is it for me to be after you still.

XXIII

THE late John B. Gough, in his lecture on "Peculiar People," set forth in his own brilliant way, that it was the peculiarities of the man that made up his individuality. I seem now to hear that inimitable orator and temperance reformer exclaim as of old, "Why, I have friends from whom I would not lose a freckle of the nose, neither would I miss that awkward limp in their walk, nor the frequent blunders in their English." A well defined individuality is the personal stamp which gives a special and peculiar value in one's estimation of both men and women. The moment one strives to copy the manner and life of another, from that moment he ceases to count one in the census. Be yourself, and then necessarily will you be accounted quaint and peculiar, from the fact that you are unlike others. We all have our idiosyncrasies. When you find two men "as much alike as two peas in a pod," then may you be sure that one or the other of the two is a cipher.

God displayed an infinite wisdom, in the infinite variety of the human creation. I haven't a friend in all the wide world to whom I do not attach certain characteristics — neither have you. And so in estimating and giving place to Candia people, I list them under the head of certain peculiarities. I readily recognize the neighbor who is coming up the road, from his ungainly walk it may be, a walk that I have come to prize, simply because it is the

peculiar carriage of my friend. The blundering language of another friend, may become altogether pleasant to me, because it is his uniform way of expressing himself. I just love the story-teller, who delights in all sorts of "yarns," not that he wishes to deceive, but that he revels in the marvelous. We are all in duty bound to give a large margin to the so-called peculiarities of the individual.

Well, to go on with my story concerning some of the quaint people of Candia, I wonder if there is any one in the town, of the older people, who does not have a vivid recollection of Jake Morrison as he was familiarly called. Jake was the biggest kind of a story-teller, and the more ridiculous the story, the better pleased was he. In an early day Jake Morrison went to Ohio, when that State was a part of the far West. Upon his return home Jake had the most marvelous things to tell of the productiveness of the soil in that State. To illustrate, he said a friend of his planted on his Ohio farm a half-peck of potatoes, and they spread like white weed all over his farm. Morrison declared it was utterly impossible to kill them out, so that finally the broad acres of his friend were made absolutely worthless. But the biggest story that Jake ever told was the one showing the smooth rift of Ohio timber. He said it split just as smooth as one could shave a shingle, and then to make his meaning plain, he told the following, "whopper."

With a face as honest in its expression as that of a deacon, he told how an Ohio farmer was one day felling trees, and just as he was called to dinner, he struck the axe into the butt, measuring forty feet, of one of the trees he had felled. The farmer noticed as he left for his dinner,

that the axe had made the slightest rift in the forty-foot butt, when lo, and behold ! as he returned from his dinner the axe had split in the smoothest way, the forty-foot butt, and had made its way twenty feet into the sixty-foot butt, which lay along side. Now lying, in more than a half innocent way, was the leading peculiarity Jake Morrison had ; he would n't have been Jake Morrison had he always told the literal truth. Jake was a good old soul after all, with a great big heart that took in the whole brotherhood of mankind. I have never doubted that Jake had a profound respect for the truth, and yet he would at times and very frequently, get far from it, by reason of his in-born love for the wonderful and ridiculous. I never have believed that Jake Morrison's story-telling was ever charged up to him in the books as kept above.

It is told of the late James Critchet how in that great Washingtonian movement he persisted in buying his jug of rum at the grocery store, along with his jug of molasses. It was on one of these occasions, as he was coming out from the grocery store with his jug of rum in one hand, and his jug of molasses in the other, that a Washingtonian, meeting him, said : " Mr. Critchet, I wish rum was as high again, and molasses as cheap again as now." Whereupon Mr. Critchet replied, " So do I—for I really think that there is that difference in the worth of the two articles." Mr. Critchet, a temperate man his life long, and one of the brightest men in Candia, always kept a level head in his religion and in his politics. I have the pleasantest remembrances of Mr. James Critchet. It was of him that I bought my first watch, when teaching school in the Colcord district, and it kept excellent time, just as he said it would.

I must make prominent mention of "Bode" Crombie, a name familiar not only in Candia, but throughout the surrounding towns as well. Although Bode's home was in Auburn, yet he belonged equally to Candia, and the towns adjacent thereto. Bode Crombie was a man of consummate wit, and a genius in more ways than one. A man of much natural elegance, he always made a happy introduction of himself to friend or stranger. With his ruffled shirt front, and in his velvet coat, he made a striking and impressive appearance. Everybody in Candia was glad whenever Bode put in his appearance, for they knew there was a bright saying just ahead. Meeting the late Deacon Francis Patten at his home one morning, the deacon said, "Bode, you seem to be happy always. What makes you so?" When Bode, with a twinkle in his eye, at once replied, "Religion, religion, Deacon Patten, and if you had it you'd be happy," no one enjoyed the pert reply of Bode, more than did Deacon Patten. Bode had a great fondness for cider, and oftentimes he would become a bit enthusiastic over his fill of it.

It was on one of these occasions when full of the spirit that lurks in the cup, that Bode betook himself to a Methodist class meeting held at the house of the late Mr. Jack Clark in Auburn. Bode had just cider enough aboard to make him somewhat demonstrative and noisy. Indeed he so disturbed the meeting, that Mr. Clark approached Bode and said to him, "You must keep quiet. You are disturbing this meeting. Bode, you are drunk." "I know I am drunk," replied Bode, "for if I was n't," he added, "I would n't be such a d—n fool as to be here."

At another time, Bode bought a full suit of clothing of

a Chester merchant, getting trusted for the same. The purchase was made at the time when the creditor could imprison the debtor, he, the creditor, however, being compelled to pay the board of the prisoner. The Chester merchant not being able to recover from Bode for the purchased suit, lodged him in jail at Exeter. After keeping Bode in jail all one winter, paying the expenses thereof, he sickened of the cost, so he finally released Bode, knowing full well that he would never recover a penny of the indebtedness. On the day of his release, Bode dressed himself in his new suit, and then made his way to the store of the merchant of whom he made the purchase. On entering the store, the Chester merchant gave Bode the following greeting: "Good morning, Bode; you are out in fine style this morning — with a new suit of clothing from top to toe." "Yes," replied Bode, "and it's paid for, too." Bode was always in his kingdom come, when he had successfully played some trick on his fellow. Had he turned his wits to the law, he would have become the most distinguished of the legal profession.

Then there was Waity Cass! Who does n't remember her! Always good-natured and laughing. And the old "razor strapper," who used to make his appearance once a year. These quaint characters, found in all country towns, serve to break up the dull monotony of country life. But then, we are all more or less quaint characters. You and I, dear reader, have our funny side, and although we may not recognize it, you may be sure others do.

" Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us, .
And foolish notion."

To give a scriptural ending to this letter, I quote the words of Paul to Titus: "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works."

XXIV

I TRUST that no one who may read these "Reminiscences" will for a moment suppose that I am of the opinion that the college makes the man. The boy who has gumption and brain will prove himself a man in spite of the schools. I have known more than one dunce to graduate from the college with his "A. B." And yet I am safe in the statement that the Candia boys who have graduated from higher institutions of learning, have at least made an average showing in their varied departments of life. It is with peculiar pleasure and a commendable pride that I write of Candia's interest in the class graduating at Dartmouth in 1860. There were five of us of the home town, who in the autumn of 1856 entered that class, namely: The Rev. S. F. French, now of Londonderry, Caleb Cushing Sargent of Vermont, the late Warren Worthen of Candia Village, Alanson Palmer of Brooklyn, New York, and his brother, the writer of these "Reminiscences." How well I remember that eventful morning when I first entered the college chapel for morning prayers! The rain was pouring, so we freshmen took along our umbrellas, and like honest boys just from home, we left them as we entered the chapel, by the door, and took our seats in the rear of the audience room, directly behind the wise but "wicked" sophs. As we made our way from the chapel after prayers, lo and behold! there was not an umbrella left. The sophs had made a clean

sweep of them, not leaving a single one to tell the story of the wholesale theft committed. This was my first practical lesson in morals received at Dartmouth. I shall never forget that scriptural reading and that prayer of the venerable president, the venerable Dr. Nathan Lord, on that first morning of my college life. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein," was the scriptural lesson that he gave; and then followed his prayer so replete with thanksgiving and praise, and so filled with earnest pleadings for the college. Dr. Lord, in his morning and evening devotions in the college chapel, came very near to the heart of each student. "O Lord, bless these students, bless every one of them — may each heart in thy presence be a fit temple for the in-dwelling of thy holy spirit" was his earnest petition for us boys both morning and evening the long year through. Dr. Lord's prayers were the eloquent and touching renderings of a heart inspired with both the human and the divine. And neither shall I ever forget the welcome that the late Professor Putnam gave the class of '60 to the college. It was in the freshman recitation room where he met us, and told us in such a pleasant way what would be expected of us as students, at the same time giving us assurances that the college would withhold no good thing from us. We did n't tell the genial professor that a half hour previous to his welcome and to the pledged word of good old Dartmouth, that our morals would be safe in her keeping, that every umbrella owned by the honest, unsophisticated freshmen had been stolen by the sophs in spite of Dr. Lord's amen still repeating itself.

Warren Worthen, a hard-working student, and an ex-

cellent scholar, left the college at the end of his freshman year, and went South to engage in teaching, and finally when the war came on, he joined the South in its struggle to free herself from the North. Singular as this may seem, and unfortunate as this may have been for Worthen, still it can be said of him that he was honest in his convictions, and followed what seemed to him a duty; so there were but four of us Candia boys who graduated at Dartmouth in the class of '60. Caleb Cushing Sargent, a namesake of the late Caleb Cushing of Newburyport, Mass., maintained an excellent rank throughout his college course. He has represented his adopted home in Vermont for several terms in the State legislature. At one time he was prominently mentioned for the lieutenant governorship of the State. Cushing Sargent has proved himself a leading and influential man in the community where he has resided for these many years.

The Rev. Samuel F. French was an industrious pupil, and stood, upon graduating, well up among the first of his class. His theological studies he pursued at Andover, Mass. As a clergyman he has filled important positions in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Vermont. It was my privilege to hear Mr. French twenty or more years ago in the "Church on the Hill," in Candia, and I remember to this day his text and the sermon that followed. His subject was the death of Moses, the text reading: "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." Mr. French occupies a prominent place among the clergymen of New England. His father, the late Coffin M. French, was for many years a deacon in the Congregational church in Candia, and now his son, John P. French, holds the same office in the same church. Mr. French's younger

brother, George Henry French, is also a clergyman, while his only sister married a clergyman, the late James H. Fitts. So it will be seen that Samuel Franklin French naturally enough became a minister, for he came of a family where deacons and ministers were to the right of him, and to the left of him, and in front of him. Mr. French has not allowed himself, in this speculative age, to be swept from his moorings. He has persistently held to the faith once delivered to the saints. With nothing of the sensational about him, the Rev. S. F. French preaches the simple gospel in an earnest way, and in all his pastorates he has met with gratifying success. His daily life emphasizes the gospel he preaches.

Then, there is Alanson Palmer, who has made his mark in his professional work as a teacher. For more than thirty years he has been connected with the schools of New York City, where he is in active service at this present writing. So successful has he proved himself in the educational world, that Dartmouth College voted him three years ago an honorary membership in her Phi Beta Kappa society — so that now it reads, “Alanson Palmer, A. B. and A. M.,” and what is more than all else, “A Phi Beta Kappa.” Well, Alanson was in the class of '60, “Palmer 1st,” and he has been “Palmer 1st” ever since his graduation, in spite of the best I could do. However, I have managed to somehow get along with my simple A. B., though at times I have not absolutely felt sure of even this; for some years ago I unfortunately lost my diploma, so that now to prove to the skeptic that I ever graduated from Dartmouth, I am compelled to refer him to the Centennial catalogue.

I do not hesitate to declare that the Candia quartette graduating from Dartmouth in 1860, were never caught

while in college, smashing in doors, and breaking windows, neither were they ever guilty of shaving a freshman's head, and immersing the same under the college pump. Taking it all in all, they were a very respectable four who made a good showing in one of the most brilliant classes Dartmouth ever graduated. The "most brilliant," I say. Let's see how the record stands. In that memorable class of which I write, was the late Daniel G. Rollins, one of the foremost lawyers in all the country through, at one time surrogate of New York, and for several years in the district attorney's office of that city. Rollins was the right hand man of the late President Arthur, and from him he could have had a seat on the bench of the United States Supreme Court, had he been willing to have accepted it.

Prof. A. S. Bickmore of New York City, one of the most distinguished naturalists in the world, was a graduate with the class of '60.

Then, there is Col. Gilman H. Tucker, a native of Raymond, now the secretary of the great American Book Company, with headquarters in New York City, who was a distinguished member of the class of '60. As a speaker and writer, Col. Tucker ranked among the very first at Dartmouth, and to-day, were he to take the platform he would draw and hold the largest and most attentive audiences. Another member of my class was the Rev. Dr. Arthur Little of Boston, one of the leading clergymen in the ministry of the Congregationalists.

And there is Henry A. Morrill, now of the Cincinnati Law School, who has so recently been made an LL.D. by his alma mater, who was for four years a seat-mate of mine at Dartmouth. So I repeat that the class of '60 at Dartmouth was one of the most brilliant ever graduated at

that institution of learning. Therefore Candia's quartette in that class are to be commended for their respectable rank among so many "stars." In spite, however, of my college training, the question will come back to me more or less frequently, was it the better plan after all, that I should have pursued a college course? My good father used to frequently say to me, when a boy, "Stick to the farm, Wilson, and let the college go," and I have at times thought he was more than half right in his advice. While I estimate as highly as does any other, a liberal education, still I am of the opinion that many a boy goes to college, who would have the better succeeded in life, had he put those four college years into the practical work of life. And, as I have already hinted, I am not sure that I am not one of those boys who have made the mistake of going to college. However, I have been, and although I have lost my diploma it is my business to prove myself loyal to good old Dartmouth, and to her Candia graduates, and it is my delight so to do.

XXV

IN the class at Dartmouth immediately following mine, was graduated the late Captain William R. Patten. There is no one in Candia who does not pleasantly remember "Bill," as he was called by every one. Capt. Patten must have been born when all the conditions went to the making up of a generous, whole-soul man. As a boy Bill was a favorite in his neighborhood. Without the least bit of jealousy, he was willing the other boy should have the larger half of the apple. A born democrat in the primary signification of that term, he recognized his equal in others. He never claimed to own the earth to the exclusion of his fellow. It was no assumption on the part of Bill that he was born in school district No. 4, neither did he make this fact a source of egotistical pride. But yet, I do not doubt that Capt. Patten was always glad that he had his birth in sight of the little red schoolhouse of which I have made such frequent mention in these "Reminiscences." Capt. Patten was a philosopher of the first rank. He took life as it came without making any fuss about it. He looked on the bright side of everything. An excellent scholar in all the departments of his school life, yet he graduated from the college an all round man.

During his academic and college life he learned of all those with whom he met. He well understood how to meet men and women so as to gain at once their confidence and friendship. William R. Patten was the jolliest of souls,

so that he was invariably "hail fellow well met." No one enjoyed a joke better than did he, and apparently it made but little difference whether the joke was on him or on the other fellow. It was the joke per se that he enjoyed. I remember when in the academy it was Patten's habit to lie down for a little nap during the warm days of the summer time, after a full dinner. It was on one of these occasions when he had fallen into a sweet dreamy slumber that some one put his clock ahead one hour, and then awakening him said, "Bill," pointing to the clock, "it wants only ten minutes of two, our recitation hour." Bill rubbing his eyes said, "Why, this has been the shortest of hours;" and then added, "by the feeling, I should n't think my dinner had been in my stomach fifteen minutes. I must have a touch of dyspepsia." Bill, always on hand at the appointed hour, hurriedly made his way to the recitation room, only to find that he was an hour ahead of time. When he learned the joke was on him, he laughed as heartily as did his schoolmate, who put the clock one hour ahead of solar time. The man who can take a joke in as happy a way as he perpetrates one, is the man whose philosophy always stands the test. I remember one occasion, soon after the war of the rebellion had ended, that Dea. Patten said to William, "My son, if you will give up smoking, I'll give you fifty dollars." Whereupon William facetiously replied after this wise: "Father, I have been to the war, and done what I could in aiding our Northern army to put down this infernal rebellion. The war has cost the government such an immense amount of money that it has been compelled to lay a tax on both the necessities and luxuries of life in order that it may pay its indebtedness; now, as tobacco is one of its luxu-

ries taxed, would you think it well of me, after I had fought to put down the rebellion, were I unwilling to pay a share of the tax on tobacco?" The father appreciated the keen and subtile wit of his boy, and so the tobacco question was then and there dropped. William was always ready for a joke and everybody knew it.

I happened one day into the office of Judge Cross in Manchester, where William was a student. At the time of my call, Bill was making out a deed of landed property. He was using Massabesic sand to dry the ink on his manuscript, and as he gently shook the box over his paper, the top came off and let a too generous supply of the sand on his partly written deed. I exclaimed, "Well, Bill, you have done it now!" When he replied, "No matter — for I am conveying real estate." It was in the late autumn of the early sixties that William called upon the late Mrs. Cochrane, at her home in Chester. Mrs. Cochrane was then Miss Helen French. It was during his principalship of Chester Academy that Capt. Patten had made the acquaintance of Miss French, and the two had come to enjoy and appreciate each other's keen wit and bright sayings. On the occasion of the call to which I refer, Bill took me along with him. I shall never forget that half hour made brilliant by Miss French and the captain. As we were leaving, Bill said, "Well, Miss French, where are you to spend the winter?" In answer to which query she replied, "I have not quite determined yet, whether to spend it in Washington or Candia." "Well," said Bill, "if you are wise you will spend it in Candia, for," he added, "Candia is far ahead of Washington in all that makes up the really beautiful." It was on a Monday morning, when a student in Dartmouth College, that the subject of a

personal devil was being discussed by Bill's class in the Biblical exercise under the late Prof. Noyes. As the discussion waxed warmer and warmer, and while the variety of opinions concerning the personality of his satanic majesty were rapidly multiplying, Prof. Noyes called upon Bill for his view of the matter. Now Bill, who was never caught napping during that Monday morning Biblical hour in college, had all the while been slyly cramming up on the subject with Barnes' notes. So in his answer to Prof. Noyes' query, "Patten, what have you to say of the personality of the devil?" he, rising, holding Barnes' notes in his left hand behind his back, gave the view held by Barnes. When the professor with a suggestive smile said, "Well, Patten, you are backed in your opinion of the personality of the devil by good authority," no one enjoyed Prof. Noyes' keen and knowing reply better than Bill did.

While Capt. Patten was the very embodiment of jollity and fun, yet he had his serious side. The work of life he met and performed in a manly way. In all his instruction given in the public schools, he met the boys and girls as the men and women of the future. Capt. Patten had a popular and drawing way in doing things; so that he had the promise of success at the start.

When the war of the rebellion came on, William R. Patten was among the first to offer his services to the government. I can see him now as plainly as though it were but yesterday, marching up and down his father's orchard by the roadside, with musket well in hand, practicing for that terrible four years of war.

It was on a brilliant, moonlit Sunday evening, just previous to his departure for the field of action, that I heard



CAPTAIN WILLIAM R. PATTEN

William speak at the evening prayer-meeting in the vestry on the hill, and I well remember the tender pathos with which he spoke those good-by words to the town and his many friends. His loving allusion to his sainted mother was all aglow with an affection that glorified her sweet and sacred memory. After the meeting, I rode home with William. The evening and all nature were in happy accord with that last Sabbath of his, previous to those long, wearisome marches to the field of battle. Capt. Patten served through the war, with all that love of country and with all that zeal for the right which gave emphasis to his loyalty to our free American government. After the war was happily ended, Capt. Patten studied law with Judge Cross in Manchester, and after being admitted to the bar, he began and continued his practice in Manchester until the time of his death, in 1886. Capt. Patten as a lawyer held rank among the very first of his profession in the city of his adoption. For several years he was clerk of the House of Representatives in Concord, and for several terms he represented his ward in Manchester in the legislature of the state. Had Capt. Patten's life been continued him, there was nothing in a political way for which he might not have hoped. Popular among all classes, he easily drew the majority vote. And then the ability he evinced in the world of politics was an assurance of a brilliant future.

William R. Patten had many honors coming to him, but in spite of them, I love better than all else to remember the man so beloved in college, and in his chosen profession, and by his comrades in the war, as the bright, jolly "Bill Patten," whom everybody so loved in school district No. 4. When Bill came down the road with

his genial, smiling face under a big slouch hat, everybody knew there was "a good-morning," with a heart in it, for each of the neighbors. Bill's calls took in the entire neighborhood, and the whole neighborhood was glad to give him greeting. He was a favorite with all ages. I well remember how my father on a Fourth of July morning would take his old flint gun, and go up to Deacon Patten's house, and rouse up Bill, who would quickly respond, bringing his tin trumpet with him, when they, two boys together, would celebrate with a vim throughout the neighborhood.

When William R. Patten died all Candia was a mourner at his grave, for she well knew that one of the brightest and the most genial of her children had fallen by the way — and yet not fallen — for to stay his steps midway in his earthly pilgrimage as he did, was only to mount upward and onward to fairer fields, and to greater usefulness.

William R. Patten had a great big heart, and a great big soul, and a great big brain, so that with these three important factors so happily combined in his physical and intellectual make-up, he drew the multitude about him. To write of him is to again come in touch with the unselfish, loving life of the genial "Bill."

XXVI

THERE is no record of Candia being represented in the student life at Dartmouth College previous to 1823. In that year David Pillsbury entered the college as a freshman, and was graduated in 1827. Then followed William Henry Duncan in the class graduating in 1830. Mr. Duncan was a son of the late William Duncan, who for so many years kept a grocery store on the road south of the "Church on the Hill."

William H. Duncan was a man of elegant grace of manner and a man of refined culture. In conversation he was one of the most attractive of men. Had his ambition been equal to his scholarship both in the college and in his profession, he must have proven himself a leader in the world of letters and of law. Mr. Duncan, however, was a good deal content to take the world as it came to him. He resided in Hanover for many years, and seldom did he fail to call on us Candia boys at least once a year during our college course.

I remember well of once calling upon Mr. Duncan at his office or study in Hanover, and never shall I forget the pleasant reception he gave me. His talk on that occasion was mostly of Candia and her people. With a touch of sentiment he dwelt quite at length on the varied and far-reaching landscape views of the town. Sitting in his library room, I had an unobstructed view of his sleeping-room, adjoining, and on the morning of my call, his bed

was as he left it after his concluding nap of the night. Seeing that I had caught sight of his sleeping-apartment, Mr. Duncan said, "Mr. Palmer, I make up my bed just twice a year — once on Thanksgiving Day, and then again on the Fourth of July" — and yet Mr. Duncan was a man of the most immaculate neatness in his personal attire. Mr. Duncan's wife was a sister of the wife of Rufus Choate. She died early in her married life. I met Mr. Duncan for the last time in Boston a few years before his death. I remember well how at that time he inquired all about Candia, and particularly for the boys who had graduated at Dartmouth. William H. Duncan was one of the most brilliant of men, and by his genial, attractive presence he drew about him friends wherever he went. Moses H. Fitts graduated at Dartmouth in 1831, and then followed in 1833 Ephraim Eaton and Jesse Eaton Pillsbury.

In 1841 Richard Emerson Lane was graduated. Mr. Lane was a man of much promise. He died soon after his graduation. In 1843 Lorenzo Clay graduated. Mr. Clay was an exceedingly bright man, and was an able lawyer. All these earlier collegiate graduates from Candia were men of affairs who well understood their work in life and who did it. They were Candia's introduction to Dartmouth College, so from their time on Dartmouth has had for the greater portion of the time representatives from Charmingfare.

In the class of 1850 the Rev. Mose Patten, now of Hooksett, graduated, and this brings me to the time with which I am somewhat familiar. Mr. Patten studied theology at Andover, Mass., and has held pastorates both in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. No one has ever had

reason to doubt Mr. Patten's orthodoxy. He has closely and conscientiously adhered to his early religious instruction, and preached it. A man honest in his convictions, he has ever proved himself true to them.

Candia had two graduates from Dartmouth in the class of 1853, the late Rev. John D. Emerson and the late Jonathan Brown. Mr. Brown soon after his graduation entered into business with promising success. By too close application his health failed him, and he died when comparatively a young man. Mr. Brown was one of the most genial of men, and had he lived there can be no question that he would have succeeded in his chosen work of life.

The Rev. John D. Emerson as a clergyman was way above the average of his profession. He excelled as a writer. Mr. Emerson was for many years pastor of the First Congregational church in Haverhill, N. H., and he also held pastorates in Vermont and Maine. He had an incisive and sometimes a quaint way of putting things, so that occasionally he was liable to be misinterpreted, but all the same he invariably had his say, and there was always something in his sayings to take in and digest. John D. Emerson in the pulpit was bold and truthful of utterance. He preached the "word" as he understood it without making any apology for so doing. It is the testimony of leading New England clergymen that he was one of the ablest writers of his profession. The Rev. Dr. Plumb of Roxbury, in speaking of the Rev. John D. Emerson, said that as a writer he reminded one of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was suggestive in all that he wrote and in all that he said. To take in the whole scope of his thought one was compelled to read between the lines. And yet he kept nothing back. His sentences, however,

in all their fullness, begot additional thought which the hearer worked out at his leisure.

I read some years ago a published address that Mr. Emerson gave on some occasion connected with Pembroke Academy that much impressed me at the time for its forcible argument and striking diction, so that I was ever afterward ready to believe that all which had been claimed for him as a writer by the leading men in his profession, was true. At times Mr. Emerson so bluntly and uniquely stated himself from the pulpit that his hearers were likely to wince a bit and possibly kick the kneeling stool in the pew. On one occasion preaching to an audience he said, pointing to the graveyard in the rear of the church, "I would as soon preach to the corpses back of me, as to preach to the corpses in front of me." This telling and emboldened sentence he uttered to point a general truth. He undoubtedly meant to say, and did say substantially, that he saw but little difference between a dead man in the graveyard and a dead man in the pews. Mr. Emerson believed in a live church. His prayer was for a membership that would do something, and in all this he was right.

John D. Emerson was a progressive minister both in and out of the pulpit. He didn't stand still in his religion. He eagerly came into a larger and broader field of religious thought. He gave the go-by to much of the instruction which had been dealt out to him in his early life from the pulpit on the hill.

An Unitarian lady from Wayland, Mass., who when living spent her summers in Peru, Vt., told me some years ago how pleased she was with the generous, loving manner in which the Rev. John D. Emerson administered the sacrament in the church at her summer home, on a

Sunday when she was present. Her words were these: "Mr. Emerson said: 'This table is not my table, neither is it your table, but it is the Lord's table, therefore all present who would consider it a privilege to partake of these emblems, are cordially and lovingly invited to do so.'" Mr. Emerson in his maturer and later life, had no sympathy with that invitation which was in this wise: "All those who are in good and regular standing in sister churches are invited to partake with us." Mr. Emerson's religious creed took in the whole human kind. He recognized the whole brotherhood of the human race in all his religious thought. To him God was the loving Father of all His children. So in a religious and intellectual way, it may be safely affirmed that he constantly kept himself well to the front on the learner's seat.

He held himself ready to give up an old thought for a newer and better one. He did not believe that the lesson learned was the end of all study. He was not only willing, but glad to change his book-mark to newer and fresher pages. So far as I have learned of Mr. Emerson, God was constantly revealing Himself anew to him. John D. Emerson never allowed his yesterdays to limit and stint his to-days. Original in all his thought and speech, he enjoyed that freedom which allowed him to search for later and higher truths, and when found he did not hesitate to personally accept them and preach them.

It is refreshing to thus write of Mr. Emerson. That man for whom there is a new creation every morning and every evening, and to whom there is an ever revealing God, the loving Father of us all, can be no other than a leader in all that which is best in the world of morals and in the religious world.

Such a man was the Rev. John D. Emerson, in spite of any individual peculiarity he may have possessed. He lived his own life without any attempt to shape it after the manner of others. He had a pronounced individuality ; he did his own work in his own way, and he did it well.

XXVII

THE late Daniel Dana Patten graduated at Dartmouth in the class of 1855, holding during his entire college course an enviable rank among the first of his class.

It will be difficult for me to tell Candia people anything new of Dana Patten, for everybody in his town knew him intimately and well. Of an eminently social nature, he drew about him, from every side, an army of friends. Dana was made on a large plan both physically and intellectually. I seem to see now his towering and magnificent form emerging from the woods in what was formerly known as the Nathaniel Robie pasture, coming over to my home to visit my brother Albert. He and Albert were the closest of friends in all their boyhood days, and frequently visited each other at their respective homes. In this way I saw much of Patten in his earlier life. I never saw Dana, that I did not envy him something of his generous linear measurement. He made a striking figure wherever he went, and attracted the admiring gaze of the crowd. In the early sixties I visited Washington, D. C., and it so happened that while walking down Pennsylvania Avenue early one morning, so as to catch sight of the soldiers who were making their way to the front, I saw in the distance a man approaching me, whose manly height towered way above the boys in blue. I at once said to my friend who was with me, "That, I am sure, is Dana Patten," and it was he on his way home from a busi-

ness trip West. I mention this incident because there in the capital city filled with an army of our stalwart soldier-boys men and women, I well remember, turned around to have a good look at Dana Patten of Candia. There was a happy and unique harmony of proportion in all his physical make-up. He was a fit subject for the most skilled artist. He was indeed an objective illustration of a handsome man.

Patten, like many another Candia boy, made his own way in life. In the academy and at college he paid his own expenses by working in the hayfield during his summer vacations, and teaching school during the winter recess. For two or three years following his graduation, he was principal of the academy in Chester. Patten excelled as a teacher.

He studied law in Boston in the office of the late Theodore Russell, father of the late Governor Russell, and was admitted to the bar in the early sixties. Patten began his practice at 27 State Street, Boston, with much promise of success. It was my delight while teaching in Arlington, Mass., so many years ago, to run into Boston and call on Dana, busy at his law books, but never so busy that we did not have a review lesson on Candia. Patten early left the law for a business life, but his love for the educational field won him back to the schools.

He was principal of the high school in Winchester, Mass., for several years, and only left after having a call to the high school in Stoneham at a larger salary. I knew personally of his success in Winchester, for I was for three years principal of her high school previous to Mr. Patten's principalship, so that I naturally retained a peculiar interest in the school. During my frequent visits



DANIEL DANA PATTEN

to Winchester I heard much of Dana's ability and success as an instructor. That he was much appreciated in Winchester is seen from the fact that he was recalled to her high school from his position in Stoneham. From Winchester he was called to the high school in Portland, Me., where he remained several years. While in Portland the late Thomas B. Reed was a member of his Board of Education. Between Mr. Reed and Patten there was a close friendship formed, which continued through their lives.

Out from Mr. Patten's schools there went many of his pupils to Harvard University.

From the Portland High School Patten went to Texas where he was engaged in business for some years. His chief object in going to a more southern climate was that he might rid, or at least relieve himself of rheumatism, but a cure was not effected even under the more genial sun of a southern clime, so that finally he returned North and after spending a year or two in Derry, he located himself in Cambridge, Mass., right under the shadow of Harvard University. There he lived for some thirteen years, until his death, which occurred in the winter of 1899. During Mr. Patten's residence in Cambridge he had at times students in Harvard University under his tutelage. For the greater portion of his life in Cambridge Mr. Patten suffered from chronic rheumatism, so much so that for the most of the time he was only able to make his way from room to room in a wheeled chair. It was in these last years of his life, when laid aside from active service by that most cruel of all tyrants, the rheumatism, that Mr. Patten evinced that sublime patience which is the test of a noble, generous manhood. During the last years of his life I

was a frequent visitor at Mr. Patten's home, so that I saw much of his uncomplaining spirit under circumstances that would have been likely to have robbed many another man of all the virtues. But Mr. Patten during all his years of bodily affliction was uniformly cheerful and happy, and not only this, for he made others cheerful and happy, who came into his genial, restful presence. Never elsewhere have I been more cordially received than at Dana Patten's home in Cambridge. Many and many a time had he shouted to me from the window as I approached his house, "Come right in, Wilson, I am glad to see you," and then would follow our cosy talk on matters of current interest, and especially would we tell each other our love for Candia. Dana Patten loved Candia with an affection all aglow — even now I hear him ask as he was wont to do, "When did you last hear from Candia?" And then, if he had recently received a letter from some friend in the town, he would substantially tell me its contents. Yes, Dana Patten loved Candia. He loved every rock, and field, and road, and hill in the good old town, and especially did he love Patten's hill, the site of his paternal home. How he must have taken in over and over again that extended view had from his boyhood home, reaching from the Nottingham mountains to the sea, and how he must have carried that same view with him all through life !

In that wheeled chair, from his pleasant home in Cambridge, in imagination he had visited and revisited times innumerable the old home on Patten's hill, and the town which gave him birth.

This letter would fail in its story of the man who received the pleasant things in life with a grateful, appreciative heart, and who received the ills of life without a

murmur, were it not to make prominent mention of Mrs. Patten, who proved herself the strong right arm of her husband. With a loving care through all the years of Mr. Patten's illness, she made her home a world of comfort and contentment both for herself and Mr. Patten.

Mrs. Patten is a woman of remarkable executive ability, and besides this fact, she knows how to plan in a business-like way. She gives the lie to the frequent statement made that a woman is not the equal of a man in the average work of life.

This much I write of Mrs. Patten to show that Dana Patten, with excellent judgment in all things, well understood what he was about when he sought his wife. He must have had in mind when he asked her for her hand and for her heart, that scriptural text reading: "Be ye not unequally yoked together."

The last years of Dana Patten's life were an impressive lesson in all that patience and in all that spirit of resignation which gave a happy rendering to his intelligent trust and belief that all must be well throughout God's eternity of years. As I looked for the last time upon that manly form as it lay in its casket, I said to myself, "Though Dana Patten is dead he yet speaketh." And yet, not dead, but born anew. There is, there can be, no death — for life triumphs over all.

XXVIII

“AND he called their name Adam” is the scriptural declaration which made woman at the very start the equal of man.

It is all too true, however, that since those primitive days, lordly man has assumed that he is superior to woman in all intellectual endowment and business tact, and so able to manage affairs much to his own liking.

Fortunately in these later days it is being proven in a mathematical, logical way that woman is an essential and equal factor in all that comprises not only the home life, but that larger life which has to do with the outside world. So in writing of the girls of Candia, no one will be surprised that I tell my story of them as being the equal of the Candia boys. Indeed the Candia boys may well look to their laurels with a jealous eye when considering the merits and the “well done” of the Candia girls.

Here, midway in what I have to say of Candia men, I delay for a little that I may introduce to the reader some of those Candia women who have been distinguished, and are still distinguished, in all social and intellectual life.

There is the late Miss Mary Young Beane, daughter of the late Elder Moses Beane, who for many years was the pastor of the church at Candia village. Miss Beane was, in the earlier life of New York City, principal of the Broadway Seminary for Young Ladies. This school drew to itself the very élite of New York. As a teacher Miss

Beane was well up to our more modern methods of instruction as seen in the most popular institutions of learning whether in country or town. The home of Miss Beane in the great metropolis was made conspicuous a half-century or more ago through its frequent literary meetings. At these gatherings were assembled the literati of the city. Miss Beane during her lifetime moved in an atmosphere made delightful by men and women of letters, while she was the moving spirit among them. Of charming manner, and always engaging and interesting in her conversation, she was necessarily prominent in all social and literary life. It was my privilege to meet her more or less frequently during the last years of her life, and whenever in her presence I felt that it was an especial honor to have been born in Candia. Mary Young Beane was one of the most brilliant of women in her day, in the social and literary life of New York city.

And then there is Mrs. Dinsmore, formerly Miss Harriet Beane, a sister of Mary Young Beane, a woman of rare culture, and, as was her sister, prominent in the social and intellectual life of the city. Mrs. Dinsmore is still living. Mr. Dinsmore, now deceased, was a man of much prominence.

Many of the Candia people must remember Mrs. Isabel Barrows, wife of the Rev. S. J. Barrows. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Hayes, who at one time lived on the place owned some years ago by the late Dr. Page. Mrs. Barrows is now a brilliant writer, and interested in many charities, both state and national.

In later times there was the late Mrs. Edmund Hill, she who was Sarah W. Emerson. Mrs. Hill, as a pupil in the schools from the primary up through the academy,

was always a leader in her class. She had a quick and receptive mind, and so took in at once the lesson assigned her in school or elsewhere. Mrs. Hill excelled as a teacher.

The Hon. R. L. Tilton, a Candia boy but now a resident of Iowa, came East a few years ago for a visit of some weeks. In writing me of his visit he said, "It was with the greatest pleasure that I met my old teacher, Mrs. Hill," and then he added, "Sarah W. Emerson was the brightest and most efficient teacher I ever had." Mrs. Hill was the equal of any Candia boy who ever graduated from the college, in all that makes up a refined scholarship. The late Miss Hannah Fitts, sister of J. Lane Fitts, was one of Candia's most unselfish and most noble women. Miss Fitts devoted many years of her life in the interest of the colored race in the South. I met a lady this past summer who was a co-worker with Miss Fitts in her labor of love among the freedmen, and she told me much of her patient and persistent efforts in the upliftment of the poor colored people of the South. Miss Fitts gave her life for the good of others. She went wherever duty called, and to perform that duty was her greatest pleasure.

I must not forget to make prominent mention of the late Mrs. Dr. Eaton, better known in Candia as Harriet Lane. Miss Lane, or rather Mrs. Eaton, had a keen intellectual perception of all that was best in the world of prose and in the world of poetry. While she lived in an atmosphere of sentiment, yet she touched the real world at points that were vital. She excelled in the schools both as a pupil and as a teacher. For a portion of the time that I was a pupil in Atkinson Academy Mrs. Eaton, then Miss Lane, was the assistant principal. Her facial features were of Grecian mould and her expression was singularly

beautiful. As she sat upon the platform of the academy at the opening and closing of the day's session of school, she made a fit subject for the artist. I see her now as I saw her then, with a face so strikingly attractive and with such grace in all her manner and in every movement, that she easily won the admiration of both teachers and pupils in the academy. Mrs. Eaton was gifted as a poet. She saw beauty in all God's outward world to which she gave expression in sweetest verse. Mrs. Eaton was a woman of rare ability and culture.

Then there was Sarah Dudley, the first wife of the late Rev. John D. Emerson. Of a superior mind, Mrs. Emerson proved herself a most womanly woman in the home and in the church, and in life as she found it. Educated in the schools, she was a lover of all sound learning. Caring little for what is termed society life, her interests centred in her home. Mrs. Emerson was an honor to her sex and a help and encouragement to all whom she met.

I come now to one of the Candia girls whom I know so well that I write of her from a personal acquaintance of many years. I refer to Mrs. Charles Pressey of Winchester, Mass., known years ago in Candia as Miss Lizzie Patten. Mrs. Pressey, as was her brother, Dana Patten, of whom I wrote in my last letter, was made on a large, generous plan. These bodies of ours count for much, so it is that I delight to make special mention of them, whenever they loom skyward. Mrs. Pressey is of magnificent physical proportion, and she has a mind in keeping with the above fortunate fact. She, too, was a ready learner in the schools, and a teacher of pronounced ability and success. Much of her experience as a teacher was had in

common with her brother, Dana, of whom she was justly proud.

It was in the autumn of 1864, when I became principal of the high school in Winchester, Mass., that I made my home in Mrs. Pressey's family. To know your man and woman thoroughly and well, you need to dwell for a time, at least, under the same roof, and eat at the same table with them. Well, Mrs. Pressey and her excellent husband, Mr. Pressey, now dead, made me a delightful home — I had the run of the house, and the garden, too — and those pears and grapes ! How luscious and succulent they were ! Mrs. Pressey has been and is still much interested in the public schools of Winchester, and for many years was a member of her board of education. She did much to bring the schools of her adopted town to the very front in all that is best in the educational world. Mrs. Pressey, both in the church and in the social literary life of her town, is a prominent factor. In this connection I must pay tribute to Mr. Pressey. The Chester readers of the "Derry News" will be glad to learn of him, for he was Chester-born, and resided during all his earlier manhood in the town which gave him birth. Mr. Pressey's social life gave him a happy introduction wherever he went. An ardent lover of nature, he took in all that was beautiful in the outward world, and often did he put on canvas with the skill of the artist that he was, paintings of much merit. I have now a picture of his of exquisite outline and filling, of a lake in North Conway, a painting from his own delicate brush.

Mr. Pressey was for several years a member of the Winchester Board of Education, and I can testify to his broad and intelligent view of educational matters, as I

was a teacher in the schools of Winchester during his official connection with them. A man of rare intelligence on a great variety of subjects, to meet him was at once to become a learner under his instruction. In his home, Mr. Pressey was an ideal husband and father. Now, don't say that I have gone out of my way in writing this much of the late Charles Pressey, for Mrs. Pressey, his "better half," is a Candia woman, so I'll venture that were he living, Mr. Pressey would stoutly insist that Candia is the dearest spot on earth to him; for any man who is so fortunate as to marry a Candia girl would be likely ever after to date his reckoning from Charmingfare.

XXIX

NATHAN B. PRESCOTT, a Candia boy, now a resident of Derry, has made such a pronounced success in all his business life, that he has given emphasis to what should everywhere be recognized as the fact, that a collegiate education is not in itself necessary in order that the boy should make the most of himself.

The greatest school of all is found in the big bustling world, with its sharp competitions and endless strivings for the object to be attained. A live, hustling man as a textbook to be studied, surpasses in every way the printed page. The scriptural declaration will ever hold true that "experience is the best schoolmaster."

Mr. Prescott without the college A. B. has shot way ahead of many a man with his diploma neatly framed, hanging in his study. After having completed a course of study in the preparatory schools Prescott at once put himself to downright hard work at manual labor. And besides, he had previously made his way through the preparatory schools through his own personal efforts.

In the schools of his native town, and in all his academic life he maintained a high rank as a scholar. He especially excelled in mathematics. With a logical mind, Mr. Prescott demanded the reason of things, so that early in life he went to work with an intelligent purpose. At eighteen years of age he began his apprenticeship with the contractor and builder, the late Asa Colby, of Candia.

He remained with Mr. Colby until twenty-one years old, when with \$100 his father gave him, and with his trade well learned, he started out for himself.

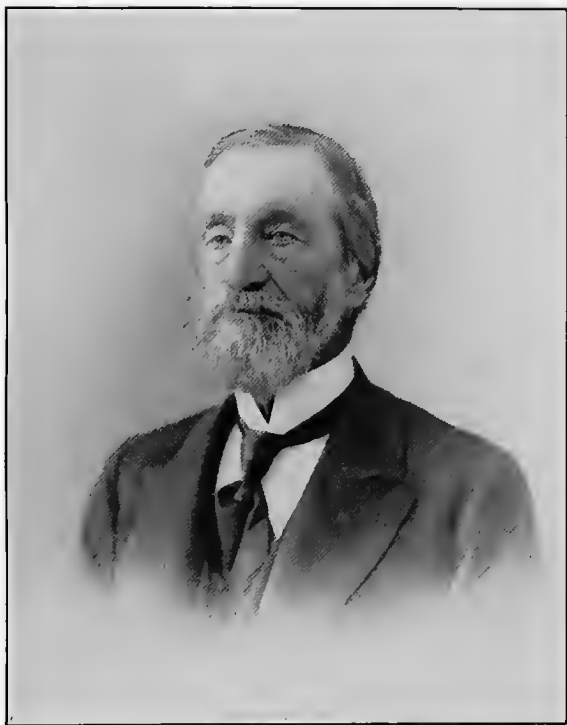
Mr. Prescott worked several years as a contractor and builder in Candia and surrounding towns, and in the city of Manchester. He was employed at his trade, however, for the most part in Holyoke, Mass. This was at the time when Holyoke was having its first boom as the coming town, and there it was that Mr. Prescott made his first business venture by way of financial investment. With a keen business sagacity he looked ahead and seized upon every legitimate opportunity to add to his capital stock in trade.

At Holyoke Mr. Prescott made many friends among prominent business men whose influence counted for much in introducing him to a larger field of labor. He left the carpenter's bench to become a traveling agent for the Fairbanks firm of Vermont, in the interest of their mammoth scales. He made his headquarters at Baltimore, from which point he made frequent business trips throughout the South. So successful was Mr. Prescott in his work for the enterprising and widely known firm of Fairbanks Brothers, that he soon became substantially their confidential agent with power of attorney. Prescott's excellent judgment commended itself to the business world. Somewhere in the later fifties of the century gone by, Mr. Prescott came East and became personally interested in the ice business at Jamaica Plain, Mass. For forty years or more he continued in this business, which finally resulted in the organization of a large company having Boston and many of her surrounding towns for its patrons. It was in the ice business that Prescott evinced that keen

business management that gave him a conspicuous standing among the business men of Boston. There was no competition so sharp that he, with both eyes open, did not successfully meet it. Prompt in all his financial obligations, he established a credit for himself and company which was always to be reckoned at a gold value. It is but recently that Mr. Prescott sold out his entire interest in the ice business, after having made such a financial success of it, that he and family are now abundantly able to live upon the well-earned fruits of his labor in their pleasant and inviting home in Derry.

Aside from Mr. Prescott's many years in active business, he has seen much of and been a prominent factor in public life. During his long residence in Jamaica Plain, he was one of her foremost citizens, and did much for the substantial improvement of the town, which is now a part of Boston. For several years he was chairman of the board of selectmen, and it was while chairman that the soldiers' monument at Jamaica Plain was dedicated. The dedication was attended by a public demonstration given by the citizens of West Roxbury. The monument was accepted in behalf of the town by Mr. Prescott. His words on that brilliant and patriotic occasion were so apt and so well chosen that I reproduce them, knowing well that all who have an interest in Candia will be glad to read them. Here is what Mr. Prescott had to say:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Memorial Committee: In behalf of my associates of the board of selectmen — in behalf of the citizens of West Roxbury, whose authority and presence greet this occasion and invest it with power and honor, I accept and salute this monumental soldier. And in so doing I am moved first of



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all, for myself, for the board, and for the town, to return you hearty thanks for your faithful and successful work. I congratulate you and pronounce you fortunate that you were chosen for this tender and loving service in memory of our noble dead. And in the presence of this beautiful and appropriate soldiers' monument, I congratulate you, fellow citizens, and pronounce you fortunate both for the servants you selected and for the service rendered. And thus while formally accepting this tribute of tender affection, and sacred memory, I am eager to say that I accept it in all the loving and patriotic spirit in which it is surrendered to our hands.

“You have well said, Mr. Chairman, that this is no triumphal arch raised to perpetuate our victories over treason and rebellion, but simply and purely a monument raised in affectionate remembrance of our heroic dead. In our love for country and kindred we can almost forget the victory and treason, for the struggle itself meant love, not hate. When the battle waged the fiercest and the hottest, we were only saying with the emphasis of fire and blood, ‘We cannot let you go. You must not desert the old homestead. You shall not forsake the family altar. You shall not cut loose and drift away into outer darkness. But the clear sky of the Union must still bend over us, and gird us round and protect and bless us all together.’

“And so we dedicate this monument to our beloved dead, with only tender, sacred, and loving memorials, with no spirit of exultation over a fallen foe, or of party or sectional triumphs ; but in gratitude, rather, that the country has triumphed, that we are all brethren still, members of a common and mighty household, heirs and joint heirs of a common country, a just government, an impartial consti-

tution, a wellnigh heavenly inheritance, which these dear brothers of ours died to uphold, and which this silent soldier shall always seem to plead, may never fade away.

"Gentlemen of the Memorial Committee: You have surrendered this monument to us and our successors in office as a 'sacred trust.' The serious and tender words are well chosen, and for myself, for my associates of the board, for our successors in office, and for each and every citizen of the town, I pledge for it all the love and care and reverence which you so earnestly invoke. I pledge for it the devotion of the patriot, who shall often come and stand in this mute presence to thank and bless the saviors of his country. I pledge the strong love of the comrade soldier who shall linger here to greet his old companion in arms, and bid him hail and farewell. I pledge a brother's love and sister's, as with sorrowful but proud hearts they look up to this sad face and greet their brother. I promise the love of father and mother, so deep and warm as almost to thrill this granite statue into life and likeness of their own dead soldier boy. Yes, fellow citizens, we all accept the sacred trust, and safely promise the fondest guardianship; for all the affections of human nature stand pledged to it. No tender office of love or gratitude or reverence shall ever fail thee, thou consecrated soldier, for thou shalt be a living presence in all our hearts and homes."

Mr. Prescott did himself lasting honor in the above address, which is a sweet and beautiful tribute to a united country, and to that army of valiant soldiers through whose patriotic heroism its salvation was made secure for all time. I am sure that Candia and the surrounding towns will be interested in its reading.

Of late years Mr. Prescott has made his home in Derry,

where he now resides ; and there, as in Jamaica Plain, he is one of the foremost citizens of his adopted town. For two terms he represented Derry in the New Hampshire legislature, where he was one of its most distinguished members. During the session of 1879 Mr. Prescott made an able speech on the injustice of double taxation, on which the New Hampshire press made favorable and complimentary comments. Mr. Prescott prefaced his clear-cut speech on taxation by declaring that "from the time when Cæsar Augustus, then Emperor of Rome, ordered his mighty realm to be taxed, and when Joseph and Mary went from Nazareth to Bethlehem in Judea, and found the town so full of people who had come there to be registered for assessment, that they were obliged to lodge in a stable, the history of all nations teaches us that the people will resist what they regard as unjust taxation more persistently than they will any other grievance. The Duke of Alva found it easier enforcing the Spanish inquisition than collecting his one penny, five penny, and ten penny taxes ; he could carry out the edict of Philip the Second to burn heretic women, but he could not compel the merchants of Antwerp, Utrecht, and Ghent to pay his penny tax, notwithstanding the severe discipline the people had received only a few years before from Charles the Second of Holland, better known as Charles the Fifth, King of Spain, Sicily, and Jerusalem, Duke of Milan, Emperor of Germany, Dominator in Asia, autocrat of half the world, — in short the mightiest emperor since Charlemagne." I wish this letter afforded space for the entire speech. It must suffice, however, to repeat the opinion so generally given at the time, that it was the ablest effort made in the New Hampshire legislature during its session of 1879. The speech carries on its

face a wide research of facts, and a familiarity with the entire history of taxation. The "Manchester Mirror" at the time of Mr. Prescott's legislative experience, wrote of him as follows: "Mr. Prescott is a working member of the legislature, closely attentive to everything that transpires, and thoroughly conversant with all the bills upon which he has to act. He talks readily and to the point, is well posted in parliamentary law, and has been very successful in shaping the work of the session to his liking." Mr. Prescott's public life has evinced such ability that had he been ambitious for political preferment he might have reasonably hoped for any political position which his adopted state of Massachusetts, or New Hampshire, his native state, had to give.

Mr. Prescott has been for many years, and is still, a member of the board of trustees of Pinkerton Academy, and in charge of the Pinkerton fund, of something more than \$200,000 held in trust for the benefit of the academy.

Nathan B. Prescott has by persistent effort, added to his business ability, made his way to the very front. A reader of extended range, he is especially instructive in conversation. A few years ago he made a trip to Alaska, where he remained a few months studying the possibilities of that newly purchased territory. He and his family spend their winters in the South. Mr. Prescott has scored a decided success in life, which makes another count for Candia, and a larger count for himself.

XXX

IT is the dead alone whom we see in perspective. So long as one is alive and jostling us in the streets, and crowding us in the markets, and elbowing us in the sharp competitions of business life, we are in no condition to do him justice.

A near view of an object is always a one-sided view. It is only the far-outreaching horizon that reveals all material things in symmetrical proportion. An accurate history can only be written as long stretches of time intervene between the historian and the subject of which he writes. To judge aright of character, it must be disrobed of every temporal quality.

No one fears a dead man, so it is comparatively an easy matter to render justice over the grave of such. It is the man who is well on his feet and running abreast with us, with the possibility of coming in first on the home stretch, of whom we speak sparingly. It is unfortunate that the most of us wait until one has breathed his last before we are willing to give full credit to his individual life. But we must accept human nature as it is, thanking God all the while that it softens and shows its better side as it approaches its six feet of earth. The graveyard is the only type of a pure democracy, for there and there alone is found an equality of ratios. The equation of life can never be solved this side of "God's acre."

The unknown quantity in life only expresses its positive

value when the entire equation is transferred to the "other side." And so it is that I write of Candia's precious dead in the clear light of a new revelation which gives emphasis to the life they lived here in the body.

The crown of immortality underscores and italicizes the fundamental fact that man must go up and beyond our mortal vision before he can be seen as he is.

In writing of those in Candia who have passed over the dividing line between the two eternities, I come to them in the full possession of that unselfish appreciation which gives them without stint or measure the credit so long overdue, for work well done. That eulogy has not been spoken over the grave of the departed one, which has been excessive in its tone of commendation and praise. Nothing that mortal man may say of the dead will ever surpass the Lord's "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

I now have in mind the late Rev. James H. Fitts so well and so affectionately remembered by his native town. Mr. Fitts's primary education, had in the public schools of Candia, was supplemented by his student life at Pembroke Academy and at Merrimack Normal Institute and at Lancaster, Mass. For several years he taught school in New Hampshire, Maine, and Massachusetts. Mr. Fitts did good work as a pupil and teacher. He came in living touch with his pupils by or through the intensely conscientious life he lived.

His preparatory studies for the ministry were pursued at Bangor Seminary, Me., and at Andover, Mass. For something more than twenty years he had charge of churches in several localities in Massachusetts, and for twenty years he was pastor of the Congregational church at Newfields. But I need not give what might be approxi-

mately a full sketch of his life, as this has already been done, in the published memorial of his life, and which has been read with peculiar pleasure and a justifiable pride by his home town. It is of the man I most desire to speak. Mr. Fitts, as I remember him, was a young man of mature judgment, with a clear conception of duty. Into whatever work he did, he put his whole heart. All things to him had a related value. I am sure that it was quite impossible for Mr. Fitts to arrive at any appreciative value of this life, without taking into his reckoning the whole brotherhood of mankind. Orthodox in his religious views, yet he had a broad and generous love for all the churches of whatever denomination. He was in every way tolerant of those who differed from him.

It was during a recent visit at the home of the Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D. D., in Newburyport, that Mr. Beane said to me that when a minister at Salem, Mass., Mr. Fitts was pastor of the Congregational church at Topsfield, and he added that "the relationship existing between us as neighbors and as ministers was of the most brotherly character." Mr. Beane had preached in Mr. Fitts's pulpit through his invitation, so that it is safe to declare that the late Rev. James H. Fitts allowed no religious sectarian zeal to shut him out from any avenue leading to different views of God's truth. I have it upon the best of authority, that Mr. Fitts, while in Newfields, recognized in a practical way a Christian brother, by whatever denominational name he might be known. It was God's truth that he sought, and not its label. It was the full corn in the ear, and not the husks, that was the impelling force of Mr. Fitts's ministry. His religion covered his life's work in all its varied departments. As a teacher in the public schools, and in

all his official life connected with the educational world, his thought was how to make the most of a man out of the boy, and how to make the most of a woman out of the girl.

At the commemorative services held in loving memory of Mr. Fitts, it was said by one of the speakers that "Brother Fitts believed in another world, but he believed in this world ;" and herein in my estimation was one of the strong points in his intellectual and religious make-up. To believe in this world with heart and soul and mind and might and strength, is the forerunner of that faith which lays hold of that other world which is the sequence of a belief in this present one.

Mr. Fitts had a starting point for all the work he did, and that starting point was this world in which he actually lived. He reasoned from the known to the unknown. In reading the biographical sketch of Mr. Fitts in the memorial to which I have alluded I am greatly impressed with his busy life.

In the Civil War he was actively interested in the Christian commission. In 1895 he was a member of the New Hampshire Legislature. He was a trustee of the Newfields library. He was a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and also a member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and for thirteen years he was the scribe of the Pascataqua Association of Congregational ministers. Of his long list of publications there are twenty annual school reports, "Genealogy of the Fitts Family in America," "Commemorative Services of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Sabbath School in West Boylston, Mass.," "Manual of the Congregational Church in West Boylston," "A Sketch of South Newmarket found in the History of Rockingham and Strafford



Very truly yours,
J. H. Little.

Counties, New Hampshire," "Historical Address at the Rededication of the Brick Meeting House, West Boylston," and other publications, and later, his full and interesting history of the Congregational Church in Candia.

Mr. Fitts was a student all his life long, and always was enthusiastic in historical and genealogical researches. He believed that blood counts, so it was that he was forever on the hunt for the ancestral tree.

He came in literal touch with the earth by studying its formation. He had collected some rare specimens. He gave a large cabinet of minerals to the schools in Newfields, and he also gave an interesting and valuable collection of Indian relics to the New Hampshire Agricultural College.

As a botanist, Mr. Fitts had become an authority. He loved nature in all her varied forms, and he appreciated to the full her every expression. He learned a lesson from every bud and blossom in field and wood, and by the roadside.

He could say with the Master, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Candia is under many obligations to James H. Fitts and his brother, J. Lane Fitts, for the generous, thoughtful gift of the Candia Museum. It was my privilege this past summer to visit that interesting and instructive museum of relics of the olden time. There one may read the story of the fathers and mothers of Candia. There may be found the history of the home town in objective form. In no way can this valuable gift to Candia be better appreciated than by her people adding to it year by year

something that shall tell future generations of the present Candia. Mrs. Fitts has a deep and abiding interest in the growth of the Candia Museum, and to it she gives much of her time and substantial aid.

Mr. Fitts found time and opportunity to do much for the betterment of the community in which he lived, and for the world at large, outside of the profession which he so loved. He was constantly devising new means and methods in the accomplishment of all good. He met men and women just where they needed help and encouragement. He made his way through life with hands outstretched, and with a heart attuned to all that is best. The children loved him and gathered about him, for they knew that in him they had a friend, while the older grown confided in him, and went to him for counsel and advice.

Those "friendly words of love and sympathy" spoken immediately following Mr. Fitts's death, by his clerical brethren and others, are all sweet and beautiful tributes to a man whose life had been made radiant with the virtues. The memory of such a life lived by one of her own children is a rich legacy to Candia.

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MRS. JAMES H. FITTS

XXXI

“AREN’T you to write further of the Candia girls?” is substantially the query that comes to me from one of the interested readers of these “Reminiscences.” Why, of course I am. My story of the girls of Charmingfare is only begun. However, I am writing of them in no logical order, simply for the reason that I much prefer to keep my readers in an expectant, guessing mood as to what is coming next. As I have already said in some previous chapter, there is a real enjoyment to me in doing things in an irregular way. There is the most abandoned pleasure in writing without the least reference to that unyielding and orderly way of doing things as taught in the schools. The truth is, I am trying to forget, so far as this is possible, every rule of English composition that I have ever learned under the instruction of the wise schoolmaster, and so tell my story in the simplest and most natural way. And I am trying my best to forget the “first, secondly, thirdly” and so on which are so frequently found in your formally made writers. Why not write as we talk? He is the better rhetorician who throws his rhetoric into the waste basket, and he is the better writer who is profoundly ignorant of the rules laid down in the books. Nature is the best story-teller in all the wide world. Learn of her, then you cannot fail to make yourself understood.

The difficulty with our public schools is the unfortunate

fact that in their machine way of doing things they get so far apart from all that is true in the natural world, that they oftentimes become a hindrance in the lesson to be learned. Our whole method of instruction should be so inverted that the children would become our instructors, while we older grown should take our places on the learner's bench.

In our haste to do things so methodically and by rule, we have got the cart before the horse, so only a trained eye can tell which way we are going.

This much I say concerning the stereotype method of talking and writing that I may give emphasis to my utter dislike of the everlasting rules that kill out all natural expression.

In telling this story of Candia as I remember her, I am having my own way without curb or bit. And thus it is that I am following no order or method in this review writing. So don't try to guess what is coming next, for you can't do it.

In continuing my story of the Candia girls, I now have in mind Miss Lucinda T. Prescott, sister of Nathan B. Prescott, of whom I wrote in chapter XXIX.

Miss Prescott was for several years a teacher in Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and subsequently she was a member of the faculty for some years in the college at Painesville, O.

That one should hold such prominent positions for a long term of years as did Miss Prescott in the educational world, gives a conspicuous ranking in all intellectual training. Miss Prescott as a pupil in the schools gave promise of that wider field of scholarship in which she has proven herself such a pronounced factor. Miss Prescott has her home with her brother Nathan in Derry.

There are those in Candia who remember Susan A. Prescott, daughter of the late Edward P. Prescott, who at one time had a store at Candia Depot. Miss Prescott married the Rev. Ethnan W. Porter, a prominent Baptist minister. Mrs. Porter became distinguished as a writer in prose and poetry, and director and organizer of the woman's association of the religious denomination in which her husband was one of the leading clergymen. I well remember Mrs. Porter and her sister, the late wife of Moses B. Smith of Concord. They were unusually bright and attractive girls, and an honor to all that is best in womanhood.

Then there was Miss Elizabeth G. Beane, who married the Rev. Atwood B. Meservey, Ph. D., and D. D., who for thirty years was principal of New Hampshire Literary Institute. Mrs. Meservey died early in her married life, and yet she had taken high rank in the intellectual and literary world for her scholarly attainments. She was recognized as a writer of rare ability. A woman was Mrs. Meservey who shrank from all notoriety, and yet the intellectual public found her and highly estimated her as a conspicuous leader in the world of morals and in the world of intellect. Mrs. Meservey was a sister of the Rev. Dr. Samuel C. Beane of Lawrence.

Another of the Candia girls who have made their way in life is Mrs. Consuelo Polley Osborne. Mrs. Osborne is the granddaughter of the late John P. L. Rowe, whose home was on High Street.

Mrs. Osborne's primary education was had in the little red schoolhouse in district No. 6. It is kind and thoughtful of her that she has so many pleasant words to say of her early teachers in Candia, — Sarah Turner, who is now

Mrs. Smith of Somerville, Mass., Lucinda Rowe Worthen, Susan Libbey, and Augusta Smith, the late wife of J. Lane Fitts. Mrs. Osborne, when twelve years of age, entered the Springfield (Mass.) High School, from which, after a four years' course of study, she graduated among the very first of her class. Immediately following her graduation she entered the Springfield Training School for Teachers, and upon graduating therefrom she was placed in charge of a room in one of the city graded schools, which position she held for five years, and then was made principal of a building containing several rooms. She resigned this position for married life. A few years later, when her fame had gone abroad as a teacher, she was elected to one of the schools in Minneapolis, Minn., and was soon thereafter made supervisory principal, which position she has held for eighteen years, being at the present time at the head of one of the largest schools in Minneapolis. Mrs. Osborne declares that any success she may have attained in her profession, is due to the kindly interest and encouragement shown her by her old teacher, Charles Barrows, distinguished as an educator throughout New England, and who was for more than fifty years identified with the schools of Springfield.

Mrs. Osborne is a teacher who well understands the philosophy of education ; and that she has for eighteen years maintained her present important position in so live an educational city as Minneapolis, puts her in the front rank of her profession. Aside from her work as teacher, Mrs. Osborne has found time to contribute to the newspaper and magazine world. She writes with an incisive pen. Having the courage of her convictions, she gives frank and emphatic expression to her innermost thought.



MRS. MARY JANE PALMER DOLBER

With an ability that is pronounced, and with a courage that sees no lion in the way, Mrs. Osborne has made herself master of the situation, through that intense personal force of character which cuts through the mountain, and makes a way over Alps that are pathless. She has commanded success, and it has invariably followed her lead.

I should be sadly wanting in all brotherly affection and love were I not to write of my sister, the late Mrs. Walter R. Dolber. She was a woman in touch with all that was sweetest and best in the material and immaterial world. Life to her was a joy because in it she recognized God's richest gift. Mrs. Dolber dwelt in a world of sentiment as well as in a world of prosy fact.

A lover of nature, she received in largest measure her infinity of expression. A lover of her home, it became the very centre in which she moved and lived. With a mind keenly alive to all intellectual pursuits, she gave many years of her life to the schools. She loved the children, and the children loved her.

She lived a life made fragrant with the virtues, and every brother of hers was drawn to her through her great love for them. At the meeting of the Candia Club two years ago, a poem of hers was read which proved her farewell to the town she so greatly loved. The closing words of her verse were as follows: —

“ Beautiful of situation is Candia, our mother town ;
Her far-off hills and vales of green,
Like a fair Beulah-land are seen.

“ Her rocks and rills, woodland and plain,
Each well remembered spot 's the same
As when they drew our eager feet,
And made of life a joy complete.

“Regretfully ‘ We cannot come ’
Has written many an absent one.
‘ Remember us at Candia hill,
Ever yours in friendship still.’

“ With hearts so true our faith will trust
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must :
Not as we meet and part to-day,
But meet to part no more for aye.”

Why, the story of Candia with her girls left out, would
be a revelation with the four gospels wanting.

XXXII

A CONTINUOUS journey is not unlikely to become more or less tiresome, however attractive the line of travel may be ; so there is need now and then of a halt along the roadside, that one may enjoy a good long stretch, and a yawn, while he takes a look about him and exchanges a story or two with his traveling companion to somewhat relieve the monotony.

So let us rest a bit that we may take in something of the funnier side of life. I'll venture that there is no one of the older people of Candia who does not pleasantly remember Jacob Mead — everybody called him "Jake " for short, not from any disrespect had of the man, but on the other hand by reason of that neighborly familiarity which was the outgrowth of that friendship evinced for him wherever he was known. To me there is something especially agreeable and pleasant in an abbreviated name. To be addressed as Jake, Joe, Jim, or Bill, or Sue or Polly or Dot, and so on to the end of the list, is an assurance of that good faith and whole-soul cordiality which are an equivalent to the "Come in and sup with me."

I have a few choice friends who invariably call me "Wils," and it is to my great delight that they do so. Whenever I am addressed as "Wils" I feel that I have experienced a new birth, and thus been born again into the kingdom of youth. So there can be no reason why I should apologize in referring here to the late Jacob Mead

as the Jake Mead whom every one in Candia knew a half century ago. At that time Jake lived on the place now owned by George Brown, and it was always a delight to see him coming up the "cross-road," for we all knew he would have something bright and interesting to say. One could always identify Jake from afar — he had a peculiar gait as he made his way along the road. No one walked just as Jake Mead did. Instead of making a straight line when footing it, he had a sort of a swing and a lurch from one side of the road to the other; but he never failed to "get there" in his own good time. In the winter time, when making his friendly calls upon the neighbors, he seldom or never failed to bring up at the Palmer shoe shop, a little way down the road from the Palmer home.

I shall never forget how, after the morning greetings had passed between the boys and Jake, he would sit down before that little bit of a stove in the shoe shop and pull off his boots for a foot warming. I mention this incident because Jake's feet were of the generous size that when once planted on mother earth, they were not likely to be tripped up by the first pair of narrow boot heels that came along. Jake Mead literally had an understanding in keeping with his massive form.

In conversation he was a wit of the first order, and rich in anecdote. To listen to one of his stories was a whole education in itself. It was on a June morning when riding out with a friend, they made the village graveyard on their way, when Jake suggested that they make a halt so as to visit the graves, and read the epitaphs on the headstones. The friend replied to the suggestion by saying: "Jake, you go and take a stroll among the graves, and I will sit here in the carriage and await your return;"

whereupon Jake went. Upon his return his friend asked him what he had found among the dead to interest him. Jake's suggestive answer was this: "I have hunted all over this graveyard to find the grave of a sinner, but not one is to be found if the epitaphs are to be believed." And then Jake added, Shakespeare was wrong when he declared that, "The evil men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." Had the quaint, bright sayings of Jake Mead been saved and gathered up as they were spoken, they would have made a most readable and instructive volume.

Years ago, nearly all the farmers in Candia, temperate people though they were, invariably had their jug of New England rum to give inspiration and to help along the haying season. My father always took a moderate glass of that which cheers after his mowing of the forenoon was done, and another moderate glass at the end of his day's work in the hay field, and it did him good. Temperance consists in the temperate use of all things, and not in one's self-denial of them. Well, it was on a severely hot day in August that Jake was helping father in swinging the scythe. When the last swath had been mown Jake joined father in that historic glass of rum, and then smacking his lips with evident relish, he said, "Mr. Palmer, I wish my throat was as long as the Androscoggin river and twice as crooked."

Jake Mead saw the funny side of everything, whether it counted for him or against him. He used to tell with much zest how at one time there was due him from some man with whom he had had business dealings, sixteen dollars and fifty cents, and after vainly attempting to collect the indebtedness, he placed the bill in the hands of

the late Lawyer Porter of Derry, for collection. 'Squire Porter, after bringing the matter before a jury in one of the lower courts, succeeded in collecting the debt. Upon meeting Jake, the 'squire said, "I have recovered the face of your bill," whereupon Jake replied, "I am greatly pleased," and then asked, "What are your charges?" to which 'Squire Porter replied, "Sixteen dollars and fifty cents." "Well," Jake asked, "but what do I get?" "Oh," the 'squire answered, "you get the case."

Jacob Mead had a level head with a brain that was always projecting some plan on which to operate. It was not often that one was able to get ahead of him. He invariably had his wits about him, so that he could summon them at once. A man of generous nature, and eminently social, he made himself one of the most agreeable of neighbors.

Then there was the late Cyrus Prescott, to whom I have made passing reference in a previous letter. Cyrus Prescott was the quaintest of characters. His sayings contained the logic of the logician and the wit of the humorist. A book agent called upon Mr. Prescott at one time before breakfast, and would have pestered the life out of him, had he not met him with arguments which were unanswerable. After much entreaty on the part of the book agent, Cyrus replied after this wise: "No, I want none of your books, for I now have more books than I can read, and I read more than I can remember, and I remember more than I can practice." Whately never produced better logic than the above.

In my early boyhood I worked one season with and for Cyrus upon his farm, so that I came to know him well. It was in the summer of 1847, that same summer in which

his father died. I remember that during his father's last illness, the Rev. Mr. Murdock called one day to see him. Upon leaving, Mr. Murdock said to Mrs. Prescott that he was to be out of town for a few days, so that in case of Mr. Prescott's death she and her husband would be obliged to call in some other minister. When Cyrus returned home from his work, Mrs. Prescott told him what Mr. Murdock had said, to which Cyrus replied after this fashion: "Well, Hannah, why did n't you tell Mr. Murdock that we don't propose to bury father until he is dead."

Mr. Prescott saw at first sight the propriety of things. His good sense would not allow him to anticipate the event of death so far as to make preparation for the funeral rites before the sad event occurred.

It was at the time his father lay dead in the house, that I, with something of a stentorian voice, in boyish forgetfulness went about the house talking in my usual tone of voice, when Cyrus said, "Wilson, I see you are determined to wake father up." Cyrus Prescott's quaint and incisive sayings were always intensely suggestive, and replete with the keenest wit.

I must again refer to the late James Critchet, some of whose bright sayings I have already reproduced. On a certain occasion Mr. Critchet seemed to be the only man to be found in his neighborhood who could conveniently entertain over Sunday an itinerant minister who was to preach in the Colcord schoolhouse on the following Sabbath. The minister presented himself promptly Saturday evening at the home of Mr. Critchet, where he was cordially welcomed by the host.

On Sunday morning after breakfast, the minister

asked for a Bible, saying he would like to conduct family prayers. Mr. Critchet at once set himself astir hunting for a Bible, but somehow it happened that he could not readily find one. He hunted high and low, and was only able to find a few scattered leaves of the Holy Book. Handing these to the minister, and at the same time addressing Mrs. Critchet, he said, "Wife, why did n't you tell me we were so near out of Bible?" It is said that Mr. Critchet put the first stove in his house that was ever had in Candia. It was one of the coldest days of the winter time that he brought it home; so cold that Mr. Critchet said he would have frozen to death on his way home had it not been for that stove.

Oh, these quaint people! How could the world get along without them? They give a silver lining to the cloud and a healthful zest to life.

Well, dear reader, we have had our rest along the roadside, and we have enjoyed a good long stretch and a yawn while we have told each other our funniest stories. So now I am ready to jog along, always reserving the right "to go as you please."

XXXIII

THERE is always an inspiration in writing of a life crowned with many years, and yet retaining all the mental vigor of an earlier day. In spite of his eighty-six years, Austin Cass keeps himself well abreast with all that is latest and best in the intellectual world.

An omnivorous reader all his life long, he has kept himself familiar not only with current events, but equally familiar with our best authors.

His reading has been with a clear understanding of the subject discussed. In his conversation Mr. Cass states himself with all the precision with which one states a proposition in geometry, and his demonstration of the same has about it and in it the accuracy of the severest logic. In my call upon Mr. Cass last summer, I felt myself in the presence of one who is authority upon a variety of subjects. He is the wiser man who when in conversation with Austin Cass allows him to do the larger part of the talking while he sits a quiet listener.

Nathan B. Prescott once said to me that soon after his return from Alaska, during a call upon Mr. Cass, he was telling him something of that wonderful territory, when he soon discovered that Mr. Cass, from his reading, knew more than he did of Alaska. Mr. Cass has read with a definite purpose in view, and what he has read he has made his own. With a retentive memory his mind is a storehouse of facts. And what is quite remarkable for one of

his years, not content with what he has learned from the books, he is still on the learner's bench. Such a man can never grow old, for he constantly lives in an atmosphere of intellectual youth. Mr. Cass has grown with the years. He has never hesitated to let go his hold of an old idea, for a newer and a better one, so that in his religion and in his politics he represents all that is modern in both church and state. He has kept himself constantly in a state of mental receptivity, looking out for the best, and readily taking it when found.

Pinning his faith to no man's coat-sleeve, he has formed his own opinion of men and things. Quick to detect the sham of the religious pretender, and the lie of the political trickster, he has worshiped no false God, neither has he done obeisance to the political aspirant who has been willing to sell his birthright for official position.

In a word, Mr. Cass has kept step with that newer and later civilization which has revealed God and man anew. The question has been with him and still is, not that of yesterday, but that of to-day. He lives in an intensely vital present, so the years with him mark only the successive and progressive steps in his world of advanced thought.

I write thus positively of Mr. Cass, for all Candia knows as well as I, that he has a marked individuality, characterized by all that is honest and by all that is independent in a manly way, and by all that is clearly intelligent.

It was my delight when a boy to listen to Mr. Cass, as I occasionally did, in discussion of some public interest. He always stated himself so concisely and so intelligibly that no one could easily mistake his meaning — and then in the discussion of any question relating to the world of letters, he invariably evinced an extended reading. As

moderator for years in the annual town meetings of Candia, Mr. Cass distinguished himself through his parliamentary way of doing things. For several terms he served upon the school committee in Candia, and brought efficient aid to the educational interests of the town. As a member of the state legislature, he served his constituency with an ability that gave him a conspicuous standing among the leading men of the state; so much so, that the late Governor Smyth was anxious that Mr. Cass should allow his name to come before the people as a candidate for Congress. Absolutely without the least selfish political ambition, he had no desire for Congressional honors. Had he become a member of our national legislature, he could hardly have failed to prove a leader in that honorable body.

Mr. Cass has filled nearly every official position of his town, and what is better than all else, he has given character and dignity to every office that has come to him. In all his belief Mr. Cass is an optimist and a liberalist. He believes in the best, and he is more than willing that others should share it with him. He does not for a moment believe the world was made in six days, neither does he believe it is going to the bad. He has a large faith in the human kind. He gives little credit to the written saying that it repented God that He ever created man. He accepts a new truth at the very moment it is discovered. He lets the dead past bury its dead. He lives in the present and appropriates to himself all that it has to give. It is a rare pleasure to meet Mr. Cass, and the hour passed with him is always an instructive one. Out of the storehouse of his knowledge he brings things new and old.

Then there is the late Joseph Langford, who was one of Candia's foremost citizens. Mr. Langford was honored

during his lifetime in an official way year after year by the people of his town. A man of rare judgment and with a keen intellectual perception, he spoke with authority.

I lived in earlier life for a year or more in near neighborhood to Mr. Langford, so that I came to know him well. He, like Mr. Cass, was a reader of extended range. He always kept in touch with the events of the day. A man who made haste slowly, he was always sure of his ground.

That was invariably a restful hour when one found himself in the presence of Joseph Langford. He took the world as it came to him. He was never known to worry or fret over what could not be helped, and yet he was among the first in his attempt to better things. Always instructive in his conversation, he drew about him many an attentive listener. At his home in East Candia he was especially loved and revered by every man, woman, and child in his neighborhood. He was a peacemaker, and more than once had he settled disputes which had it not been for him, would have found their way into the courts. "Ask 'Squire Langford, he will tell you how it is," was the frequent saying among his neighbors. Unassuming in all his ways, he was a man in whom the public confided without a question of his honesty and ability. It is such a man as was 'Squire Langford, who brings honor to the community in which he lives. He moved in an atmosphere so serene and peaceful that it was simply delightful to come into his presence.

Of the present generation, are we having those who fill the places of the generation gone before? is a question that will not down; and yet I will not, I cannot, doubt that the world at large is growing better. To-day is only the promise of a better to-morrow.

XXXIV

IN writing of Benjamin Franklin Brown, son of the late Jonathan Brown, a lifelong resident of Candia, I am somewhat in doubt just where to begin, and I am still in greater doubt where to end what I am to say concerning his especially successful and busy life. Mr. Brown, as did other Candia boys, sought his primary education in the common district school, supplementing it, however, with a generous course in academic instruction. As a boy hardly out of his teens he started out for himself with an ability and will which have served him well in every position he has filled both in private and public life. For several years Mr. Brown was engaged in teaching in Massachusetts, and an excellent teacher he was in every department of our New England public schools. As a disciplinarian Mr. Brown had few equals. There was no school so difficult of management that he could not govern it, and have it in working, obedient order in the shortest possible time.

It was in the winter of 1854 and '55 that I taught the winter term of school in Byfield, Mass., a school which previous to my time had been distinguished for its boys of rebellious spirit. After it was known that I was from Candia, N. H., I heard on every side how that Benjamin F. Brown had taught the Byfield school a few winters before, and how he had brought order out of chaos, and taught the unruly boys, men grown, a healthful lesson of obedience to all reasonable requirements. In the school-

room Mr. Brown was invariably master. His word was law, and the big boys came very soon to recognize in a loyal way this fact. In 1856, Mr. Brown went to Charlestown, Mass., and opened an insurance office; a short time afterward he moved to his present office in the Bunker Hill National Bank building, where he still carries on the insurance business under the firm name of B. F. Brown & Sons. In the insurance world Mr. Brown has a conspicuous standing.

His nearly fifty years of experience in fire insurance has made him an authority in his department of business. While a resident of Charlestown he was for several terms a prominent member of the common council, and for six years he was an important factor on the school board of the city. As a matter of fact, Mr. Brown was regarded one of the leading citizens of Charlestown. He and his family moved to Lexington, Mass., in 1876, where they at present reside. For six years he was a member of the school board in Lexington, and there as in Charlestown, he has proved himself a leading citizen of that historic town. Mr. Brown married the only daughter of the late William Dalrymple, who was a prominent resident of Charlestown.

Mrs. Brown is a woman of rare culture, and a great lover of all that is beautiful in nature and in art. Her home in Lexington is adorned with many of her own paintings, executed with all that artistic taste which belongs to the profession of refined art. Mr. Brown was a charter member of the Congregational Club of Boston, and is still a member of the same.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown have been world-wide travelers, having crossed the Atlantic six times, and visited over and

over again every country in Europe. It is only recently they made a tour of the world, being gone three years. Mrs. Brown has written, and has in book form a record of the six visits on the other side of the waters, and the trip around the world which she and Mr. Brown have made. There are some twenty or more of these published volumes written especially for their own private library. Could Mr. and Mrs. Brown be induced to give these published records to the public, the information to be gained therefrom would be invaluable to that army of readers who would be naturally drawn to them.

But it is of Mr. Brown's delightful home in Lexington that I most desire to write, for it is the home that more accurately tells the story of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Their palatial residence is on Hancock Street, one of the most attractive streets of the town. I say "palatial residence," for such it really is, and yet it has about it and in it, all the atmosphere of "love in a cottage." The rich and elaborate furnishings of the house have been effected with all that skill and taste, that nothing is lost in domesticity. From Mr. Brown's study, throughout every room of the many rooms in his house, there is to be found the "home, sweet home" of the poet. As I sat only a few days ago in Mr. Brown's library with those distinguished authors looking out upon me from their living pages, I said to myself, "What can be more delightful than this?" And this I repeated to myself as I went through the many rooms of his home, each of which reminded one of the opulence of the far East, for Mr. and Mrs. Brown had brought home from their visit around the world something of the wealth and cunning art of those far-off countries. Mr. Brown's home is a kingdom come to every lover of art, and

then his library! With what evident care it has been selected! There, in his study, one may hold sweet converse with the world's most distinguished writers. The immediate surroundings of Mr. Brown's residence are in happy keeping with the house itself.

Just imagine a home of modern architecture, with a spacious hall, and with rooms as spacious, surrounded with ten acres of lawn neatly kept. In front, the grounds are most inviting, and equally so are the grounds in the rear of the house. Within ready reach, back of the house, is a picturesque oak grove, a fit temple in which the proudest Roman of them all might during the summer time take his lunch in a half reclining position, or where the Christian might devoutly worship.

There is no home in or about Boston that is richer in art and in all that refined taste so characteristic of scholarly attainments and culture, than is Mr. Brown's. And yet, with all Mr. Brown's success in life, and with all his knowledge gleaned from every quarter of the globe, he has not lost anything of his love and affection for Candia.

While present at the Candia Club two years ago, he took occasion to revisit his old home. It was during a morning drive at that time, that I found him and Mrs. Brown, with his brothers, George and wife and Henry and wife, gathered about the old homestead, reviewing the years gone by. I made a halt and with them visited every room in their old home.

I am sure that with all Mr. Brown's world-wide experience in travel, and the invaluable knowledge gained therefrom, and right in face of his inviting home in Lexington, he has in no way forgotten his first love for the paternal home that gave him birth.

Whenever I meet Benjamin Franklin Brown he never fails to ask of and for Candia. He remembers with an affection that does him honor the generation in Candia that has passed over to the "other side," and always does he speak of those "gone before" with a loyal love.

Not to forget one's early home, however opulent his present abiding place, made doubly attractive with surroundings both artistic and unique, is nothing other than that great, overshadowing love for father and mother, and for brothers and sisters, which will live on not only through the years, but through all the eternities. Mr. Brown with a manly pride dates his reckoning from Candia.

Mr. Brown is a generous and entertaining host in his beautiful Lexington home. His latch-string is always out to his friends, and especially to any one from his native town.

No visit to the historic town of Lexington is complete, that does not take in the home of Benjamin Franklin Brown, a Candia boy.

XXXV

IN writing of the Candia girls, Mrs. James H. Fitts, she who was Celina French, must have prominent mention, for Mrs. Fitts is a woman of pronounced ability and of rare executive power.

As a girl in the district school she always maintained an excellent standing in scholarship. She learned readily in every department of study. It was a pleasure to listen to her recital in the class, both on account of her clear understanding of the lesson, and her easy flow of language in expressing the same. Mrs. Fitts received a liberal education in the higher institutions of learning, and had a successful experience in teaching. As a minister's wife her life has been a busy and helpful one. She was the right hand of Mr. Fitts in all his clerical and pastoral work, and I do not question had she chosen the pulpit for her field of labor, she would have received a "call" in preference to many a male D. D.

Mrs. Fitts is peculiarly happy in any public expression she makes, so much so that she easily holds the closest attention of her audience. Both in public and private conversation Mrs. Fitts impresses the listener with her earnest and interesting way of putting things. Into whatever she does she puts heart and soul, so her work is made alive through her own intense life. As a member of the Rockingham County W. C. T. Board, she brought to it her best efforts, and did much in furthering its interest.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BROWN

For several years she was secretary of the board. She is now and has been for many years a prominent member of the State Auxiliary of the Woman's Board of Missions, and at present its vice-president. At one time Mrs. Fitts was editor of the "Granite State Outlook." Mrs. Fitts, as now, has always been engaged in some philanthropic work, and she has been and is now a leader in the same generous well-doing for the good of others.

During my last visit in Candia, a prominent citizen of the town told me with what pleasure he recalled those Sunday evening meetings. Mrs. Fitts before her marriage conducted at her father's home, the late Coffin M. French, a children's class, that she might teach the boys and girls to sing the Sunday school songs then in use.

Mrs. Fitts, with a nature sensitive to all that is good, and with her early home education, has, in an atmosphere where the virtues were taught, not only by precept, but by example as well, naturally come up into a womanhood whose desire has been and is for the accomplishment of that which is best for men and women everywhere, and in her attempt to effect all this, she, in a logical way, invariably begins her work with the children.

I must again refer to the Candia Museum, which is the thoughtful and generous gift of her husband, the late James H. Fitts, and of his brother, J. Lane Fitts, and I may safely add that Mrs. Fitts is no small contributor to that museum of relics, which Candia so greatly prizes. Mrs. Fitts is continually doing something to further the interests of this valuable institution of education, whose curriculum of study is largely made up of the years gone by.

For the past few summers I have had the pleasure of

meeting Mrs. Fitts in Candia, and never has she failed to invite me to visit the Candia Museum. I, with the people of my native town, feel myself under obligation to Mr. and Mrs. James H. Fitts, and to the brother, J. Lane Fitts, for this beautiful and loving reminder of the fathers and mothers of the past generation. Mrs. Fitts has given emphasis to the fact that will stand good for all time, that woman is not only the "helpmeet" of the man, but that she is his equal in all the manifold duties of life.

Mrs. Fitts scores another point for school district No. 4, and a good big point, too.

I have had occasion heretofore to write something of the poets or poetesses of Candia and of their verse. To that number is to be added the name of Miss Ellen S. Eaton, of whose occasional writings in verse, the author of the "Vacant Chair," the late Henry W. Washburn, a poet distinguished in all that constitutes the "divine art," spoke in terms of highest commendation and praise.

The following lines of Miss Eaton's I reproduce from a New York paper, of a date some years back. The verse is under the head of "Transformation," and written, I imagine, as the last rays of the sunset were reflected from glimpses of the Massabesic as seen from her home. The poetry reads as follows:—

"Once in an unfamiliar room
That looked where sunset lay,
I sat amid the dusky gloom
From broken clouds of gray.

"Without, the deepening shadows blent,
Of land and sky a part,
The haunting shades stole up and lent
Within their mystic art.

- “ They strayed into the carven hall,
Retraced its quaint design,
Retouched the picture on the wall,
In varying tone and line !
- “ They deadened tint and softened light,
And Fancy’s witchery grew,
Then glimmering cloud rifts ! sheens of white !
And all things made anew !
- “ For wide an entering glory spread
With sudden arrowy blaze,
In richest gold and ruby red,
And violet, mingled rays !
- “ It touched the landscape — wondrously
The near from far defined ;
It crept into the hall — and see
How clear its traceries lined !
- “ It stole upon the canvas, too ;
The shadows fled, and lo,
An in-bound ship — the port in view —
With sea and land aglow !
- “ Along its distant ocean-track,
The clouds their gray wings furl.
With gleams athwart them shiniug back,
In amber, rose, and pearl !
- “ An artist’s vision, true, thought I,
For after clouds and night,
Transformed the past and present lie
In all-revealing light.”

Miss Eaton sang with the spirit and with the understanding in the above verse, for she had caught the sweet sentiment of that brilliantly dying day which threw about her a charm which could only be expressed in song.

I have with no little pride reproduced these lines on "Transformation," as they so clearly prove what I have always believed, that the muses have their home in many a picturesque nook and corner in Candia. And why should n't they have? For nowhere have I seen more attractive landscape scenery and more bewitching water views than are to be seen in Charmingfare. And then those sunsets! Where are their like elsewhere to be found?

Miss Eaton has been and is still a pronounced factor in all charitable and church work. The success of the Church on the Hill owes much to her. For years, she conducted the musical part of the service. The Candia Congregational Church has no interest in which Miss Eaton does not actively share.

Miss Eaton evidently kept herself in closest touch with nature during her school life in that higher institution of learning, Abbott's Female Seminary, Andover, Mass., of which school she is a graduate. At one time she was a pupil under one of the most distinguished teachers in vocal music in Boston. Why is n't it possible for the boys and girls of to-day to take along with their school studies the lessons to be learned in the world all about them?

That pupil makes the most of the schools, who does not allow them to shut out the beautiful that God has spread out so bountifully on every side.

Happy is that man or woman who "finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." All this Miss Eaton has found, or otherwise she could not give such sweet expression in verse to that which is most exquisite in a world of God's own make.

Were I to begin life over again as a teacher, nature



MISS ELLEN S. EATON

should first of all be my text-book, and from it the boys and girls should receive their first lessons. Many a pupil now in the public schools holds the text-book laid down in the course of study so close to his eyes that he shuts out from his sight God's illimitable universe.

The educational world has substantially inverted the axiom "the whole is greater than any of its parts," so that now it practically reads, any one of the parts is greater and more important than the whole.

It is made clearly evident all through David's writings that he attuned his harp to nature's sweetest note. Listen to him for a moment: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters." How from an Eastern morning he pictures the coming in of the King himself! "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in." With what poetical sentiment the sweet singer of Israel teaches the omnipresence of Deity! "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me." "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork." "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein." "Unto thee will I cry, O Lord my rock." "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar and the fulness thereof." "Let the field be joyful and all that is therein; then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice." David surely was in touch with nature in

all her varied forms, and so it is that his songs have come down to us through the ages, having lost not a single note of their divine harmony.

Let our public schools receive their first and last lesson of nature, and then shall they enter into the spirit and understanding of the Psalmist and sing of the world and all that is therein.

I am glad that Candia is still in possession of that art born of nature, in which the painter delights and of which the poet sings.

XXXVI

THERE was no brighter boy in my home neighborhood fifty years ago than Ansel Emerson. "Anse" was the familiar name by which he was known.

I do not accurately recall how he stood in his studies, but I well remember that the boy who would get the lead of Anse had to get up early in the morning and stay awake the whole day long with his two eyes wide open, and even then he was likely to come out second best. Anse recognized a joke at first sight, and he was equal to any professional in cracking one. A jolly good fellow that he was, and bright as a new silver dollar, he was a general favorite a half century ago, not only with the boys, but with the older grown of the neighborhood. Somehow, I don't know how, Anse could joke with Deacon Patten, Deacon French, his uncle, the Hon. Abraham Emerson, my father, and others of the older grown, and it was all taken in good part, for Anse in some way peculiar to himself seemed to fit all ages and all times; so he had a certain license in speech which did not belong to the rest of us boys.

It was while working out the road tax in the long ago in district No. 4 that several large rocks had to be dug out from the roadbed in order to make the highway more easily passable. Anse had had two or three hard tugs at the lever, but without avail, when turning to Deacon Patten he said in his ever-bubbling spirit of fun and good nature, "Now, Deacon, you pry this time, and I will look

on and grunt." Everybody under the old district system of road-mending took a peculiar pride in doing as little as he could in working out his road tax. It was always a picnic to the boys to work on the roads, and the older grown enjoyed it hardly less. So stories and all sorts of sharp, pithy sayings were the order of the district road-day.

It was on one of these annual occasions of repairing the roads that Anse, with a twinkle in his eye and with a smile playing around the corner of his mouth, jollied his uncle Abraham Emerson after this wise: "Say, Uncle Abraham, when you and father were boys together at the old home, father had to do all the work, didn't he?" "Why, no, Anse. What makes you ask?" replied his uncle Abraham. "Oh, I thought," said Anse, "that if you worked as a boy as you work on the roads, father must have done all the work at home." Now, Anse could easily adapt himself to the years, however many they might be in number; so Anse's sayings were enjoyed quite as much by the fathers as by the boys.

A hurrah exclamation invariably went up from the little red shoeshop by the roadside whenever Anse was seen coming up the road, for the boys well knew that with Anse it would be "the best three in five" at a game of high, low, jack. With Anse it was always high, low, jack. Progressive euchre and all the later and more fashionable games with cards had no attraction for him. There was a lurking charm to Anse in catching the jack, and he well understood how to do it.

Anse was seldom beaten at his favorite game, and yet occasionally he met his "Waterloo." At one time in playing high, low, jack with David Norton, — who will be remembered as a district No. 4 boy, — Dave begged on

Anse's deal; Anse gave him, and when the cards had been played it was found that Dave had made high, low, jack, gift, game, when there went up from the lookers-on such shouts of laughter that Anse for the moment did n't quite know "where he was at;" but he soon saw how absolutely absurd and ridiculous it was that the entire five points should have been made on his gift, so rubbing his hands and saying "Golly!" he in the best of nature outlaughed them all. By the way, "Golly!" was Anse's swear word, and it always did me good to hear him say it.

Now, I am aware that there are those, good men and true, in Candia, who will not see the joke in Anse and Dave's remarkable game of high-low, for — true to that earlier instruction given by the Church on the Hill and by the village church, and also true to those earlier home lessons taught the children that card-playing was the devil's own game — they have never learned to play "kerds," so they cannot be expected to see "where the laugh comes in." But the boys who were so wickedly (?) disobedient to both church and home, and so learned to play cards on the haymow out in the old barn and in other out-of-the-way places, readily understood that five points in high-low, ought not to be made on a gift from the dealer. What changes the years have brought with their coming, and for the better! In these more sensible days his satanic majesty is not allowed to gobble up and enjoy all the innocent pleasurable enjoyments in life, and so compel us men, women, and children to consider it first of all our bounden duty to do just that which we dislike to do.

After so long a time we have learned that the devil has been allowed heretofore to have his pick while we have been left to take "Hobson's choice." The children now,

thank God, are no longer being robbed of their rights in the world of amusements.

But I have digressed a bit. I do so love to preach a little sermon between the lines, that it is exceedingly difficult for me to resist the temptation, so now and then I switch off and occasionally get side-tracked, but not so much so that I am not able to get back again on the main line. Yes, Anse enjoyed a game of cards as few others did. He never forgot the trump card, neither was he ever at a loss in determining just how to lead. I verily believe he would cut short his "Now I lay me down to sleep" for a game of high, low, jack. And yet Anse had his thoughtful moods. A comrade of his in the War of the Rebellion said to me recently that Ansel Emerson would frequently betake himself when in camp to the grove, it might be, or to some spot a little apart from his companions-in-arms, that he might there, all undisturbed, live over again the dear old home life. No one enjoyed home with its many comforts more than he. His wife and his children were to him his world, so that in going to the war he made the greatest possible test to and for his love of country. Anse literally gave his life to his country. He never saw a well day after his return from the war, and finally died from the hardships he suffered in battle and along the wearisome, cruel march.

And how manfully and bravely he met death! The "King of terrors" had no terrors for him. It was only a little while previous to his death that he said to his aunt, Mrs. Abraham Emerson, who was caring for him, "Aunt Nabbie, you are worn and tired, so please go to bed and get some rest," then adding in his characteristic way, "I shall not kick the bucket before morning." In this word

of assurance to his aunt, I have no idea that Anse desired to treat death in a light or defiant way. His was simply the emphasized expression of a man who was not afraid to die. He had already died a thousand possible deaths upon the battlefield, so why fear the "grim messenger" when it came to him in the quiet of his home, surrounded by the friends who loved him best?

Anse could look the inevitable in the face and not in the leastwise quail. He was possessed of a mind way above the average of his kind. Had he had the training of our higher institutions of learning, and entered any one of the so-called learned professions, he would have proven himself a leader in professional life.

Anse had that remarkable power which sizes up its man at once. The bunco steerer would have had a difficult job in any attempt he might have made in unloading his "green goods" on him. In many ways Anse was unlike the majority of boys in his neighborhood. He kept a level head whatever the surroundings. So far as I remember, he never became unduly excited in any of those periodic religious revivals that in former times more or less frequently invaded Candia, and never did he "rise for prayers" while others were making their way to the altar. Anse reasoned well. He knew to his own satisfaction that the individual life must stand or fall as adjudged by the Golden Rule, and so it was that he ever held himself ready to do unto others as he would have others do unto him.

In a way, Anse was a genius. He expressed himself as few others did. He saw the humorous side of things, and never was he known to miss a laugh. He would oftentimes intuitively arrive at conclusions which were logi-

cally right, while others, after a long process of reasoning, would find they had arrived nowhere. Always companionable and cheery, it was invariably a delight to see Anse coming up the road.

XXXVII

HERE I am at "good old Dartmouth" again, that I may tell the readers of these reminiscences of another Candia graduate of the college, the Rev. George Henry French of the class of 1863. Mr. French is a brother of the Rev. S. F. French of Londonderry, and of Dea. John P. French of Candia, and the youngest of the four children of the late Dea. Coffin M. French. George Henry, and I am not going to beg his pardon for calling him by the name most familiar to all Candia, was a pupil in the Candia High School under the instruction of Mr. Ray, and Samuel Sargent. He pursued his preparatory studies at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., graduating there in the summer of 1859, and immediately thereafter he entered Dartmouth College, where, through his collegiate course, he maintained an excellent standing in scholarship. George Henry, as did his brother S. F. French, and as did all the Candia boys, made his own way through Dartmouth. He taught school during the college winter vacation, and during the summer recess he assisted his father in the hayfield. He taught one term of the Candia High School. Upon graduating from the college he became principal of Thetford Academy, Thetford, Vt., which position he filled for two years, in which time the academy increased its attendance. During the war he was for some little time actively interested on the Christian commission, with headquarters at or near Richmond, Va.

Mr. French studied theology at Andover Theological Seminary, graduating in 1868. He has had pastorates in Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire. At Johnson, Vt., Mr. French during his pastorate was much interested in its normal school, and brought to it essential encouragement and aid. During Mr. French's ministry in Meriden, N. H., he became especially interested in Kimball Union Academy. He rendered important services in the erection of the new academy building, and the convenient spacious boarding house. In the building of Dexter Richards Hall, Mr. French had largely the responsibility put upon him of seeing that the plans of that beautiful and commodious building were faithfully executed. To this building he gave much of his thought and time, and he has every reason for taking a personal pride, that the privilege was his to do so much for Kimball Union Academy, in so substantial a way. Mr. French is and has been for some years an important and helpful member of the board of trustees of Kimball Union Academy.

It is clearly evident that Mr. French is deeply and actively interested in all that belongs to the educational world. He has three stalwart boys, and all graduates of Dartmouth. All honor, say I, and so say all of us, that the Rev. George Henry French believes in children, and that he withholds from them no advantage to be gained in the schools.

It will be seen that Mr. French has had and is still having a busy life. As a clergyman he has met with the most gratifying success. I have been much interested in reading a historical discourse upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the evangelical Congregational church

in Charlestown, N. H., preached by the Rev. George Henry French. The sermon was published by request. The text of the sermon is the following: "The Lord preserveth all them that love him." I reproduce the opening paragraph of Mr. French's excellent discourse. It is after this wise: "The psalmist had reached a point where he could unreservedly testify to God's merciful care. He was now fully persuaded of His excellent goodness all along, even if it was not clearly manifest at the time. There was a Providence over him to which he owed much, and which he had come to believe was inseparably connected with a good man's life. Pursued by enemies and tried with affliction, the psalmist had been driven to earnest prayer. His confident hope of relief encouraged his pouring out his complaint, in all earnestness, in petitions prompted by his deep anguish. The darkness and mental struggle through which he was long passing, had at length an end, and he burst forth in ejaculations of unmingled praise and thanksgiving, without one complaint or petition, and it proved true with him as with so many others, that those much in prayer, discover abundant occasion for praise." The entire sermon is a tribute of thanksgiving and praise for the growth and prosperity of the church to which Mr. French at that time ministered. I should have mentioned before this the beautiful souvenir of Kimball Union Academy compiled by Mr. French.

The souvenir is in the form of a book containing the exercises at the dedication of the new academy building and Dexter Richards Hall. Yes, George Henry French has been doing all these years and he is still at it. In the full vigor of his mature life, he has no idea of letting go his hold in a world of ceaseless activities.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. French two summers ago in Candia, when I found he was still possessed of much of his earlier life. George Henry French enjoys a good laugh, and appreciates a joke that has a point; and all this, I am sure, he inherits from his father, for no man enjoyed a laugh and a joke more thoroughly than did the late Deacon Coffin M. French, and right here I must so far digress as to sandwich in a story or two. It was on one of those icy mornings that they have more or less frequently in Candia during the winter time, that my brother Alfred was attempting to make his way safely along the road, when, in the twinkling of an eye, down he went full length on the treacherous ice. Just at that moment Deacon French came along. Seeing my brother's somewhat ridiculous predicament, the Deacon said, "Mr. Palmer, the wicked stand on slippery places," to which my brother immediately replied, "Yes, I know it, but you see, deacon, I can't stand while you are safely on your feet." Deacon French recognized at once that the joke was on him, but he enjoyed it none the less.

It was when the class of 1860 graduated at Dartmouth that Deacon French made his way to Hanover, N. H., to see his son, the Rev. S. F. French, receive his diploma. Upon his return home, he met the late Captain William R. Patten at Candia depot. Bill, I love to say "Bill," who was then a junior at Dartmouth, was for the moment holding a pet dog in his lap as the deacon stepped from the train. Approaching Bill, the deacon said, after greeting William, "I see you have a classmate of yours in your lap." "Oh no," Bill replied, "this dog has just graduated in Frank's class," and then he facetiously added, "and he stood well up among the first third of his class."

The joke was not always on Deacon Coffin M. French. The above two instances I have mentioned to show that the late Deacon French could take a joke in the same good natured spirit as he gave one. I seem to hear his hearty laugh at this writing as I used to hear it in the long ago. Well, as I have already said, I am sure that the Rev. George Henry French partakes of the fun-loving humor of his father, and although a minister, he is not afraid to laugh and to laugh heartily. And this same is largely true of Deacon John P. French and the Rev. S. F. French.

“One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh is proper to the man.”

George Henry French, in common with other Candia boys, whose homes are more or less remote from the good old town, loves with a sincere affection the town of his birth. He was an important factor in effecting the home association of the town, the object of which is to bring annually every living child of Candia home to the paternal hearth-stone.

“And hie him home at evening’s close
To sweet repast and calm repose,”

is the burden of the song of not only George Henry French, but of every absent son and daughter of Charm-
ingfare.

XXXVIII

THOMAS BENTON TURNER of Candia bears the most distinguished name of them all. His patronymic, if I may so call him, was United States Senator from Missouri, from 1821 to 1851, and a representative in Congress from 1853 to 1855. Benton's "Thirty Years' View," and his "Abridgment of the Debates of Congress" from 1789 to 1856 (fifteen volumes) has become the standard congressional literature of the country.

President Roosevelt's history of the public life of Benton places him among the foremost statesmen of his day. And besides all this, Benton was distinguished in being the father of a daughter who had the courage and pluck to marry the man she loved "in spite of the old folks," and so did not hesitate to run away with her lover, J. C. Fremont, to have the nuptial knot tied good and strong. All honor to the brave woman who forsook all else to marry the man she loved. Well, "Bent Turner," as they all know him in Candia, brings credit to the illustrious name he bears, for in the first place he has ever been true to the political faith of that greatest of American statesmen, Thomas H. Benton, and in the second place he has led an industrious life and made a success of it.

Benton Turner had no farm left him, not even a dollar, and so it was that he went to work with a will, and made his own way. That man who climbs to the topmost round of the ladder without a single boost, is to be especially



REV. GEORGE HENRY FRENCH

commended. It is a good deal true that he helps himself best who helps himself through his unaided efforts. Benton Turner has n't a dollar that he did not earn, so that the competency he now possesses is all his own, through a rightful ownership. A man of pleasing address, he has made friends on all sides, friends who have brought to him public position and favor. For four years Candia made him her town treasurer, in which office Mr. Turner was as faithful to the public trust imposed upon him, as he ever has been to his own private affairs.

For two years he represented his town in the state legislature. While a member of the New Hampshire house of representatives, he was placed upon several important committees, where he well served both his constituency and the state. Mr. Turner is a prominent member of the brotherhood of Odd Fellows, of which fraternal association he is a past grand. Born in Candia, and educated in her schools, his every interest is and ever has been in the town which gave him birth. Eminently social in his nature, he happily meets men and women everywhere. Some years my junior, so I never had the pleasure of being in school with Mr. Turner. The truth is, if it must be told, I seldom find one who is as old as I am; nearly all are my juniors. The years will crowd on, however much I may attempt to push them back.

I have learned, however, through those who know, that Benton Turner was a bright pupil in school, and seldom or never was kept after school to learn his lesson. Indeed, he was a boy into whose head the teacher was not compelled to shoot an idea. He caught on to the thought quickly, and then he held on, and he is still holding on to whatever is best in that greater school found in the big,

active, bustling world. Bent Turner is one of Candia's foremost citizens.

And then there is Henry Moore, and although his name is not "Thomas Benton," still he is a democrat in every fibre of his make-up. Democracy pure and simple was bequeathed him by his father, the late John Moore, that most affable of men, of the Jeffersonian school of politics. He never hesitated to give a reason for the political faith that was born and bred in the bone. And no man could state his political creed better than Squire Moore. It was always a delight to hear him in town meeting, or in any other public assembly.

I remember hearing Squire Moore, on one occasion, introduce the late Hon. Levi Woodbury at a political meeting in Candia. His introduction of the distinguished speaker was most gracefully spoken, and as I remember, it was an interesting feature of the hour. Well, Henry Moore is "a chip of the old block." With much of the grace and ease of his father, it is a real pleasure to meet him. I do not forget how ready in anecdote and reminiscence he was during that ride he gave me up High Street, and along the North Road on that ideal August day last summer. He was just filled to the brim with the pleasantest remembrances of his father's time. He refreshed my memory with many an incident of that earlier day. I take especial delight in recalling that ride on that day of days of all the summer time, now that the winter time is on with the glass in varying and uncertain moods.

Henry Moore is a most agreeable man, and invariably bubbling over with the best of nature. His "Good morning" and "How do you do," and "I am glad to see you," always to me make up a hearty welcome to Candia. He

has the happy faculty of saying the pleasantest things in the pleasantest way, so that one goes out from his presence feeling that life after all that is said and done is well worth living.

As sheriff for these many years, Mr. Moore has proved himself a most efficient officer of the law. Through his wise and commendable efforts more than one quarrel has been amicably settled outside of the courts, and at the same time the law has been vindicated. Mr. Moore believes in bringing "peace instead of a sword," when this can be done, and the ends of justice met.

I am not sure that Mr. Moore has ever represented Candia in the state legislature. If not, so much the worse for Candia. And yet, it is not the greatest thing in the world to become a member of the legislature. And right here I must tell a story which I have told over and over again, but be it remembered that it in no way is to cast reflection upon those Candia ex-representatives, who have so well filled this representative office. The story is this: It is told how a man by the name of Doe, had at one time so serious a brain difficulty, that the family physician was called. The doctor after a thorough diagnosis of the case, said to Mr. Doe, "You must take to your bed, that I may perform an operation on your brain." But Mr. Doe was an exceedingly busy man, so much so that he could not spare the time for the proposed operation, so he suggested to the doctor that he take the brains out of his cranium, carry them home and fix them up. Meanwhile he could keep on with his work. The doctor did as his patient advised, and in a little time had Mr. Doe's brains in their normal condition; so he, without any undue delay, sent word to Mr. Doe that his

brains were as good as new, and he could have them by calling. Mr. Doe at once sent back word to the doctor, "Never mind, do what you will with my brains, — I shall not need them again, for since you took them home, I have been elected to the legislature." So Mr. Moore need not think it ill luck if he has not been sent to the legislature, for there is many a stay-at-home who is quite the equal, and in many instances the superior, of the man who receives the majority vote. Later I have learned that Mr. Moore has represented his town in the state legislature.

Mr. Moore has had a busy life. For several years he was in business in Manchester. •

Now at his pleasant home at Candia Corner, he rightfully enjoys his attractive surroundings. His latchstring is always out, so that he who pulls it, may be sure of the "Come in."

XXXIX

IT was in the autumn of 1852 that Addison Mead, son of the late Jacob Mead, of whom I have written in a preceding letter, was a member of the high school on the hill. "Add," as we all called him, was a boy of marked individuality. He had his own thoughts, and expressed them in his own original way.

I remember that it was on one of those golden October days that Add had one of those throbbing, jumping toothaches, that robs life of its charm, and at times, even welcomes death; for of all aches in the world, there is not one of them that will so upset a man, woman, or child as the toothache. That sin is to be forgiven right on the spot, even before the asking, which is committed under the twinges of this worst and most vexatious of all aches. Well, Add had the toothache on the day to which I refer, at its worst, so in the frenzy of his utter desperation he said to me, "Wils, I want you to go down to Doctor Page's with me this noon hour, and hold my head, while the doctor pulls this aching, pulsating tooth." I accordingly went, but I did not hold Add's head, for it so happened that the late Alfred Dana Fitts was in the doctor's office, and he kindly, and much to my relief, performed that part in the tragical operation which had been at first assigned to me, so I had nothing to do other than to look on, and in an audible way express my sympathy for poor Add. Dr. Page, with his turning hook safely wound with

a towel, made two unsuccessful tugs at the tooth, but all the same it did n't come, Add meanwhile groaning in the most piteous way. At that time it was customary when one died to strike the age of the deceased on the meeting-house bell, so as the doctor was about to make the third attack on the tooth, Add cried out, "Hold up for a moment, doctor, before you give another pull, and send some one up to the meeting house to strike my age on the bell," and then he added, "I am eighteen years old." True to all history, the doctor on the third trial brought out the great, big, ugly tooth which had kept Add on the swearing point for the two days previous.

With a keen perception, Add unquestionably recognized how absolutely ridiculous and cruel, that such a threatening instrument of death as that old formidable turning hook should be used in what is now so simple an operation as extracting a tooth. No wonder that Add had in mind the graveyard as he was being nearly yanked out of his chair. But then, in those days of blistering and bleeding and other manifold ways of bodily torture, twisting out a tooth by main force was in keeping with the system of doing things in the medical world. But now a more sensible condition of things exists in the practice of medicine.

Why, in these days it is hardly less than a pleasure to have a tooth extracted. Now, comfortably seated in the dentist's chair, under the influence of some soothing opiate, one may go to sleep and dream of all the untold glories of heaven, and upon awaking find his aching tooth on the dentist's sideboard. What marvelous and fortunate changes have been wrought in this great, big world of ours within the last half century !

Fifty or more years ago, the practice in every department of labor and professional life the world over was made to fit that cruel and senseless theology which was based upon nothing other than a malicious persecution of the body. The moment our theology softened, and it came to be recognized that God is not a heartless tyrant, but a loving father who careth for his children, then there came that intelligence which has so wonderfully modified our way of doing things in every work and calling under the sun. No longer does the doctor "pull teeth," but he extracts them without pain. No longer does the doctor "bleed" and "blister," but he soothes and helps nature to . . . hold her own. Now the poor boy may have water to drink when he is spotted all over with measles, and burning with fever. We are living under a new dispensation, where reason and common sense sit enthroned — and all reason and common sense, be it remembered, find their source in Omniscience. Well, Addison survived the "pulling," and went back to school with that "horrid tooth" in his pocket. It was this same Addison Mead who, with Sam Beane in Candia, but the Rev. S. C. Beane, D. D., elsewhere, and myself, made his way to Blanchard Academy in Pembroke, on a day late in November, starting from the hill school-house after the morning recitation, and returning in season for the Wednesday evening lyceum, held in the vestry of the Church on the Hill.

Yes, we three happy schoolboys footed it all the way to and from Pembroke Academy, and this, too, on one of the shortest days of the year, and returned in season to take part in the lyceum, in discussing the question, "That the extension of slavery is preferable to the dissolution of the Union." I am aware that I have told this story some-

where before, but it bears repeating. Sam and Add and I made over twenty-five miles good and strong on that brief November day, without a taste of food, save what we had in our dinner pails as we started from home. And oh, how hungry we were as we approached Rowe's Corner on our way home! So hungry that Add stole into an orchard, and, climbing a tree, pocketed some frozen apples, which we devoured as a "sweet morsel." The only money we had with us was one penny, and Sam Beane had that. I do not remember whether or not it had Cæsar's superscription upon it; but so far as I was concerned, I well remember that mother's pantry had a less show of pumpkin pies the next morning than it had on the evening of my return home from that day off on the road to and from Pembroke; and I have no doubt that Sam and Add made havoc with their mother's best pies baked on purpose for company.

During my recent visit with Sam Beane at his pleasant home in Newburyport, he facetiously asked me if I remembered that walk of the long ago.

Addison Mead was the humorist of that trio, on that never-to-be-forgotten tramp, while Sam was a close second. I don't remember that I did much other along the way than to applaud the bright, witty sayings of my two traveling schoolboy companions.

Add always took an especial delight in "speaking his piece" on the platform. I recall with a good deal of vividness his enthusiastic gesticulations, and his still more enthusiastic voice. Add never allowed a difficult or uncertain pronunciation of a word to bother him. He sailed right through his "piece" in spite of the authorities.

I shall never forget how in a selection he declaimed

when in the high school in which the phrase, "The Doge of Venice" occurred, he, with emphasis, exclaimed "The *dog* of Venice," and then went on as though nothing unusual had happened. How we all remember the laughable slips of tongue made by others, while we forget those we make ourselves!

It is but recently that I learned of the death of Addison Mead, whose decease occurred somewhere within the past two years at his home in New York state. His pronounced individuality read in italics. To know him was to remember him.

He represented the positive side of the equation in life. The unknown quantity with Addison Mead was bound to find its value on the plus side. Its value may not always have been exact, but it was always plus.

XL

I'LL venture there is not a Candia boy or girl of fifty years ago who does not recall the pleasant, sunny face of the late Captain Joseph Hubbard. His genial presence was both a greeting and a benediction.

I can see him now, as I saw him years ago, as he made his way of a Sunday morning to his pew in the Church on the Hill. Captain Hubbard had an easy and graceful step, coming in part, undoubtedly, from his military experience. The Captain was born February 14, 1817, and died October 13, 1900, at the age of nearly 84 years. For a number of years he was one of the selectmen of Candia, and for several years their chairman.

In this official position he proved himself a valuable public servant, having always in view the best interests of the town. He at one time represented his town in the state legislature, and while a member of that honorable body he was accounted among the first of legislators of the state.

He was appointed captain of the Second Company of Light Infantry by the late Governor Page in 1842, and a little later on he was appointed colonel of the 17th Regiment. This latter appointment he did not accept. Captain Hubbard had about him that graceful military air which gave him the right to command. It was with the enthusiastic admiration of a boy that I used to watch him in those old training days, as he with measured step

marched his company up and down the muster field. I seem to hear now his "Ready, aim, fire," and his "Recover arms," as though it were but yesterday. Those annual musters of the militia years ago were the event of the autumn time with the boys as well as with the older grown.

At the first streakings of the dawn one could hear the glad shout and hurrah of the foot soldier and the infantry on their way to the field. And that martial music! Was there ever a war note so brimful of inspiration to us boys! The fife and snare drum were to me in those days the very battle-cry of freedom.

How delightful it was to stand and watch and watch with eager eye the several companies as they marched along with stately tread, keeping perfect step to the beat and rhythm of the music! Those glorious old muster days! We all, both old and young, were there to take in the suggestive lesson of those annual trainings. It was, however, the Second Company of Light Infantry that afforded me the greatest pleasure. Those spotless white trousers finished below the knee in black velvet, formed a pleasing picture by way of contrast. To me, the snowy white with the black of night was a consummation of the highest art. And then the "troopers," uniformed in the gayest of colors, lent to the field the tints of the rainbow.

But the Light Infantry! How all those feet in black leggings did show themselves in harmonious step! How those feet revealed themselves at the same identical moment a little to the rear, and then again how uniformly they advanced! One might have well sworn that those feet and legs all belonged to one man, so in unison were they with the stirring music of the day. I see them now as then.

But above all and before all else, I see even now Captain Joseph Hubbard, his face radiant with the pride he ever had in his command. The Captain was every inch a soldier, and especially attractive and taking in his martial appearance. His soldier boys were fond of him, and so "they heard his voice and followed him." Captain Hubbard had that rare faculty of winning to himself. He got near to his men through his great loving heart, which beat in sympathy with the heart of his fellow-men. It is forever true that Love is the major-general in every field of successful action.

Captain Joseph Hubbard was a prominent and pleasing figure in those field musters of a half-century ago. For years in the early forties the Captain, with his brother, Elias P., was engaged during the winter season in making fish barrels, finding a market for them in Newburyport, Mass. Many and many a time had Captain Hubbard taken his barrels to Newburyport with an ox-team. Later on, he and his brother ferried them to Newburyport on the Merrimack river, running through the locks at Manchester.

For some years the Captain was in the wood and timber business. It is said that his judgment on wood, timber, and cattle was unsurpassed. In fact, his judgment was considered excellent in any and all matters with which he had to do. Many sought his counsel and advice.

Captain Hubbard understood how to farm it so as to make it pay. The fact is, everything paid which he did, for all his work was intelligently and faithfully wrought. The duty nearest at hand was the duty with which he grappled. He didn't wait for something to turn up.

Captain Joseph Hubbard was one of the leading citi-



MRS. JOHN PRESCOTT



COLONEL JOHN PRESCOTT

zens of Candia, and as such he was respected and loved by all who knew him.

A man rich in anecdote, he never failed to entertain his friends. "Now for a story," was the cry when Captain Hubbard put in his appearance, and the story was always sure to have its lesson, and besides all this he had a pleasing way in all narrative. To lie with him under the grateful shade of his favorite apple tree on a summer day, and listen to his conversation when he was in a reminiscent mood, was to live over again many a happy day of years gone by.

Captain Hubbard had a big, loving heart. His attachment to friends was ardent and abiding. During the last years of his life, when the world was shut out to him through a grievous blindness, he came nearer yet to those he loved. He confided in them and gave himself to them.

Though bereft of sight, still the sunshine was all about him. In those last days he especially lived in an atmosphere where the skies were the clearest, and where the rainbow gave out its most brilliant colors. It is the testimony of one of his dearest friends, that during all his blindness he was the genial, companionable man who made everybody happy who came into his presence. In that material blindness that came to him he saw with still clearer vision the immaterial. The attributes of heart and soul and mind in those last days were revealed to him in a perspective way. He now looked upon all sides, so that he saw that higher and truer relationship which should exist between mind and mind and heart and heart.

No wonder that the many friends of Captain Hubbard loved him; and the secret of it all was that he loved them

and was glad to make that love known. He drew to himself by that magnetism of good fellowship which is both royal and loyal at all times and everywhere.

A man among men, Captain Joseph Hubbard ever held himself in glad readiness to give the best he had.

XLI

THIRTY-FIVE or forty years ago there might have been seen, as regularly as the summer morning came, a boy of infant age with his dinner-pail well filled, trudging along the cross-road in my neighborhood, making his way to the little unpretentious schoolhouse in district No. 4, where his first lessons were learned.

It must have been that the bright lad whom I have in mind oftentimes delayed his steps that he might gaze with youthful enthusiasm on the Uncanoonuc Mountains, of which he writes so pleasantly and so suggestively in his "Back Country Poems." The boyhood of Sam Walter Foss is so well known in Candia that I need not long dwell upon it. I well remember that during my brief vacations at home from the academy and the college I often asked, "Who is this Sam Walter Foss of whom I hear so much?" And the answer always came, "He is one of the brightest boys in our neighborhood and in our district school," "one who never has to learn his lesson over again, but understands it all from beginning to end by one reading."

Mr. Foss, at his birth, rightfully came into an inheritance of that keen wit and ability which have so distinguished him in the world of intellect; for his father and mother and his grandparents on both sides of the house were possessed of much more than average mental force. His Grandfather Hardy and his Grandfather Foss

were men of the readiest wit, so Sam Walter Foss came into the world with a good intellectual bank account on which to draw. That he has made good use of whatever has come to him by descent, his life in all literary effort has abundantly proved.

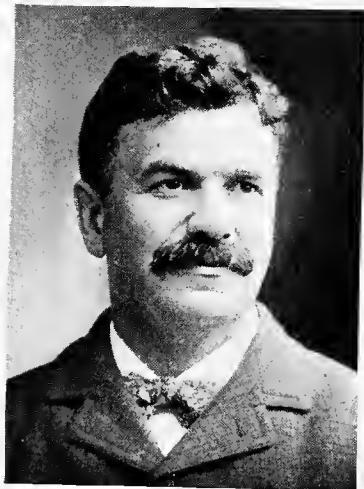
Mr. Foss fitted for college in the high school at Portsmouth, graduating therefrom in 1877, and subsequently he was one year a student at the academy in Tilton. He entered Brown University (Providence, R. I.) in 1878, graduating in 1882. He was the poet of his class at the time of his graduation, one of the highest honors of the college.

Both in the academy and in the college Mr. Foss showed in an unmistakable way the stuff of which he was made. With "no silver spoon in his mouth," he made his way through the schools, determined to get the best and the most out of them.

While Brown University did much for Mr. Foss, the city of Providence did more, for she gave him one of her most capable and amiable daughters for his wife. Mrs. Foss has ever been and is a constant encouragement and aid to her husband in all his literary work.

Immediately following his graduation from the college, Mr. Foss became editor of the Lynn (Mass.) Saturday "Union," which position he filled for five years. His work upon this paper was so successful that he was called to the editorial chair of the "Yankee Blade," published in Boston, in the management of which he remained six years. It was while connected with the "Yankee Blade" that Mr. Foss made himself known as one of the brightest humorists.

At one time Mr. Foss was an editorial writer on the



SAM WALTER FOSS

Boston "Globe," and during all his editorial life he contributed to nearly all the humorous papers, and in addition to all this, he did much syndicate work, writing for the New York "Sun," "Tribune," "Herald," and other papers of the great city.

Sam Walter Foss, however, has become more widely known through his "Back Country Poems." Of these he has published four volumes, and they are not only to be found in nearly all the public libraries of New England, but in nearly every public library throughout the land. Not only this, for they are read across the waters. These poems are redolent with the country and its rural life. A lover of the open field and wood, and of "the old farm," Mr. Foss could but sing his sweet, rustic song under the inspiration of his picturesque surroundings.

To him there is a charm in country life, nowhere else to be found; he revels under the shadow of the mountains and beside the murmuring brook. The countryman is his brother. Mr. Foss delights to recognize "the man with a hoe," and the man in his shirt-sleeves. His "Hullo" is the informal and cordial greeting of a born democrat. Listen for a moment to his glad salutation:—

"W'en you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say 'Hullo!'
Say 'Hullo,' an' 'How d'ye do!'
'How's the world a-usin' you?'
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say 'Hullo!'

"Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up an' say 'Hullo!'

Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest fer wrappin' up a soul ;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty 'How d'ye do !'
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say 'Hullo !'

"W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They salute an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea ;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let your speakin' trumpet blow,
Lift your horn an' cry 'Hullo !'

"Say 'Hullo,' an' 'How d'ye do !'
Other folks are good as you.
W'en you leave your house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t' other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, an' say 'Hullo !' "

The above humorous verse is a whole sermon in itself, and largely smacks of a practical Christianity. Mr. Foss, when he wrote the lines I have quoted, must have had in mind the Golden Rule, together with a pleasant thought of the Sermon on the Mount. Sam Walter Foss is especially happy in his way of meeting men and women, and herein lie his most distinguished characteristics. He wears no fringes or red-tape. He is just as God made him, with all the fragrance and delightful atmosphere of the country about him. He has made man and nature his study, and in studying both he has listened to himself. In

his "Songs of War and Peace," he writes as follows, under the heading "Listen to Yourself."

" Ah, teacher, let me hear you teach;
You have brave words from Olden Seers,
The lore of those long-bearded men
Of all the far-off years;
The gray old thoughts of gray old men
Beneath the Asian stars,
Brought safe by fate through clashing years
Of unremembered wars.
And you have read the huddled tomes
Of many an alcoved shelf;
But have you stood beneath the stars
And listened to yourself ?
Ah, teacher, let me hear you teach;
You at Old Sage's feet have sat;
Know you the man within your coat,
The man beneath your hat ?
You know the thoughts that shaped the world
From far-off centuries blown;
What says the man who talks with thee
When thou art all alone ?
Why should I listen to a man
Who listens at the alcoved shelf ?
Man, let me hear the living man
Who listens to himself."

Mr. Foss sang with Pope in the above lines : —

" Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man."

Sam Walter Foss had listened to himself, and so heard the voice within, summoning him to that world of ceaseless activities and ever-varying beauty of which now he so happily sings.

In that gem of a poem entitled "The Uncanoonuc

Mountains," Mr. Foss has pictured himself gazing, as he often did in rapturous delight, on that unsurpassed western view which he had so often taken in on his way to the district school, of which view the Uncanoonuc Mountains formed a prominent feature of the background. There is no Candia boy or girl who has not time and again looked upon those far-away mountains, wondering all the while what lay beyond, so we have all joined Mr. Foss as he has sung: —

"They stood there in the distance, mysterious and lone,
Each with a hazy vapor above its towering dome;
They stood like barriers between the unknown and the known,
The Uncanoonuc Mountains which I used to see from home.
And in fancy on the thither side, it was my wont to roam;
I saw the glories of the world upon the other side
Of the Uncanoonuc Mountains which I used to see from home."

And then Mr. Foss describes in a graphic way his imaginary mountain-climbs, with all the art and sentiment of the poet that he is.

"One misty mountain overpassed upon the march of time,
Another summit breaks in view, and onward still I roam —
Another mountain in the mist which beckons me to climb,
Like the Uncanoonuc Mountains which I used to see from home."

This poem alone is sufficient to establish the loving relationship existing between Mr. Foss and Nature, the mother of us all. All his "Back Country Poems" are so many declarations that "No tears dim the sweet look that Nature wears." Sam Walter Foss proclaims himself a lover of children, and this, too, in no uncertain way, in his "Tellin' what the Baby Did:" —

"Pooty hard schoolmarm is fate
To her scholars, small an' great ;

I hev felt upon my han'
Tingle of her sharp rattan;
But she pities our distress,
An' she gives a glad recess
When Matilda sits, half hid,
Tellin' what the baby did.

“Trudge off with my dinner pail,
Every mornin' without fail;
Work, with hardly time for breath;
Come home, tired half to death;
But I feel a perfect rest
Settle down upon my breast,
Settin' by the twilight hid,
Hearin' what the baby did.”

What a delightful, restful picture Mr. Foss paints in the above lines! He recognizes that a baby in the house italicizes the home and lightens the burdens of life. “Tellin' what the Baby did” is music set to the sweetest note of the purest love and to that of the most ardent affection. This little poem of what the baby did, Mr. Foss must have written out of a full heart, for he has had several babies in his own household to lighten his cares, and to give a fuller and deeper meaning to his life's work. Oh, that there were a “Matilda” in every home, to tell what the baby did!

One of the most suggestive and instructive poems that Mr. Foss has written is that entitled “The Bloodless Sportsman.” Hear what he says:—

“I go a-gunning, but take no gun;
I fish without a pole;
And I bag good game and catch such fish
As suits a sportsman's soul;
For the choicest game that the forest holds,
And the best fish of the brook,

Are never brought down by a rifle shot
And never are caught with a hook.

“ I hob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for game in the trees,
For bigger birds than wing the air
Or fish than swim the seas.
A rodless Walton of the brooks
A bloodless sportsman, I —
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,
The dreams that haunt the sky.

“ The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
The branch for the fishers of song ;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,
And thoughts in a flower bell curled ;
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern
Are as new and as old as the world.

“ So away! for the hunt in the fern-scented wood
Till the going down of the sun ;
There is plenty of game still left in the woods
For the hunter who has no gun.
So away! for the fish in the moss-bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod ;
There are plenty of fish still left in the streams
For the angler who has no rod.”

If every lover of the gun and the rod could read the above lines, I'll venture that many an innocent deer would be left undisturbed in its mountain home and many a fish would be left to sport in the waters of brook and lake.

In all the writings of Mr Foss there is to be found a moral. Although for the most part writing in a humorous way, he nevertheless dips his pen in all seriousness and

earnestness. He has a lesson to convey and he takes his own inimitable way in conveying it.

The poetry that Mr. Foss has written has become so popular and wide-spread that a great demand is made on his time, in giving individual readings of what he has so well put into verse. He has just concluded a series of readings in the principal cities of Michigan.

His readings are all the more satisfactory and taking from the fact that he does not attempt to elocutionize them. He simply recites them in the most natural way possible.

In his official work as librarian of the Somerville, (Mass.) public library, Mr. Foss is happy among his books. He lives in an intellectual and literary atmosphere.

Mr. Foss, however, is seen at his best in his pleasant home, 249 Highland Avenue, Somerville, Mass. To sit with him in his private library and enjoy with him one of his choice Havanas is to refresh one's memory with things new and old.

Mr. Foss well knows how to tell a good story, and by the way, he never leaves anything out of the story, but tells the whole of it.

Coming out from an humble but loving home a little way down the "cross road" in Candia, Sam Walter Foss has sung his way to the popular heart of the people, and he is still singing.

XLII

It is the most natural thing in the world that immediately following my story of Sam Walter Foss, I should write of the late J. Henry Palmer, for the two boys were the closest of friends throughout all their youth.

They had their plays in common, and were interested in the same studies at school. Each had a peculiar fondness for the other. I am sure they were especially drawn each to the other through the genius of their intellect. I say advisedly "the genius of their intellect," for both of them possessed that keen mental power which took in the lesson at once.

No two brighter boys ever attended the school in district No. 4 than Sam Walter Foss and Henry Palmer. There is no reason why I should beg the pardon of their schoolmates when I declare what was so well known at the time, that these two boys in school led all the rest. This fact was patent to every one, so much so that Sam Walter Foss and Henry Palmer in their day were the distinguishing features of the school in district No. 4. The school committee of the town took an especial pride in them, and often spoke their names in the most complimentary way throughout their home neighborhood.

It was a delightful exhibition of their boyish admiration for each other that Sam Walter Foss would insist that Henry Palmer was the brightest boy he ever knew, while

Henry Palmer at the same time would as stoutly insist that Sam Walter Foss had no second. This much I write of the two in a mutual way that it may be seen how fitting it is that I at this time tell of Henry Palmer. Another reason and a more potent one why I write of him is that he was and is my nephew, so that I have a loving and an abiding interest in the memory of one of my own family blood whose life, all too brief, so distinguished him in his youth and early manhood.

Henry Palmer came into the world with an interrogation point upon his lips. With a mind richly endowed and keenly alive, he was forever seeking the "why" and the "wherefore." The discovery of a new truth was to him another evidence of its infinity.

Never satisfied until he saw the reason of things, he held on with a tenacious grip to whatever subject he might have under discussion.

He was an omnivorous reader, so that with his retentive memory he was a fund of information. His extended reading took in our best English authors. More than once have I been put to my wit's end as he discussed subjects, fundamental in their bearing, of which I knew little or nothing.

In all political science Henry became an authority in the Palmer home. He was familiar with every branch of our republican form of government. He particularly delighted in history, both ancient and modern, and in his occasional writings one can easily trace his wide historical research. This fact is seen in a little poem he wrote when hardly out of his teens, entitled "Where do the Palmers lodge?" I reproduce his verse with exceeding pleasure, inasmuch as it reveals so unmistakably his pride in and

love for his family name, as well as indicating his extended range of reading. The poem is as follows:—

“Where do the Palmers lodge?
Well mayest thou ask!
Albeit to answer were no easy task.

“Tho’ in these latter days no more
In pilgrim guise they roam;
In every land beneath the sun
The Palmers have their home.

“No more their weary feet are scorched
By Syria’s burning sands;
No more the palm-tree’s faded branch
Waves in their feeble hands.

“No more on their defenseless heads
The Moslem’s curses fall;
And in his prison cells, no more
They wait death’s lingering call.

“But when in Europe’s castle halls
Was heard their mournful tale,
Her valiant knights at once arose
And donned their coat of mail.

“Alike the peasant, as the prince,
Has drawn his trusty blade;
And forth has gone right merrily
To join the bold crusade.

“Ah! who in that soul-stirring hour
Gave heed to loved one’s pain?
They thought each sacrifice below
In heaven should bring them gain.

“Fair maiden’s sigh nor wife’s fond tears
Could stay their hastening feet;

One last embrace, and then they part,
Crying, ' Revenge is sweet ! '

"The scene has changed : on Judah's shore
The Christian warriors ride,
And Islam's host in vain has fought
To save the Crescent's pride;

"For o'er Jerusalem at last
The red cross proudly waved,
And from the unbeliever's touch
The Holy Tomb was saved.

"The Palmers now in safety came
Seeking that holy shrine ;
To worship where once stood the cross,
Symbol of grace divine.

"The days of chivalry are o'er,
Its glories long have fled;
And those who fought by Jordan's strand
Are numbered with the dead.

"The years roll on, old manners change,
Old customs pass away;
Upon the shores of Palestine
No more the Palmers stray.

"Yet round their name a halo bright
Still glows, undimmed by time;
And we who bear it should uphold
Its fame in every clime."

Henry Palmer, in the above poem, expressed in a sweet way his love and affection for the Palmer name, and the tribute he thus pays the Palmers will ever remain a peculiar source of satisfaction and pride, not only to his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. T. Alfred Palmer, and

to his brother and sister, but to every member of the Candia Palmer family as well.

Never seeing a well day, yet Henry Palmer made each day an introduction to a newer and larger world, and to truths the solving of which was his constant study.

Possessed of a pronounced individuality, he was ever himself. He never in the slightest way represented himself other than he was, and he had the supremest contempt for that man whose sole aim was to be "all things unto all men." The political trickster invariably called forth from him his bitterest anathemas, and never would he forgive the arrant cheat either in morals or religion. His sense of honor was so true and vital that any departure from it was not readily forgiven.

I write thus positively of Henry Palmer's distinguishing characteristics, because I knew him so intimately and well. An invalid as he was during all his short life, his circle of acquaintances was necessarily limited, so that he was not as widely known as he otherwise would have been. But we in the home and those in the home neighborhood well appreciated the fact that Henry Palmer, in spite of his frail, sickly body, had a mind and a soul full of bounding life, and all astir with those ceaseless intellectual activities which not only sustain mental life, but which beget it.

Physiologically a martyr to every known law of health, yet his quick, intense mind overcame all physical disabilities and so reveled in the world of books.

Henry Palmer had a sensitive appreciation of all the world about him. No one took in more eagerly than he that far western view had from his home. He loved the valley and the mountains and always welcomed the coming of bud and flower. The following sweet verse he wrote of

the Mayflower attests his love of the floral world. In this wise he sang:—

“Sweet flower! the fairest gift of spring;
What joy thy tiny blossoms bring!
How many hopes oft turned to flee,
Come back once more at sight of thee!

“When warmer suns and April showers
The earth’s bare bosom clothe with flowers,
Thou art the first, the daintiest gem,
In Nature’s fragrant diadem.

“And e’en the roses blooming pale
In far-famed Cashmere’s lonely vale,
For perfume must resign the prize
To thee, beneath our Northern skies.

“Then bloom thou forth, as round the sun
Each year the changing seasons run;
Bloom forth, and be to us a sign,
Of leaf and fruit on tree and vine.”

Henry Palmer in the above verse had caught the inspiration of the delicately beautiful, so it was that he sang in sweetest measure. His song to the Mayflower is fragrant with the new-born life of the flowers. Dying at the early age of twenty-six years, yet he lived a lifetime, as measured by every law of intellectual growth.

True to all that was best, his memory has become a rich inheritance to those who knew him most intimately.

Henry Palmer met life bravely and he met death just as bravely. I hope he is looking on as I render him this affectionate tribute. Who shall say he is not? Singing here for a brief while, but “up there” singing forevermore.

XLIII

I QUESTION if there is a town in near neighborhood to Candia which has sent out into the various departments of business and professional life a greater number of men and women than has she.

Many of those I have already given individual mention. At this writing I am to group some of those with whom I have not been able to keep so closely in touch. In referring to the Rev. Moses Patten, of Hooksett, in a previous letter, I should have made conspicuous mention of his published work on "Infant Baptism." It does n't matter whether one believes or does not believe that infant baptism is a rite enjoined by divine appointment ; he who reads Mr. Patten's book on the subject must necessarily admit that he discusses the question with the severest logic — and granting his premises, it will surely follow that he is correct in his conclusions, for Mr. Patten is in no wise at fault in his argument. I have recently read the book with a good deal of interest, and have been impressed with the labor that must have been given it. The many scriptural references made and the eminent authorities quoted show that Mr. Patten must have devoted the best years of his life to the discussion of "Infant Baptism." His studious and scholarly investigation of his subject has received words of the most positive commendation from the late Prof. Edwards A. Park, Andover, Mass., and from G. Frederick Wright, President Cyrus Hamlin,

Drs. Joshua W. Wellman, Daniel L. Furber, Henry J. Patrick, Nathan F. Carter, and many others who are authority in the theological world. While I have neither the time nor space to review, even in a small way, Mr. Patten's interesting and instructive work on a subject that has many a time gotten Christians almost literally by the ears, still I gladly make room to emphasize what I have already said, that it has afforded me a peculiar pleasure to read Mr. Patten's exposition on "Infant Baptism." Candia must be especially interested in this book.

Mr. Patten has had a busy and useful life. Not only ambitious to obtain a liberal education for himself, but equally ambitious that his sister, Mrs. Pressey, of Winchester, Mass., and that his brother, the late Daniel Dana Patten, should secure like educational advantages, he proved himself an essential aid and encouragement to them in their early school life.

Then there is the late Rev. James P. Lane, son of the late Dr. Isaiah Lane, who had a successful ministry in several localities in Massachusetts. Mr. Lane, as I wrote in chapter XII, was a pupil with me in the high school under the instruction of Mr. Farrar. I remember that at the close of Mr. Farrar's term of school, James P. Lane and I had a joint discussion on the following question: Be it resolved, "That the influence of woman in the home is greater than that of the clergyman in the pulpit." The only thing that I remember of the subject assigned us is, that I put in my best word for woman, which I was delighted to do then, and no less delighted to do now, after all these years.

Mr. Lane graduated at Amherst College and at the

theological seminary in Andover, Mass., in both of which institutions he made an excellent record.

Another Candia clergyman who is well up in his profession is the Rev. Stephen Emerson, son of the late Rev. John D. Emerson. Mr. Emerson now occupies a prominent pulpit in one of the larger cities in California. Mr. Emerson is a graduate of Dartmouth College and is distinguished as a speaker. Of the medical profession, there is Dr. J. Wilson Robie, of New York City. Dr. Robie graduated at the New York Medical School, and at once began the practice of medicine in the great city. Dr. Robie became a good deal skilled in surgery.

One of the most agreeable and amiable of young men as I remember him, was the late Dr. Frank Fitts, son of the late Joseph Fitts. Frank was a pupil of mine in the high school, and I recall him now as vividly as though it were but yesterday, as that prince of good fellows whom everybody loved. His face was always radiant with good nature. He studied his profession with the late Dr. Page and graduated at the medical department of Dartmouth College. In Frankestown, where he died, he met with eminent success.

Dr. Francis P. Emerson, the eldest son of the Hon. Moses F. Emerson, graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. Dr. Emerson has a large practice and a pleasant home in Boston. And then there is his brother, Dr. William Robie Patten Emerson, a graduate of Dartmouth, who is one of the instructors in the medical school at Harvard University, which fact alone would distinguish him in his professional life.

Dr. George H. French, son of Henry French, whose home is near Candia Depot, is one of the promising young physicians in Boston.

Dr. James F. Brown, with the Candia mark upon him, I remember as a boy when he had his home with the late John Brown, on what was at that time known as the Langford road. Dr. Brown is recognized in New Hampshire as one of the leading physicians of the state. In Manchester, where he has resided for many years, he has an extended practice. Dr. Brown at present is traveling in Europe. Another boy whose home was on the Langford road, is Dr. John H. Dearborn, son of the late John C. Dearborn. The doctor's home is in Salem, Mass., where he practices his profession. He is a man, I learn, who is familiar with all that is latest and best in the world of medicine.

The late Dr. Frank D. Beane of New York City, a nephew of Cotton W. Beane, was a native of Candia and lived when a boy in the house at the foot of the hill leading up to the Langford road, going Raymond way. I met with Dr. Beane but once during his life, and this chance meeting was under circumstances so peculiar that I must tell of them.

It was somewhere in the later seventies of the 1800 reckoning, that I was making my way just at the dusk of evening from Passaic, N. J. to New York. The train on which I was a passenger ran into some object when midway on the open bridge over the Passaic River, which gave my car a pronounced jar. The train came to a standstill, when all on board became wild with excitement, exclaiming, "The bridge is going down!" After a few minutes' delay, however, the train started on its way to New York, with the dead body of the unfortunate flagman, who had been killed by a misstep, throwing him in front of the engine. On board of the ferryboat taking us over to the

New York side, I fell in with a doctor who had been a passenger on the same train with myself and he had examined the dead body of the poor flagman. After some little conversation concerning the deadly accident, our talk took an inquiring turn, as each of us seemed a bit curious to learn who the other might be. Upon asking my new-made acquaintance of his native state, he replied, "I was born in New Hampshire." "That is my state, too," I replied. Naturally enough, I then asked him from what county he hailed, when he said: "Rockingham County." And when finally he replied to my third and last inquiry, that "Candia is my native town," we lost no time in giving each other a home greeting. This is how I happened to meet Dr. Frank D. Beane. I found him an exceedingly pleasant gentleman, and I subsequently learned from those who well knew him that he promised much in his chosen profession.

After several experiences of this kind in meeting people from the home town, more or less remote from the paternal roof, I have become convinced that one must travel far and wide to get out of sight and hearing of Candia.

When I first went to the northern part of Iowa in 1867, a hundred miles west of the Mississippi River, nearly the first man I met in making my way from the railway station to the house which was to be my home, was a Candia man. Neither of us had seen the other for years, nor did we know of each other's whereabouts. The man to whom I refer was a Mr. Buswell, son of the late Deacon Buswell. Subsequently, as a wandering schoolmaster, I went to the southern part of Iowa, where I made my home for some years, and there I found a Candia man keeping one of the best hotels in the city of Ottumwa,

the Hon. Rinaldo L. Tilton, of whom I shall have something to say in a future chapter. Go where you will, you will be likely to find some Candia man there ahead of you.

The truth, is, Candia usually "gets there" and she "gets there" early.

Of all the clergymen and doctors who have gone out from Candia, I'll venture there is not one of them who has not been willing to take "his own medicine." And herein is to be found their success. They have underlined their work by their own individuality. The Candia minister must have taken substantially for his head-line that inscription over the door of the library of Thebes, "Medicine for the soul," while the Candia doctor has given an affirmative answer to the query "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"

XLIV

SOME years ago I had the pleasure of listening to a sermon preached in the Church on the Hill by the Rev. Henry S. Kimball, a Candia boy, but now of Troy, N. H. In the evening of the Sunday on which I heard Mr. Kimball, he conducted an interesting service in the vestry of the church.

I was so entirely pleased with the subject matter discussed by Mr. Kimball, and with his happy manner of putting things, that I inquired all about the curly-headed boy I had known so many years previous to the sermon of which I write.

Henry S. Kimball was born in Candia, and there resided until six years of age, when he went to Derry. When twelve years old, he returned to Candia, where he remained two years, and then went to Manchester, where he found employment as a clerk in the store of the late Coffin Moore, formerly of Candia.

Mr. Kimball was a pupil in the public schools of Candia and Derry, and for a time was a student in Pinkerton Academy. Subsequently he pursued his studies at New Hampton, where he was under the instruction of the late Mrs. John D. Emerson, she who was Sarah Dudley.

Mr. Kimball's theological studies were had in the Methodist Biblical School at Concord (now the theological department of Boston University) and in the Biblical Institute at New Hampton.

It was Mr. Kimball's purpose to pursue a college course at Dartmouth, but his health would not permit.

I am inclined to the opinion that he was the gainer in giving the college the go-by and in its stead securing for himself that business education which in early life brought him face to face with men and women. That minister is necessarily the most successful who knows his man, and as I have learned, Mr. Kimball has that rarest of faculties in getting at those who sit under his instruction. He has come to know men by having met life at so many points. He has ever held himself in close connection with the world, so that his messages from the pulpit have been suited to the immediate wants of his people. In all his preaching he has never been known to shoot over the heads of his hearers; his aim has been straight for the pews.

Mr. Kimball has held pastorates in Sutton, Lakeport, and Rochester, N. H., and in Lynn, Boylston, and Hyannis, in Massachusetts, and in Killingly, Conn. At present he is pastor of the Congregational church in Troy, N. H. In two of his parishes there were such far-reaching revivals under his ministry that the historians of the two towns refer to them in heartiest terms of commendation.

At Boylston, Mass., the late John B. Gough and family were attendants upon Mr. Kimball's ministry. Mr. Kimball found in the great reformer and orator one of his most delightful and appreciative friends.

The Rev. Henry S. Kimball has never left a church in debt. He has had several under his charge, which were burdened with obligations, but he has so managed in every instance that the debt was paid and the mortgage burned.

In spite of the years, Mr. Kimball keeps himself in touch with the young people, so that he interests and holds them now as readily as he did in the earlier days of his preaching. The truth is, such a man as is Mr. Kimball, never grows old. He is bound to keep step with the world, so that nothing is likely to get ahead of him. Mr. Kimball "takes no man's dust," for he never fails to "keep up with the procession."

For several years Mr. Kimball had the care of the Little Wanderers' Home in Boston, and often went West to secure homes for those under his charge.

It is only a day or two ago that an Arlington woman said to me that she had the pleasantest remembrances of Mr. Kimball, he having shown her so many courtesies at one time, when visiting the Wanderers' Home.

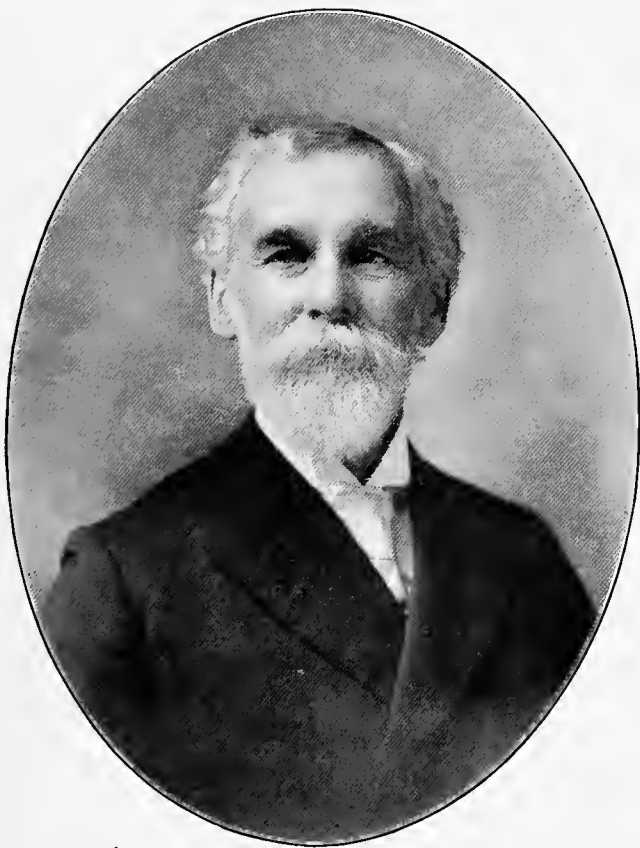
In May, 1901, Mr. Kimball gave the address on Decoration Day before the G. A. R. and citizens of Candia, an address of which I have heard Candia people speak in a most complimentary way.

At the installation of the Rev. Mr. Curtis in Candia in 1902, the Rev. Mr. Kimball was invited to deliver the address to the people.

During all these years, Mr. Kimball has been officially connected with the public schools, serving as superintendent and as a member on various school committees. He is now a member of the Troy School Board.

A busy life, one crammed full of work, is the life that Mr. Kimball has lived and is still living. The press in every locality where he has labored has been filled with laudatory paragraphs of his ministry and with his pronounced ability and taking way as a public speaker.

I reproduce the following that has been said of Mr.



REV. HENRY S. KIMBALL

Kimball in the public print, which will serve as a sample of the much that has been written of him.

Candia will be glad to read these words of cordial commendation of one of her boys.

STRAFFORD COUNTY

The Congregational church in Rochester has extended an unanimous call to the Rev. Henry S. Kimball, of Boylston, Mass., to become their pastor. Mr. Kimball has for several years past been known as one of the most earnest and active clergymen in central Massachusetts. He is a worker of skill and zeal, both in and out of the pulpit, has largely increased the number and strength of his present church, and has excellent standing as a writer and speaker, fully up to the topics of the time.

The "Carroll County Pioneer," in its report of the county Sunday-school convention recently held at Wakefield, said: "The Rev. H. S. Kimball kept us wide awake in the evening on the subject 'How to make home attractive.' Spicy, suggestive, soothing, yet searching, the effect of it was to make us all desire to carry out his ideas in an ideal, happy home. During the four and a half years' pastorate of the Rev. Henry S. Kimball at Boylston nearly fifty have joined the church on confession of faith, and the Sabbath school has almost doubled. His brethren in this state regret his departure to New Hampshire."

The Springvale "Advocate" says that "the Rev. H. S. Kimball, of Rochester, delivered a stirring lecture on the 'Evils of Intemperance,' at Springvale, Wednesday evening. A fierce snowstorm prevailed outside, yet the attendance was good. It was a rare treat, for the material was original and the speaker's manner peculiarly happy. He

held the closest attention of the audience. Excellent music was furnished by the Free Baptist choir. The meeting was under the auspices of the united temperance societies."

In addition to his professional life, Mr. Kimball has proven himself a valuable and leading citizen in every town where he has made a home, and he has never left a place for another field, where the people have not expressed many a regret in losing so worthy an instructor and so helpful a townsman. Mr. Kimball looks on the bright side of everything. He sees the best there is in men and women, and he meets them more than half way. He invariably gives more than half the road, so he never crowds one to the wall. Much of Mr. Kimball's success has come from his abounding, genial nature, coupled with his untiring zeal in every good work. He never leaves anything undone in promoting the best interests of the individual and the community. He has kept himself at the front through his ceaseless activity. He does n't wait for an opportunity to do something, but he creates the opportunity, and then goes ahead and does the work.

In all his church labors he is a leader, asking no one to go where he is not willing first to go himself.

Mr. Kimball is an earnest and eloquent advocate in all reform movements. He has given some of his most earnest and effective pleadings in the cause of temperance. As a speaker he has a vein of humor that he uses in a telling way. But I cannot tell all that has now become part and parcel of the public life of the Rev. Henry S. Kimball. It must suffice to say that he has had no spare moments in his unusually busy life, and he is still hard at work with no thought of letting go his grip on this matter-of-fact world.

The people of Candia, I am sure, will be especially

pleased to learn of the delightful home life of Mr. Kimball. Mrs. Kimball is a constant encouragement to Mr. Kimball in all his private and public life, and their three charming daughters give sweet emphasis to that life.

One of the daughters is with her husband in Porto Rico, another is the wife of the principal of the high school in Palmer, Mass., while the third daughter is a teacher, and a lecturer of some note.

In a recent letter received from Mr. Kimball he writes: "I have a great love for any object or person having the Candia stamp. I love the Candia roads, her stone walls, her ledges, her hills, her varied landscape views, her school-houses, her churches, and especially her men and women, whose lives have been an inspiration to me from my very childhood."

Mr. Kimball is abundantly worthy of his native town, and as such she recognizes that he has brought honor and a good name to his home town. The Rev. Henry S. Kimball "has won his spurs."

It affords me a peculiar pleasure to give place to the following good word given the "story-teller" by the Hon. Luther W. Emerson of New York City — or rather by "Lute," the boy who lived almost next door to me in district No. 4 in Candia.

And then he has written in such an easy, elegant way, that I am fully persuaded he should have made himself the author of these reminiscences instead of Wilson Palmer. I publish his communication without the least apology, for I simply delight in having one speak well of me. "A good name," you know, "is rather to be chosen than great riches."

THE STORY OF THE STORY-TELLER

Every one of the forty-four chapters of Wilson Palmer's "Candia Reminiscences" I have read with ever-increasing pleasure, and now that he has given us the last of the series my regrets are many and I feel a loss and loneliness without them as I used to feel the "day after school." But I am glad to learn that these chapters will soon reappear with many additions, in the more enduring form of a book, which will be of great value in preserving the personal biography of many of the fathers and mothers, boys and girls, which will be the very best history of the old town itself. I feel under many personal obligations to Wilson Palmer for the charm and pleasure he has given me in these reminiscences. Like the "Wizard of the North" he has brought me face to face with the old friends, and I have communed with many a loved one as of old. I have basked in their smiles — heard again their ringing laughter. I have walked with them along familiar paths — once more sat by the old fireside — drunk in the beauty of the matchless landscape — heard again the songs of the birds and the ripple of the brooks, as in my boyhood days. This story of the olden time has been told so vividly and happily by Mr. Palmer that I have asked who will tell us the story of this magic Story-Teller, and who will paint the portrait of this painter? As no one of the brilliant men and women about whom Mr. Palmer has so charmingly written — and many of whom are still living — has appeared to undertake that pleasurable task, therefore the writer will give to the reader of these reminiscences a brief story of their author, not, however, without many misgivings as to his ability to properly and justly paint this picture.

It must needs be that Wilson Palmer was born in that famous "district No. 4" about which he has so often written, until another writer has called him to task and reminded him that there were other districts of the town. I assume that they would be described as "and there were other districts also." Remember, dear reader, that during some of the years Mr. Palmer writes, this little country district, consisting of only fourteen families, reared and sent to college and graduated eight young men. I will call the roll. Two Emersons, one Patten, three Palmers, and two Frenches, and in later years it reared and graduated the famous poet, Sam Walter Foss, and three more Emersons. Twelve college graduates! Tell me why Palmer should not feel justly proud, and why he should not exultantly exclaim, "Let the world break that record if it can!"

There was the little red schoolhouse that none of us can ever forget — our first university. The writer recalls with great clearness that "parsing class" in Milton or Shakespeare, unknown in our schools of to-day, consisting of some half dozen of the brightest members of the school. This class recited in the afternoon, and its recitation was the 'star' performance of the day. I remember the interest we younger pupils took in that recitation because of the debates that were sure to arise on the all-important questions whether a particular word was a preposition or conjunction, an adverb or an adjective; whether this sentence was in the active or passive voice. Citations from grammar and dictionary were numerous, and discussion ran high with the keenest enthusiasm. Still the best of good spirits always prevailed. Now the "star actor" on these occasions was Wilson Palmer. I have recalled this scene for the purpose of giving the best insight to the

mental characteristics of Wilson Palmer within my knowledge, and showing in very truth that the boy is father to the man. Palmer dearly loved discussion; he sought the reason of things — delighted in the clash of ideas, in the triumph of the ready wit; he was a controversialist. It followed naturally that he was one of the ablest debaters and speakers in the “lyceum on the hill,” and afterwards was without a peer in school, academy, and college. Like all the farmers’ boys of old Candia, he was thrown early upon his own resources. He was not ashamed to work, and work hard, to help father and mother “make the ends meet.” It was the case, as with others, of hard work, scanty living, and high thinking. There was little delay with the three Palmer brothers, Albert, Wilson, and Alanson, in forming a determination to get an education, and that the highest and best of their time, and that, too, at any cost of sacrifice and toil. Wilson attended the high school in the town, then went to Atkinson and Pembroke Academies, teaching school winters until prepared to enter Dartmouth College, together with his brother Alanson in the fall of 1856, graduating in the class of 1860. You ask me his rank in scholarship? I do not know, and he did not care, satisfied with the rating of his classmates, which is the most accurate and impartial in life, and which was, in this case, that he was one of the ablest all-round men of his class, and one of the readiest wits in the college of his time. Palmer had only one peer in wit and repartee, and strange to relate, that peer was born within a hundred yards of Palmer’s birthplace. “Bill” Patten, as we all loved to call him, — a veritable prince of good fellows, as brilliant of mind as he was generous of heart, — and “Wils” Palmer were the twin wits and jokers of their time

in college, and their fame descended to college students and professors long after college halls had ceased to echo with their hearty laughter. It was "Bill" who played this practical joke on "Wils." They two, with another classmate, called on three young lady friends residing in a near-by town. One of the young ladies was unfortunately deaf and dumb. "Bill" and the other student, with fell design, invited the two young ladies to a walk or drive, leaving "Wils" to entertain the unfortunate girl for two mortal hours by pantomime. It is fair to say that Palmer claimed that Patten or the "other fellow" was the victim; however, the joke was taken in the best of good humor.

What is sadder than the college graduate with his "sheepskin" fresh in hand, all uncertain where to go and what to do next? But the exchequer must be replenished, so Palmer went immediately after graduation to teaching at Arlington, Massachusetts, and subsequently became principal of the high school at Winchester, Mass., and for a time was a member of its board of education.

Not wholly satisfied with that profession as a life work, he resolved to become a lawyer, and to that end entered the law office of Hon. David Cross of Manchester, N. H., and completed his legal education with one year at the Albany Law School, graduating in the class of 1864. Now he was given the privilege to struggle to practice for and on his clients, and quite as often the client to practice on him. Perhaps no time in life is more critical or pathetic to the aspiring young lawyer than to sit in a silent and dingy office waiting for the client who never "turns up." Palmer was four years distant from his college graduation during

that period, and while poring over Blackstone and Kent, dusty statutes and codes, Cupid had been no less busy, singing his sweetest melodies between the lines,—in plain prose, Palmer was “in love.” The question whether a professional man should marry before or after he has gained a position and a competence in his profession must remain unanswered as a general proposition, and must be left to the individual to decide. Palmer had won the heart and now the hand of Hattie A. Currier, daughter of the Hon. David Currier, of Derry, N. H., and in the fall of 1864 was married. As he has written of some others, it certainly was most applicable to him, this winning was one of the greatest achievements of his life. Hattie Currier was a brilliant girl, charming of manner, sparkling with wit, of marked intelligence and of superior accomplishments. It was the writer’s happy fortune to often visit her at her home in Oyster Bay and to be a guest at her hospitable and generous board. Now Palmer had no sooner joined the ranks of the benedicts than he was compelled to resolve himself into a committee of one on ways and means. He could not wait for the elusive client, so it was good-by forever, as it afterwards proved, to the practice of the law. Soon thereafter we find him in Independence, Ia., systematizing and grading her public schools, and he was superintendent of them for five years, and during that period was doing much institute work throughout the state. He lectured and spoke on educational matters in more than thirty counties of that great state, so that in the year 1871, Palmer’s friends made him a candidate in the state convention for state superintendent of public instruction, but he was defeated by a very narrow margin and by a colonel who had won his spurs in

the Civil War. After one year as superintendent of schools in Sycamore, Ill., he returned in 1873 to Iowa, and was for three years superintendent of schools at Ottumwa. Towards the close of this term it was reported that Mrs. Palmer desired to return East to be nearer her friends and home, but knowing Palmer's intense love for his native town, it is easy to believe that he more than seconded the proposition. However that may have been, we find him located in 1878 at Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y., where he was connected with her schools for seven years following. Wilson Palmer, like his brothers Albert and Alanson, and his sister, Mrs. Dolber, was an expert teacher, having great aptitude in inspiring his pupils with his own nervous enthusiasm to think and to work for themselves. Still, during all these years, Palmer was dissatisfied with his calling and his achievements. He longed for a broader field of action. So we do not wonder that in 1885 he assisted in establishing the "Oyster Bay Pilot," becoming its first editor, and continuing in that capacity for seven years. At last, the round block reaches and fits the round hole, or the square block the square hole. After a half lifetime, Palmer finds his proper place, his sphere, his congenial calling — the profession he should have entered the day after he left Dartmouth.

Again the old "Parsing Class" is revived and continued on broader lines in the columns of a newspaper. Palmer at once made the "Oyster Bay Pilot" a power for educational and all uplifting influences in the community and the state. Subsequently he joined the "Jamaica Standard" at Jamaica, Long Island, and while with this paper he was elected the first secretary of the Queens County board of education of Greater New York, but the position

was too attractive, and the emoluments too great for the greedy eyes of Boss Croker, and Palmer was removed to give place to the ward henchmen. Palmer's friends have always believed he made a mistake in leaving Oyster Bay, especially since Oyster Bay has become the summer capital of the nation ; besides Palmer had formed friendships with, and won the confidence of, the most influential citizens of New York, like the Townsends, the Beekmans, the Youngs, the Ludlams, and Theodore Roosevelt. As a journalist Palmer has achieved success in a preëminent degree, along two lines of literary work ; first, as a reviewer and critic of current literature, which in one instance brought a distinguished authoress to his editorial rooms to personally thank him for the comprehensive and accurate review he had made and published of her latest novel. The other line is that of character sketching, or biography.

So, dear reader, Wilson Palmer has not written these reminiscences as an amateur, but as an experienced and highly trained expert of the literary art.

No one trait in Palmer's character or career is more admirable than his intense love of his old home at Candia and everybody and everything belonging to his native town.

No Moslem ever turned his face to the sacred city with greater love and worship than Wilson Palmer to the old town and to the old home.

XLV

I HAVE in mind this morning "Old Uncle John Dolber," as every one called him in my part of the town.

Old Uncle John was one of the most pronounced of characters, with an individuality that was all his own. He formed his own opinions of men and things, and then stuck to them. He was a sort of General Jackson in his way. He thought for himself, and he dared say what he thought, — a diamond in the rough it may be, but nevertheless a diamond; a man who worked on his sterile, rocky acres with a heroism that would have made him a major-general at the head of armies. I remember meeting him one morning in the later autumn time, when he said to me, "Wilson, Walt and I have built this fall an ungodly sight of stone wall." "Walt" was his son. Uncle John was possessed of a vein of humor that was both taking and catching. It was at a husking in his barn, years ago, when stories were told to enliven the evening, that he related the following. He said, in his quaint way, how it was told that in a certain locality the village graveyard was being constantly robbed of its dead; so frequently were the graves disturbed that two of the young men of the village were set to watch the graveyard. The night was dark and gloomy, so the two young men easily secreted themselves from the sight of whomsoever the robbers of the dead might be. Soon there came two men with spade and shovel and at once began their nefarious work.

When they had removed the coffin and placed it on the bier, one of the young men, all unobserved, laid himself upon the coffin under the white sheet. Almost immediately, after starting to make their exit with the corpse, one of the men said to the other, "How d——d heavy this body is!" Whereupon the living voice under the sheet exclaimed, "Well, you dastardly robbers, if I am too heavy to be carried, I can walk!" From that date on, there was no more robbing the graveyard in that neighborhood. Old Uncle John Dolber could tell a story for all there was in it. How well I remember him, with that green jacket he always wore during the cooler months! A man of excellent judgment, with a generous heart, he was an essential factor in the earlier life of the town.

Then there was his wife, who was no less quaint and positive a character than was her husband. She had a keen appreciation of the humorous. A woman of generous impulses, she was never wanting in any good word and work.

As I remember that older generation of men and women, I am impressed with the fact that they were especially true to their individual selves. They copied no one, but lived the personal individual lives that God intended they should live.

Then there was Henry Eaton, father of the late Henry M. Eaton, a man inflexible in all his belief. I can see him now, as I used to see him when a boy, with his hair brushed back over his head to cover up, I suspect, a bald spot, looking much as the pictures represent General Jackson.

With Henry Eaton there was "no variableness or shadow of turning." The father of ten children, he proved himself true to himself and to the state; he was one of the leading men in Candia.

And John Lane, Esquire, — who of my age does not remember him! He made a striking and commanding figure in his double-breasted coat, well buttoned to the chin — and how straight he was in form! Many and many a time have I looked upon him with boyish admiration as he stood so erect in his pew at prayer time on a Sunday. 'Squire Lane was among the foremost men of Candia. He was frequently consulted in a variety of ways. A good deal of a lawyer, he settled many a dispute. Both in his religion and in his politics he was absolutely unyielding. He was a born whig, and nothing could swerve him from his political faith.

Never shall I forget those heated political discussions he and my father would occasionally have on the road as they met in passing along the highway, — the one a whig at white heat, and the other a democrat all over and all through; necessarily their discussions were war to the hilt. How tired we boys would frequently get at those prolonged talks! so tired and impatient, that we would petulantly exclaim, "Do let us start up, father, and go home."

John Lane would have made a good showing in Congress. He had lots of common sense, and he was otherwise intellectually great. He would have been a marked man even in these later days.

Another of those reliable old Candia men of an earlier day was the late John Fitts, father of J. Lane Fitts. In church I sat two or three seats in the rear of Mr. Fitts's pew. During prayer time of a Sunday he always stood with his back to the minister, so that his position always brought him face to face with me. I vividly remember how his countenance during those Sunday prayers took on the most solemn form of worship. Mr. Fitts was a

sincerely religious man and seldom missed his church attendance. He and Mrs. Fitts stamped their lives in an indelible way upon the lives of their children. Then there was John Fitts's brother, Joshua, who had the Bible at his tongue's end. Always good-natured and smiling, Joshua Fitts was sure to hurl at you some scriptural verse, even before your good-morning greeting with him was well over. The Bible in those days was not only read, but chapter after chapter of the sacred book was committed to memory. In the Sunday-school it was the only textbook. The children learned their lesson directly from it, and not from its collaterals. In all Bible teaching this generation has lost ground.

Another man comes to me this morning with all his pleasant and unique peculiarities. I have reference to the late Jonathan Emerson. Mr. Emerson ("Jock" was his nickname) was a regular attendant at the Church on the Hill, although he had to walk four miles good and strong to get there, if he followed the road. By cutting across lots he could somewhat shorten the distance. But Jonathan Emerson, in spite of the walk, was always in his pew on a Sunday, rain or shine, hot or cold. On each Lord's Day one looking down the road from my old home could see him coming along the highway a little before ten o'clock in the morning, his head and shoulders bobbing up and down in a way peculiarly their own, for be it known that Jonathan Emerson, instead of walking like most men with a swing from side to side, attained his greatest speed by a series of perpendicular ups and downs, so one could not easily mistake his peculiar walk.

It was on a winter day, forty or more years ago, that I was going down State Street in Boston, when I saw in the

distance a man approaching me with that up and down movement, when I at once said to myself, That man must be Jonathan Emerson of Candia, for no other man in all the wide world walks as he does; and sure enough, it was Jonathan Emerson.

It was always my delight to hear Mr. Emerson pray in the weekly neighborhood prayer-meeting. Although one could seldom understand a word of his prayer, — his voice in a low, racing way running his words together, — still there was something especially lulling and soothing in his fervent prayers. Jonathan Emerson was of a decided, nervous, impulsive temperament. He would at times get unduly excited and impatient when things did n't go to his liking. It was at a time when he was getting hay from the boggy meadows up by the beaver dam, when the driver got stuck in the humps and hollows of the meadow with his load of hay, and there for a time he seemed likely to stay for the night. Mr. Emerson, at the ill luck and delay, became nearly upset with an intolerable impatience, when at last, throwing his hat to the ground, he exclaimed, "Rum is the cause of it all. Give me hereafter a temperance man to help me with my haying."

It was on a Sunday morning, way back in the long ago, at the time when those sharp, standing collars were so generally worn by the men, that Mr. Emerson made his appearance at church with his standing collar put on wrong-end-foremost, the points of the collar standing out in bold relief from the back of his head. But all the same Mr. Emerson unquestionably worshiped that morning "in spirit and in truth." Jonathan Emerson, with all his peculiarities, was an excellent neighbor, and a good man and just. It is a pleasure to write of him.

XLVI

IN taking my cold plunge this morning, that great big scar on my left arm, caused by the late Dr. Page's sharp lance, fastened itself on my sight in a reminiscent way, for it brought the good, genial doctor pleasantly to mind. Those "Job's comforters," which so frequently tormented me in my youth, were my first introduction to Dr. Page; and what a whole-souled, sympathetic man he was! I felt sure at the time he pulled out that ugly tooth for Add Mead, of which I have already written, that the doctor suffered more than Add did, and I feel quite as sure that he never went at me with lance in hand, when he would not have exchanged places with me if he could. Everybody in Candia knew that Dr. Page was one of the most humane of men. He was a man greatly beloved by every one in Candia.

Then, there was Dr. Eastman, who used to drive, when on his way to his patients, as though they were all at the point of death. The doctor was one of those bright, nervous men, who are always on the move.

Dr. Isaiah Lane was the first physician in Candia whom I well remember. I shall never forget his little gig, just big enough for one, and that little medicine chest, ornamented with brass-headed nails. Dr. Lane, as did all the medical world in that day, believed in the blister and the lance, and in that small white powder, to be given every two hours, if the patient did n't sleep. Since those earlier

times, Candia has had a long list of doctors, who put in their appearance after my time.

With all due respect to the doctors, all intelligent men and women now sing with the poet Dryden : —

“ Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than for the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend ;
God never made his work for man to mend.”

To continue my story of the business men who have gone out from Candia, I mention first of all Joseph P. Dudley of Buffalo, New York. “ Joe ” Dudley is his familiar Candia name. Everybody in town knew Joe, for he was a wide-awake boy, and always up to something. From his earliest youth he had his eye on business. I can see him now, as I used to see him in the early fifties of the century gone by, on the very tip-top of a big load of shoes, making his way to Haverhill, Mass., for his father, the late Deacon Samuel Dudley. Candia, however, was not large enough to satisfy Joe’s business ability, so, as a young man, he set out for Buffalo, New York, in 1858, and embarked in the foundry business, continuing the same for three years. He then formed a partnership with J. D. Dudley and M. T. Dudley, the firm being Dudley & Co., and the business that of oil refining. The entire management was under the direction of Joseph P. Dudley, and the firm was very successful. In 1882 the oil business of Dudley & Co. was merged with that of the great Standard Oil Company of New York, the Buffalo business being known as the Star Oil Branch ; and since that time, Mr. Dudley has been the general manager of the Standard Oil Company’s vast interests in Buffalo and western New York. Probably no man among the many able managers

XLVI

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who direct the affairs of the greatest corporation in this country stands higher than Joe Dudley. His successful management of a business yearly amounting to millions of dollars makes him a conspicuous figure in the business world. Joseph P. Dudley, perhaps I should say Major Dudley, for such he is, came into the world with his eyes wide open, and head foremost ; and he has kept his eyes wide open all this while, so he has not let the main chance slip by him. He has now many a dollar in his possession, and, what is most commendable of all, he makes a generous use of his money. No charity appeals to him in vain. Joe Dudley is one of the more prominent citizens of Buffalo ; and while this is true, he has never for a moment forgotten his native town, neither has Candia forgotten him. I had the pleasure of meeting him a few summers ago, when I found him, with all his successes and honors, the same Joe Dudley still.

The eldest son of the late Rev. John D. Emerson is now associated in business with Joseph P. Dudley, his uncle, and I have learned that he is another of the successful men who have gone out from Candia.

Nat Emerson, a brother of Drs. Francis P. and William Robie Patten Emerson, a recent graduate of Dartmouth, is a bright young business man in Boston. Nat is named for Colonel Nathaniel Emerson of Revolutionary fame, and has, I am informed, much of the Colonel's daring spirit of push and enterprise.

Another Candia boy who is making his count is Abraham P. Emerson, better known as "Abe." Abe has been for several years, and is now, the secretary of the Merrimac River Savings Bank, and he is recognized as an able financier. In Manchester, where he resides, he is



JOSEPH P. DUDLEY

highly regarded. He married a niece of the late ex-Governor Frederick Smyth and has a pleasant home in the Queen City. Abe often runs over to Candia during the summer months to sit under the grateful shade of the maples which his grandfather, the Hon. Abraham Emerson, planted, and to walk again about the old farm, where he was taught in a practical way his first lessons in downright hard work.

I do not mistake in writing down Orrin Kimball as a Candia boy, although he was born elsewhere. All his earlier boyhood was passed in Candia. For years his home was with the late Nathaniel Robie, and during the winter season he attended the school in district No. 4. As boys, he and I were much together, so that I came to know him well. We had our sports in common, and in many a boyish race did we test our fleetness of foot. Orrin could always outrun me, however much I may dislike to confess the fact. At the word "Go," with hat in hand, Orrin would take on a 2.40 gait and keep it until the finish.

I wonder if he remembers, way back in the years, how that he and my brother Alanson and myself, after having coasted on a brilliant moonlight winter evening down the Pine Hill, on our way home, when opposite where Benton Turner now resides, took a big bar from the fence, and lay it across the road, for the sleigh and its driver, which we heard by the jingle of the bells coming in the distance, to pass over!

As soon as the bar was laid, I'll venture he has not forgotten how we boys scampered for the orchard close by and secreted ourselves behind the trees. And then as the bar was crossed, and we recognized Deacon Patten's "Whoa, Billy," then we well knew that the deacon was

coming for us. But fortunately for us, "Billy" started up just as the deacon was about to get over the wall, so he was obliged to forsake his hunt and go for his horse. How guilty we boys felt! So conscience-smitten were we, that instead of following the road home, which would have taken us by the deacon's house, we walked field and pasture with the snow knee-deep, coming out by the little red schoolhouse, and then up home. "Thus," as Shakespeare puts it, "conscience does make cowards of us all." Well, Orrin, that was a thoughtless trick of us boys, to say the least; but then, we wouldn't have done it had we known that it was Deacon Francis Patten a-coming, for everybody not only respected the deacon but loved him.

Just think of it! We, all three of us, were pupils in the Sunday-school and had unquestionably sung over and over again, —

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

And yet, with that sweet song upon our lips, we tried to trip up the good deacon and his horse "Billy." But then, each one of us could put in the scriptural plea, "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." Orrin Kimball has long been recognized as one of the leading business men of Manchester. He has an attractive home in the city and a delightful summer residence alongside Lake Massabesic.

Orrin, though not a "Corinthian," as Shakespeare puts it, is what is better yet, a Candian, "a lad of mettle, a good boy."

XLVII

IN writing of those who have gone out from Candia to make their home in Manchester, it is not overstating the fact in declaring that the Queen City has been enriched thereby. Among the number there is the late Governor Frederick Smyth, whom I have incidentally mentioned in a previous letter.

Frederick Smyth as a lad had simply the advantages of the average Candia boy. He attended the district school on the North Road, and subsequently was a pupil at Andover, Mass. For several winters he taught a country school. At the age of 21 years he secured a clerkship in George Porter's store in Manchester. Filling this position for two or three years, he formed a partnership with Porter's brother.

I well remember when Governor Smyth was in trade, for it was at the time that Emily Lane taught school in district No. 4. I have it as one of my pleasantest memories how my father, when he went to the city, would frequently take along some of us boys with him, and never would he fail to drop into Porter's store for a chatty little talk with the then future governor of New Hampshire. Father always delighted to tell Mr. Smyth how everybody in his neighborhood loved Emily Lane, and what a beautiful and attractive young lady she was! And then you ought to have seen how the appreciative young man, Frederick Smyth, would dish out the raisins and candy to us boys!

In all my wanderings I have never seen so sweet and so charming a woman as was Emily Lane. With a face all radiant as the summer morning, and with a form so stately and so graceful, she looked and moved a queen. It is no wonder that we boys fell dead in love with her, and that we became ugly and jealous when we saw Frederick Smyth coming to the little red schoolhouse to see her. Emily Lane was not only beautiful in form and feature, but she was a woman of pronounced ability. She adorned all that high society life which came to her through the various official positions which her distinguished husband filled. More than this, for she entered into a real and active partnership with Governor Smyth in all his public life. At home and throughout all her far-reaching travels abroad, Mrs. Smyth was recognized as among the first in all that constitutes a brilliant and attractive womanhood. American and of the people though she was, yet she might have well graced any court of royalty. Frederick Smyth owed much of his success to his Candia wife.

Although I have referred to Mrs. Smyth in chapter VIII, I make no apology for this more emphatic word of a woman whose whole life threw a charm about those who came into her unaffected and captivating presence.

Governor Smyth was singularly fortunate in all his married life; for I have learned that the second Mrs. Smyth is a woman who has inherited from her Scotch ancestry all those sterling qualities which exalt her sex. Of the public life of Governor Smyth it is not my purpose to write in any large way. Candia already knows it by heart, and she takes a commendable pride in it. It is more to what I have in mind, that as a boy who had to

make his own way, Frederick Smyth early set out in earnest to do the very best that was in him. His success did not come from the fact that he had genius above others, but rather that he was willing to begin at the lower round of the ladder and climb with all his mind, might, and strength. His ideals were high, and they gave form and character to his work. Never quite satisfied with what he had done, he was always striving to do more and better. He never rested on his oars, neither did he ever make fast his boat to the shore. Governor Smyth kept moving, and herein is found the chief reason why he "got there." As a farmer's boy, as a clerk in the store, as the chief executive of a city, as a financier, as a legislator, as a governor, as a commissioner abroad, he did his best and made his score.

My regard and love for Governor Smyth are all the more pronounced that, with all the honors coming to him, he was nevertheless a Candia boy still. He loved the town of his birth, and often did he visit her. It is to his great credit that he purchased that more-than-a-hundred-year schoolhouse in district No. 8, where he received his first lessons in study. This generous act alone would tell of his great, deep love for the country school and for the country home.

Then his gift to the library in Candia, which has his name, will ever bear sweet testimony to his love for Candia. In many substantial ways did Governor Smyth remember his native town, and certain it is that she will never forget him.

Then there are Francis B. Eaton and his wife, both of whom Candia gave to Manchester. He is Deacon Eaton now, and has been for many years, and yet I'll venture

that he enjoys having his friends call him "Frank." Mr. Eaton, though not a graduate of the college, yet in every sense of the word is he liberally educated. With a literary taste, he has always been a student and a lover of books.

I distinctly and pleasantly remember that he gave a lecture more than fifty years ago before the Candia Lyceum, and vividly do I recall the ease and grace with which he delivered that address. Boy as I was, it cannot be expected that I would clearly remember the subject and discussion of his lecture. But I do remember the immaculate neatness of his shirt front, and that well-fitting collar, and that spotless white handkerchief which he so daintily manipulated during the little rest between his sentences. It is true now, and always has been, and always will be, that the boy and girl learn their first lessons in an objective way. The eye is the first on the list of schoolmasters. The lecture that he gave was unquestionably an excellent one, for Deacon Eaton, at that early age, was well up in the literary world, and a good deal conversant with the best English.

Candia is familiar with the public life of Francis B. Eaton, so I need not delay by repeating that which has already been written of him.

It would, however, be inexcusably forgetful in me were I not to make prominent the fact that Mr. Eaton is the first Candia man to put in printed form the story of Charmingfare. It is a pleasant and grateful contribution to the town he holds in fond remembrance. His wife, who was Lucretia Lane, a sister of the late Mrs. Governor Smyth, is a woman, I should judge, who has taken life in a quiet, philosophical way, getting the best and the most out of it.



FREDERICK SMYTH

I am sure there is no one in Candia who does not cordially remember George Emerson, now a resident of Manchester. George was always a genial man — and that is just what he is to-day. Everybody likes him. Indeed, no one could well help liking him. A man brimful of common sense, George always knows what he is talking about. He has that rare and fortunate quality of soul, mind, and body, of getting close to those with whom he meets. He attracts and draws to himself and never repels.

You, dear reader, know as well as I do that there are those whom to meet is to send a cold shiver down your spine. They somehow freeze your very blood, and stop for the moment its warm life-currents. You feel, when well rid of the presence of such as these, that you have run up against an iceberg. You are so benumbed all over that you fear that you may never again experience the sensation of that genial, emotional feeling that comes from a great, big, warm heart.

Well, George Emerson is not one of these. He imparts warmth and life and good cheer. I remember way back in my academic days I would frequently say to George in a jocose way, and yet a good deal in earnest, "Why don't you get married?" adding, "I am sure there is many a girl who would delight to set her cap for you, if she thought the chances were in her favor of catching you;" and then, to give emphasis to my advisory saying, I further added, "I know a most estimable young lady in Atkinson, where I am attending school, whom you could have, I well know, through the gentle and winning approaches you would naturally make." But George did n't take my advice, but did what was better, for he married one of Candia's most worthy and most amiable daughters.

George Emerson was and is greatly respected and beloved by his native town, and when he left her to make his home in Manchester, Candia suffered a decided loss. But then what Candia has lost by so many of her townspeople going to the city to live, Manchester has gained, so that the equality of ratios in the general census-taking is preserved. Nothing, be it remembered, in this great world of ours can be lost. We may indeed change places, but we still enter as factors all the same into the final count. * *

XLVIII

ANOTHER Candia man who early in life went to Manchester to work out his future is John Taylor Moore, son of the late John Moore, Esq., and a brother of Henry W. Moore.

John T. Moore received his education in the district school at the village and at the academy in Gilmanton, and in the normal school at Merrimack. He studied law in the office of Judge Chandler E. Potter, and in that of the late United States Senator, Moses Norris.

His entire professional life has been had in Manchester, where for all these years he has had a large practice.

Mr. Moore is a man who has a clear conception of men and things. He does his own thinking without asking any one's permission. Mr. Moore is always an agreeable man to meet.

John D. Patterson, whose name has already been mentioned in these Reminiscences, though not a native of Candia, was nevertheless a Candia man, having resided there for many years during his earlier manhood. During all his maturer and later life he was engaged in business in Manchester. A man of pleasing address, and in possession of the most abounding good nature, he always manifested a delightful presence. He invariably had a pleasant word to say to everybody. I have often wondered if his genial nature ever became disturbed.

I met him at his home during his last illness, and found

him the same agreeable man as he was when in his usual health. I now recall with exceeding pleasure the cordial welcome Mr. and Mrs. Patterson gave me to their home. At the time of my call, Mr. Patterson was not confined to his room, so he insisted on taking me to a drive, through what he called the newer part of Manchester. We went up past where formerly was the "Old Rye Field," and past the more elegant residences in the city. As it was getting late in the afternoon, I was fearing that I might miss the 4.20 P. M. train to Candia. Mr. Patterson, seeing I was getting a bit nervous as to the time, said, "Now, Mr. Palmer, you keep quiet and possess your soul with patience, and if I do not get you to the train in season, I will drive you over to Candia." Never doubting, John D. Patterson looked on the bright side of everything. He carried the sunshine with him wherever he went, and dealt it out in generous quantities. Mrs. Patterson, she who was Hannah Eaton, is a most estimable woman with her home still in Manchester.

I think Candia may well claim as her son the Hon. Henry E. Burnham, now United States Senator from New Hampshire, for Mrs. Burnham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Patterson, is substantially a Candia girl. That Senator Burnham is a man of excellent judgment is seen in the fact that he married one of the most charming girls of Charmingfare, and as the husband and wife are one, and for the further reason that the wife is that one, hence it follows in a logical way, that Senator Burnham is a Candia man. Senator Burnham is a man of rare ability, and strictly honest in all his work. New Hampshire honored herself in sending the Hon. Henry E. Burnham to the United States Senate.

Philip A. Butler, who was born in Candia in the early thirties of the century just passed, is now the distinguished artist, known on both sides of the water. Mr. Butler has traveled Europe, making her picture galleries his objective point. He is a member of the Boston Art Club.

Mr. Butler is one of those delightful men who shoot the sunlight right across one's pathway. In conversation, he is ready and pleasing and always instructive. He takes especial pleasure in meeting a Candia man. Within the past few years, I have met Mr. Butler on several occasions, and have invariably found him to be the entertaining man that he is. I am indebted to him for a painting in oil, of the Colcord schoolhouse, where I first attempted to "teach the young idea how to shoot." This picture I have hanging in my study-room, and whenever I look at it, I seem to see visions and dream dreams of the half-century gone by.

Then there is Thomas Lang, born in Candia Village. When a boy, I thought that Mr. Lang must have been cut out for a minister, he was so proper and dignified in all that he said, and in all that he did. He was indeed a model young man, and as model a man in his maturer and later years. Mr. Lang has led a busy and successful life. A lover of books, his library, as one might suspect, is filled with the choicest reading. As an artist, he has given expression in pictorial form to much of sentiment and poetry. Mr. Lang has a pleasant home in Malden, Mass.

The late Rufus E. Patten ! Who in Candia does n't remember him ? It was always restful to meet Rufus E. Patten, for he was particularly interesting in conversation, and

never was he known to be in a hurry. In his farm work, he never hastened matters. He was seldom through with his haying until his neighbors had begun to dig their potatoes, and he usually began with his potatoes after the first little freeze. Mr. Patten took the world in a philosophical way. He recognized the fact that "the world was not made in a day," so he was willing to take his time. A fluent conversationalist, he would interest one by the hour, the listener, however much in haste he might have been, taking little note of time. Mr. Patten was rich in anecdote, and so he usually filled in his talk with many a story, and the story was always to the point.

I can see Mr. Patten now as I used to see him, driving along in his somewhat rickety wagon with a horse slow but sure, and can now hear his "Whoa" as he met some neighbor on the highway; for 'Squire Patten was ready every day in the week for a chat. His conversation usually drifted to politics. He was a democrat of the Jeffersonian stamp, and never was he more delightfully at home than when discussing town, state, and national democracy. When Candia had a democratic majority, Rufus E. Patten was uniformly the moderator at the annual town meetings; and a most elegant presiding officer did he make. His "Bring in your votes, gentlemen, for representative" became a mosaic if not a classic. And then the inviting and pleasing way in which he would say, "Is the Rev. Mr. Murdock in the house? If so, will he please come to the desk and offer prayer?" In those good old days, immediately after the choice of a moderator was made, prayer was offered. This custom, I think, still prevails in Candia.

In the several homes I have had since leaving Candia,

I have never heard a prayer in a town meeting. To get at things in the original, one only needs to get back into the New Hampshire towns.

Some have questioned if the time and occasion are fitting for a prayer, right at the beginning of a red-hot town meeting. But why not? The harder and hotter the fight is to be at the polls the more earnest and pleading should be the prayer. It was a happy thought on the part of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the United States Senate, that led him to request the members of that august body to join him in repeating the Lord's Prayer at the close of his morning invocation. But those dignified Senators would not repeat it, and all the worse for them. Their refusal to join the Rev. Dr. Hale reminded me of the man who when importuned by the revivalist to rise for prayers replied, "What, I rise for prayers! Why, I am an old member." If there is a spot in all God's world where one needs to pray, it is in the city of Washington, D. C., and the honorable Senate of the United States should join in the prayer before the "amen" is said. So in spite of everything that may be said to the contrary, I a good deal believe in the old-fashioned town-meeting prayer. I can now hear Mr. Murdock's "O Lord, may we this day make a wise selection in our choice of rulers, and may they rule in thy fear, and in thy love."

The prayer well over, then would Moderator Patten begin the business of the day with a clear understanding of his duties. Occasionally he would be obliged to call out, "Is Captain John Smith in the house?" for the purpose of softening the boisterous discussions so frequently carried on at fever heat in close neighborhood to the stove. Rufus E. Patten, however moderate he might have

been on his farm and on the highway, well understood how to put through a town meeting with commendable dispatch. He always understood what was to come next, and he was well up with all parliamentary proceedings. 'Squire Patten filled nearly every public position in his town, and he filled them with credit to himself and to his constituency. He never failed to please his audience in public speech. He had an attractive presence on the platform, and he spoke with all that natural grace and ease which gained him a ready hearing.

Had Rufus E. Patten given all his time and attention to politics and pulled the wires as do our modern politicians, he might have easily made his way to the gubernatorial chair, or to a seat in Congress, for he had both the ability and the taking way in doing and saying things. He acted, however, the wiser part in living an honored citizen among his own townsmen.

XLIX

It would be difficult to find a man in Candia, of my age, who did not more or less frequently, when a boy, go to the store for his mother. Mother used to say to me, "Wilson, with these eggs you are to get two quarts of molasses, a half pound saleratus, a quarter of a pound of tea, and two nutmegs,"—and then off to Henry M. Eaton's store I would make my way.

I readily recall Henry M. Eaton now, just as he was behind his counter. With a clean-shaven face and a ruddy complexion, he had about him the glow of health and the atmosphere of the summer time. In spite of the fact that Mr. Eaton seemed, at first, not easy of approach, yet one upon acquaintance found him bubbling over with humor and good-nature. He always took no little delight in teasing us boys, just to see what we would have to say in return. It was a pleasure to me to watch him walking behind his counter to get at the goods one wished to purchase. His step was an elastic one. There was a certain grace in his every movement that one could not easily forget.

If it had not been "awfully wicked" to dance in those days, Henry M. Eaton, with a partner as attractive in form and facial appearance as he, would have made a striking and taking figure, not only in the round dance, but in the fancy dances of this later day. As I remember him, his step never cut an acute angle, but more nearly

described a curve. But then, they did n't dance in those days, — I mean the church people. To them, the violin, as a translator of music other than "Old Hundred" and other tunes that stretched themselves out in prolonged notes, was the devil's own instrument.

Mr. Eaton invariably kept his store in the neatest and most orderly manner. He had a place for everything, and everything was in its place. He knew just where to look for what you wanted. And how carefully he would handle those eggs that mother sent to the store for the molasses, saleratus, tea, and nutmegs! And how accurate he was in his count! In his manipulation I don't believe he ever broke an egg, or made the number more or less than what it was. Henry M. Eaton was exact in everything. One could rely upon him with all that assurance that is had in the multiplication table; and he in turn demanded of others the same accuracy with which he himself wrought in every department of life he represented. Well, my purchases made, I trudged home with my jug of molasses and three small packages neatly done up in yellow paper.

It was on one of these store trips that the thought occurred to me that I was getting to be too large a boy for these errands to the store, and so should be shifting for myself. And thus it happened that on one of my homeward walks from Henry M. Eaton's store, I called at the home of Mr. Freeman Parker to hire myself out as a farm boy. Mr. Parker received me kindly, and when we had talked the matter well over he agreed to take me for what I could do, and give me a home, and at the age of twenty-one years give me a hundred dollars and a brand new suit of clothes. As I had my eye on business, I asked Mr. Parker if the

new suit of clothing included boots and a cap. To all of which he responded, "Yes." So far as I was concerned, I sealed the bargain right then and there, but when I reached home and had made known to my father and mother my plans, they a good deal objected to the agreement, so that like an obedient child I yielded to their wishes and advice, and Mr. Parker had to look for another boy. Had it not been for the "No" of father and mother, I might now have been farming my three or four sections of land out West, instead of writing these "Reminiscences." Who knows to the contrary? How a "Yes" or a "No" may, and oftentimes does, change the current of one's entire life! But to return to Henry M. Eaton, for he was not only a storekeeper, but he was a man of affairs as well. In early life he taught school, and in his later life he was actively interested in town affairs. He was for some years a member of the board of selectmen, town clerk, postmaster, and representative to the state legislature, and as a justice of the peace he did no little law business. For years he was an active and prominent member of the Church on the Hill. The long and short of it is, Henry M. Eaton was one of the leading citizens of Candia. Severely rigid in his religious belief, he lived under the law and by the law, without a murmur or a complaint, and he expected others to do the same. He received the law as it read, without any side explanation. I can but have a profound respect for those men and women of a former generation who gave a literal definition to their scriptural reading, and then honestly and persistently tried to live up to their "thus saith the Lord."

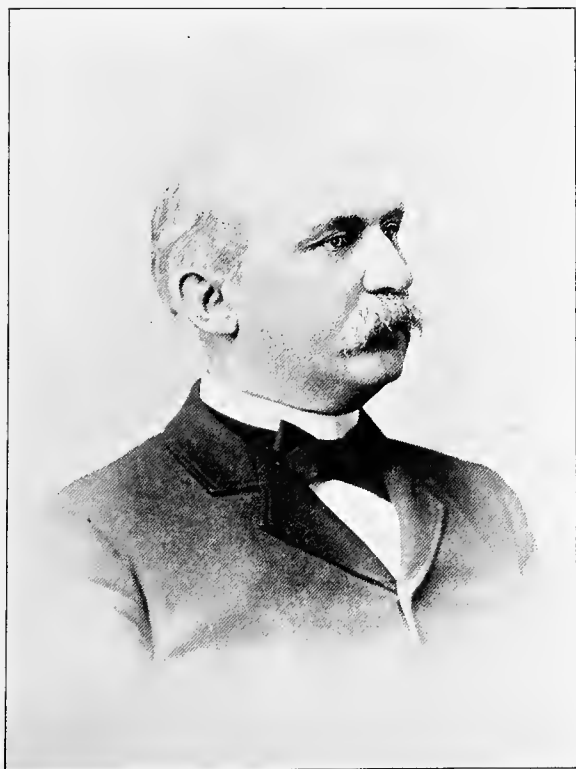
Henry M. Eaton was one of those men who never wanted the truth sugar-coated. He ever held himself ready

to meet the fact, without any softening. He was in earnest in what he did, and he did it well.

It must be sixty years ago that on a summer day I stood by the window of the post-office, then kept by the late William Turner in the house where Henry W. Moore now resides, when Mr. Turner handed me a letter addressed to mother by a sister of hers residing in Michigan, and I distinctly remember there was twenty-five cents postage paid on it. In those days letter postage was rated by the mile, while now two cents will carry an ounce letter to any point in all this broad land. The young lover could not now write his sweetheart every day, as is the custom with the average young lady and gentleman, if the postal laws now were what they formerly were.

Now, the young man dead in love may hear at eventide what his best girl had for breakfast in the morning, and who her callers were the evening before, — and all this for two cents. Why, “sparking” at a distance has in these days become a veritable presence, save that by this two-cent arrangement lovers cannot press each other’s hands, and fondly “salute each other with a kiss.” But never mind, William Turner was postmaster when it cost something to mail a letter, and he served in this official position under two administrations. He was a soldier in the War of 1812, and did his duty in time of war as effectually as in times of peace.

In many ways one of the most distinguished men of the olden time in Candia was Samuel Anderson of hotel fame. Anderson’s tavern was known far and wide by the traveling public. The line of travel in those days was by the Boston and Concord turnpike, and Anderson’s tavern was one of the most popular halting-places between Concord



HENRY E. BURNHAM

and Boston. Samuel Anderson well understood how to run a hotel. He entertained by his well-laden table, and by his fund of anecdote.

In conversation he used all the biggest words in the dictionary, and he had a pronunciation all his own.

It was at one of Candia's annual town meetings that the repairing of a certain highway came up under a heated discussion. Those in favor of mending the highway claimed that unless something was soon done the road would at an early date grow up to bushes and trees. As the story goes, Mr. Anderson stoutly opposed any outlay of money upon the road, and in the speech he made sustaining his side of the question, he ended with the following climax: "Let the trees grow in the said highway if need be until they shall reach the colossal heights of the *py-ram-ids* of Egypt." Mr. Anderson always wore his pigtail queue, and in the colder months of the year his long, circular cloak. He was a marked man in all that he said and in all that he did.

Among the great army of those who were guests at Anderson's tavern there was not one of them who could not say with Johnson, "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn."

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

No complete history of Candia will ever be written with the story of Anderson's tavern left out, and the host therein will be written down as the quaintest and most unique of characters. His "really in fact" comes back to me as I write of him.

L

I AM sure that my Candia and other friends will readily pardon me that I refer so frequently in these "Reminiscences" to school district No. 4, for it must be remembered that there I was born and bred, and there received my primary education. There are my earliest and fondest associations. It was there that I first saw the sun coming up from out the east over the then dense woodland, and it was there I first saw his going down behind that long range of mountains as seen from my boyhood home. So there is every reason why I should linger by the way in my home neighborhood, in writing this little story of Candia. I am aware that in a casual way I have already mentioned most of the fathers and mothers who were when living almost the next-door neighbors to my father's home; but I have written of them in no largely descriptive way, so I am not repeating myself in writing of them at greater length.

I have in mind this morning the late Hon. and Mrs. Abraham Emerson, whom to know was to honor and to love.

I have this moment re-read a letter from Mr. Emerson to me dated 1881. In that letter he expresses his great love for Candia, and particularly his great love for his home neighborhood. He writes among other things the following: "Never has there gone out from our school district any one who has brought discredit to the home

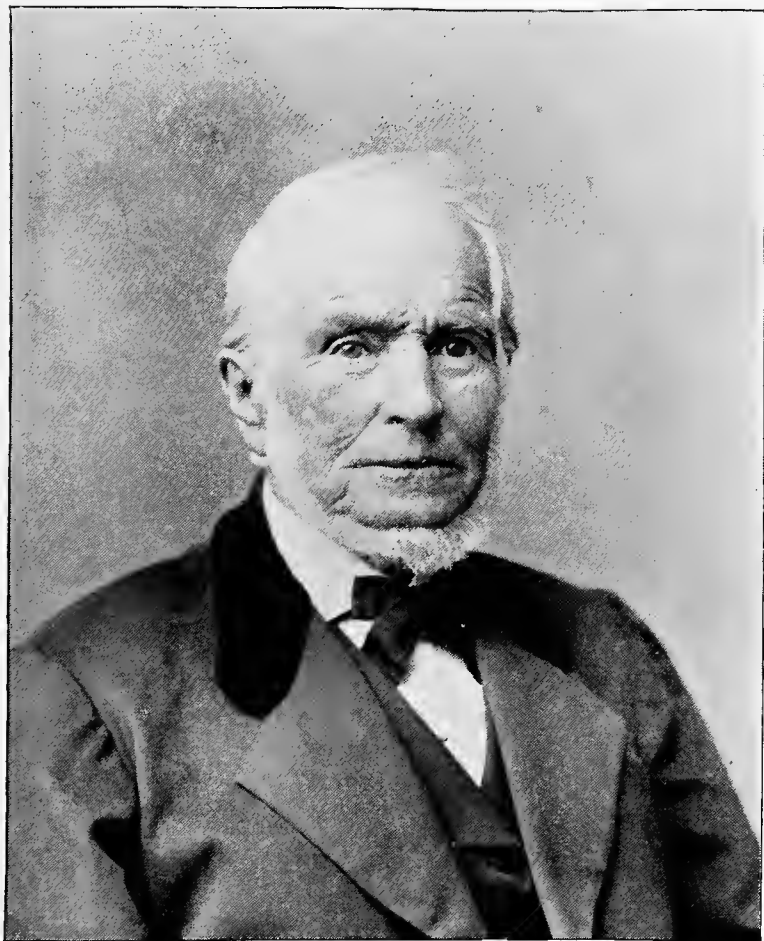
neighborhood." And then with manifest pride he adds, "Many of her boys and girls have brought to the old home distinguished honor and credit." Squire Emerson had an unsurpassed pride in his home, and in its immediate surroundings. He believed in and loved his boys and girls with that intense love which begat in them an affection for their father and mother which lightened the burden of growing age, and which scattered the sunshine all about. Mrs. Emerson, what a wife and mother she was! How she lovingly devoted her long life to her home! What abounding welcome she gave to her children as they came to her one after another, until her happy home was filled with the voices and ringing laughter of her boys and girls! What if they did now and then break a broomstick in their attempt to jump over it, or break a plate, or smash a window glass, or upset a chair and disarrange things generally! What of it, I repeat, other than that the good, patient mother saw in all this occasional confusion the bounding, persistent life of the children which in after years was to develop that spirit of push and enterprise which was to secure that success which has already come to them in their respective departments of life. Mrs. Abraham Emerson adorned the virtues, and as a wife and mother she gave loving emphasis to all true womanhood. With a joyous note of thankfulness in all her song, she received the children as God's best and richest gifts to the home. No wonder "her children rise up and call her blessed."

Mrs. Emerson was in every way a helpmeet to her husband. His success in life was all the more assured by reason of the aid and encouragement his wife invariably gave him.

Squire Emerson during his many years of life had been personally identified with nearly every interest belonging to Candia. He had filled the offices of selectman, town clerk, town treasurer, and in 1836 and 1837 he was representative to the state legislature, and later on he was state senator from his senatorial district. With the late Hon. Amos Tuck, he had much to do with the organization of the republican party. He was at one time captain of the Candia Light Infantry, and afterward the major and lieutenant-colonel of the Seventeenth Regiment. But his long official life is now a matter of public record, so I need not delay in writing of it at length. Suffice it to say, that in the field of politics his keen insight and ability were recognized by his party, and from it he received many an honor.

It is of his individual, private life that I more particularly desire to write.

In the first place, the Hon. Abraham Emerson was a good neighbor. It was always a pleasure to me, when a boy, to have him and his wife come to my home to spend the evening with father and mother. Then the Squire and father would sit before the open fireplace all ablaze, and discuss with a good deal of earnestness politics, and not infrequently would they have it out on infant baptism. Not always agreeing, yet their talk would always end in the best of good-nature, while the apples and the mug of cider were enjoyed by them mutually together. Meanwhile Mrs. Emerson and mother would talk of things more domestic, at the same time going on with their knitting, without dropping a single stitch. Squire Emerson was in every instance deeply and actively interested in everything that pertained to the education of the chil-



ABRAHAM EMERSON

dren. He took a personal pride in the school in district No. 4. He never lost track of its pupils and teachers. To him district No. 4 was the banner district, and its school the banner school. All credit to you, Squire Emerson, in letting your educational charity or love begin at home.

For years Squire Emerson, as was Mrs. Emerson, was an active member of the Congregational Church on the Hill. Thoroughly orthodox his life long, yet ever eager to seize upon any new and reasonable phase of religious truth, the Hon. Abraham Emerson did not stand still in the religious world. He moved therein—and he always moved onward and upward. He never hesitated to learn more of God and his truth. It was my privilege on several occasions during his later life, to converse with him on religious subjects. The last of these occasions came on one of the most delightful days of all the summer time, when under the pleasant shade of one of the trees his own hand had planted, he and I discussed the “here” and the “hereafter.” I well remember how he at that last interview lovingly spoke of his deceased wife. Never shall I forget how he said to me with his face all aglow with an inexpressible happiness, that it was only a few days before that his wife came to him and gave him in person words of love and good cheer. And then he added, “Wilson, I felt her real presence. I heard again her voice, and felt again the touch of her hand.” And as he continued, he said, “I have spoken of this sweet experience of mine hardly to any one save you; for had I, they would have claimed I was seriously at fault in my reasoning. Nevertheless,” said he, “I am convinced that the two worlds lie side by side, and that we may have direct

communication with those on the other shore." Squire Emerson, though belonging to a former generation, was well up, in his religious growth and experience, with the more liberal thought of to-day. As the years came to him, his search for truth in every department of intellectual and religious thought became all the more eager and far-reaching. With his ninety years of work and study, he had largely outgrown the Westminster Catechism, and the so-called Creed. It was there, under the grateful shade of the apple-tree on that pleasant summer afternoon, that he saw with a clearer vision "things new and old." The heaven of heavens had been let down to him, and he walked therein with her who for so many years had made life a constant joy to him here on earth.

Squire Emerson's heaven began here on earth. He didn't have to wait until death overtook him before he entered therein. The gates of pearl were open to him while here in the body, so that he had frequent glimpses of what lies "beyond." I thus write a good deal in detail of the religious growth and experience of Abraham Emerson, because I am of the opinion that he had talked with but few so freely concerning his later views of a personal, vital religion, as he had with me.

I have given prominent place to this happy reunion of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson as he so graphically and touchingly described it to me, as indicating his belief that heaven is here and now, and that those on the other side of the "divide" are with us still.

Those last informal interviews had with Squire Emerson are now a pleasant memory to me. I am sure that Abraham Emerson, right in heaven as he is, still has a loving thought of Candia, and particularly of school dis-

trict No. 4, and I am equally sure that Mrs. Emerson is close by his side, sharing with him his reminiscent mood, both singing with the poet, "Behold our home," our good old home in Candia.

LI

HAD a vote been taken years ago for one of the most amiable men in Candia, there is little question that the large majority of ballots would have been cast for the late Deacon Francis Patten.

It is possible that during his life he may, at times, have gotten out of patience, and so become a bit vexed ; but I never saw him when he seemed to be in the least way disturbed either in temper or mind. Deacon Patten took life as it came, not surprised that things should not have been otherwise than they were. He had none of that fret and worry in his make-up that will eventually wear the life out of any man. He never looked on the cloudy side of anything. His sun was always shining, so he had an unobscured vision of whatever was best. His "good-morning" was uniformly radiant with the richest promise of the day, and his "good-night" was the prophecy of a better morrow. And his first wife was much like him in that happy temperament which makes the best of everything.

Deacon Patten, so far as I remember, was never in a hurry. He took time to do things. Eminently social in his nature, he was one of the most neighborly of men. The first penny I ever earned outside of home, I earned by cutting turnip-tops for the good deacon. It was on a grim afternoon in late November that he said to me when all his turnips were housed, "Wilson, you come up after

supper, and I'll settle with you for the nineteen bushels of turnips you have cut." The price per bushel for cutting was a penny, so there were due me nineteen pennies. I felt myself a man of affairs when on my way to the deacon's house that evening, sixty years ago at least, to receive those nineteen cents, and I still remember that when the deacon paid me, he said, "Wilson, you have done your work well." Deacon Patten never forgot to give a word of encouragement to the boys. He was just the opposite in disposition to Mr. William Robie, with whom he had his home when a boy. "Old Uncle Bill Robie" was the name that attached itself to Mr. Robie, and by it we boys and girls meant no disrespect. In those days nearly all the older men in Candia were spoken of in the most familiar way, a way which really was expressive of respect and love, however much it might sound to the contrary. Well, Uncle Bill was made on a nervous, impetuous plan, with a heart full of all goodness and kindness, yet in one of his impulsive moments he would break forth into exclamations which would quite startle the young folks. It was on an evening when the late Charles Robie, Albert, Alanson, and myself were amusing ourselves by taking some of those old boards that lay out in front of Deacon Patten's cooper shop, and raising them high in air and climbing a little way up them; we would bang them to the ground, thus making a report like a small army of musketry. I remember we were having lots of fun one day, when, all of a sudden, Mr. Robie made his appearance and exclaimed, "What are you doing here, you little Satans!"

"What," said I to myself, "a church member, 'in good and regular standing,' and using such an awfully wicked

word!" Well, we boys did n't stop to discuss the matter, but ran for home, leaving the boards in the road.

But after all, Mr. Robie had a heart generous in its feeling for others. Still he would occasionally sputter and say things in his own way without asking anybody's pardon for it. Now Deacon Patten was just the opposite. It was always a delight to go up to his cooper-shop, and listen to the music he made while driving hoops on the barrels he was to take to Newburyport.

It is said that Deacon Patten in his early life was one of the most popular schoolteachers who went out at that time from Candia, and I can well understand how all this was. Naturally a lover of children, he entered heartily into their work and into their play. He lived his life with them, so the boys and girls came to regard him as one of their number.

It was at one of those old-time huskings in my neighborhood that Deacon Patten amused and interested us all, by relating some of his experiences as a schoolmaster in Danville. Among other things, he told us of a dance in which he took part while teaching in Danville. I suppose they must have been wanting a sufficient number of lady partners to go round, as the deacon robed himself in his nightgown, and acted the part of a graceful, attractive girl, who well understood the terpsichorean art. It does me a real good to know how such an excellent man as was the deacon touched life in its innocent amusements and enjoyed them.

Deacon Patten was much beloved by his townspeople, and he had received from them nearly every official position within their gift.

In chapter II, I referred to the deacon as one who

always took an active part in those Saturday evening prayer-meetings in his neighborhood. He was for nearly seventy years a member of the Congregational Church on the Hill, and always one of the foremost in its support.

Mrs. Patten, too, was a devoted member of the Hill church. She was a woman loving and lovable in all her ways, and always true and loyal to her home. Mrs. Patten died when she was but little more than forty years of age. Her funeral was held in the Congregational Church either in the winter of 1852 or 1853, I have forgotten which. Never shall I forget, however, the tender pathos with which the Rev. Mr. Herrick read alongside her casket the hymn beginning —

“Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.”

Deacon and Mrs. Patten are of blessed memory.

Then there is the late Deacon Coffin M. French, a man of sterling worth, dignified in all his bearing, and yet a man who enjoyed a joke, as I have said in a previous letter. He had at times a dry, humorous way of putting things. His jocular sayings often received emphasis from his tone and manner of expressing them.

It was on a summer day, during the later years of his life, that I met him while Frank and George Henry were at home on their vacation, when I said, “Deacon French, it is pleasant for you to have your children come home to visit you,” when he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, “Yes, we love to have them visit us *occasionally*,” giving emphasis to the word “occasionally.” In no other way could Deacon French have better expressed his delightful pleasure in having his children with him. He not

infrequently expressed himself in opposites, which is one of the strongest ways in pointing a fact directly contrary to the language used. Were I to live a thousand years I should not forget that good, honest old family horse the deacon used to drive to church. Why, those deep-toned sleigh-bells I can hear now; and I can see at this moment how gracefully the deacon's whip-lash always hung over his right shoulder as he made his way to church.

Deacon French led an industrious, busy life, filling many a public position. For years he was a deacon in the Congregational Church, and for some years he was a member of the board of selectmen, and at one time was colonel of the 17th New Hampshire regiment. Colonel French made a striking and pleasing figure on horseback. His stately and well-proportioned figure was the observed of all observers on a muster-day.

In linear measurement he and Mrs. French presented a remarkable contrast, Mrs. French hardly reaching to the shoulder of her six-feet-or-more husband; but, all the same, they were well mated, and together they made a pronounced success of life.

What a delight it would have been to us boys and girls of so many years ago, could the fathers and mothers have lived on with us! But with Zechariah we are compelled to ask, "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?"



A. J. PITMAN M.D.

LII

As I was on my way down town this morning I heard the clear, ringing echo of a fishman's tin horn, and it reminded me so much of that trumpet-call to dinner which Mrs. William Robie used to send out on the still summer air, that I must write of her.

Mrs. Robie, as I remember her, was one of the most genial of women. Serene and calm at all times, she moved in and about her home as peacefully as the sea, undisturbed in its quiet, lies in the sunshine of a summer day. She was nearly or quite the opposite of her husband, William Robie, in temperament. Each was a wise and helpful modification of the other, so that their two lives united were more than the double of each one alone and apart by itself.

But that trumpet-call I now have in mind. I can see Mrs. Robie at this writing standing in the doorway of the ell part of her house with trumpet in hand ready to send out her musical invitation to dinner. I say "musical invitation," for no one could blow a dinner trumpet in such rhythmical swells as did she. There was not one discordant note in all her call, and then so prolonged was that call! She began her trumpet, "Come ye to dinner," on a low key and then ran through the musical scale both in its ascending and descending notes, and all, be it known, with one long-drawn-out breath. Mrs. Robie must have more than once said to herself, "For if the trumpet give

an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself," not "to the battle," but "for dinner?" At any rate, she blew one long, continuous blast, until the echo of her trumpet went ringing throughout my home neighborhood. The boys and girls of my time will never forget the trumpet-call of Mrs. Robie. Nothing could surpass it, unless it be that of Gabriel himself. When a boy I was frequently sent to Mrs. Robie's house on some errand, and I always loved to go, because she was so pleasant an old lady to meet. Her face always gave assurance of a cordial welcome.

In those days, the neighbors often went borrowing of each other. It is n't true that "he who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing." On the contrary, it is true that a mutual dependence between neighbors is a bond of union. "I neither borrow nor lend" is the saying of that supreme selfishness which claims all, while giving nothing in return. The scriptural rendering has it, "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away." There is any amount of good fellowship in borrowing. To go to your neighbor for coffee enough for breakfast is an assurance of good-will. It is an unfortunate happening in these later years that men and women have become so independent of each other that they pride themselves in being able to get along without the help of one another, when as a matter of fact it takes but little to knock the props from under the best of us. Get a man on his back, then he'll readily come to terms. But so long as he is safely, as he thinks, on his feet, he will substantially declare that he is running the whole business.

It is a pleasant memory to me that the neighbors in Candia fifty years ago were not only willing to borrow and lend, but that they were oftentimes compelled to do so. We



GEORGE B. BROWN

are only rich in each other, while we are poor indeed apart from each other. Well, Mrs. Robie was invariably glad to lend, and whenever you asked her for a cupful of meal, she was sure to give you double that measure. The dear old woman had a great big heart full of kindness and love for others. I can see her now seated in her comfortable rocking-chair, in the room back of her sitting-room, with that old-fashioned tall eight-day clock in the further corner of the room ticking away, as it had ticked for many a year before, and as it now ticks in the hall of the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Frank Patten.

Mrs. Robie, in her neatly fitting cap, made an attractive picture as she sat there under the shadow of that grand old sentinel of time.

Another old lady in my neighborhood in the early forties of the past century was Aunt Dearborn, wife of Uncle Samuel Dearborn. "Uncle Sam" was a half-brother of my father, so that I knew him and Aunt Dearborn in my early boyhood as belonging to the Palmer family. Aunt Dearborn was one of the fairest, prettiest old ladies I ever met. She had a face of remarkable composure and beauty, and her presence was always restful. When teaching school in Needham, Mass., during the winter vacations of my college life, I had as chairman of my school committee the late Rev. Daniel Kimball, a Unitarian clergyman, and a graduate of Harvard College. Mr. Kimball in early life became acquainted with Aunt Dearborn, who was then a Miss Dodge, in Bradford, Mass., and I distinctly remember how he told me at one time that he came dangerously near falling desperately in love with her. Mr. Kimball described Miss Dodge as a young lady of unusual charm and grace, and she retained much of that charm and grace of her youth

through all the later years of her life. Talk as one may of the pretty girl in her teens, yet I know of no beauty so attractive and charming as the beauty and charm of a delightful old lady. The ripening years always bring a richer and fuller expression of that richer and fuller life which belongs to old age alone. Mrs. William Robie and Aunt Dearborn were my ideal of a life made peacefully radiant with increasing years.

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LIII

As I write of the older people of Candia, my father and mother come to me with all the vividness of the earlier years. Blessed be their memory forevermore! Father was of a nervous, impulsive temperament, one who did things in a hurry. In all his farm work, his ambition was to keep a little ahead of his neighbors. He was usually the first in his neighborhood to begin his haying, and it was the same with his fall and winter's work. He was the first to cut the bushes in the early autumn, and he began on his woodpile in the winter time always in advance of others. A man of decided opinion of men and things, he held to his own views with a tenacious grip, and yet he was uniformly ready to own up, and to give up whenever he was convinced that he was wrong. But he must first be thoroughly convinced. The positive side of his nature is best seen in what he once told me of his conversion, when he was in the early twenties. The story substantially is the following: At a time when there was no unusual religious interest in Candia, he became deeply convicted of sin, and this personal conviction so fastened itself upon him that on a certain Sunday night, when living on the place known as the Nathaniel Hall place, he arose at the dead hour of midnight and made his way to the Rev. Mr. Remington's house, and rung the good pastor up from sleep. Mr. Remington readily answered father's call, and met him in his study. There father

made known to Mr. Remington his intense and anxious interest in a personal salvation that should save him from his sins. There, at that lone hour of the night, Mr. Remington and father talked and prayed together until nearly the break of day, when father returned to his home with hosannas and hallelujahs upon his lips. His conversion was something after the manner of Paul. I mention this incident in father's life to show all the more clearly his positive, impulsive make-up. Father threw himself unreservedly into everything of especial interest to him. In his religion and in his politics he was a radical from the very necessity of his nature. Honest in all things, he stated his proposition for all there was in it. A Calvinist Baptist as he was, he looked upon infant baptism as a good deal of a farce.

The scriptural reading, "And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan. And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened, and the spirit like a dove descending upon him" was to father sufficient proof that Christ forever set his approbation and seal upon immersion as the only form of scriptural baptism.

It is not my purpose to enter into a discussion of the various forms of baptism; my only thought is, to show how absolutely positive father was in all his belief. He had no mental reservations either in his religious or political creed. He believed as one not doubting.

Father was of an eminently social nature, and always ready for a chat. Fond of wife and children, his home was to him the dearest spot on earth. He believed in his boys and girls and never doubted their ability to do things.

That father is to be pitied who does not have an unshaken faith in his children.

Mother was the happy complement of father. Her patient and less impulsive way was oftentimes a salutary modification of father's more strenuous manner in thought and action.

Mother! The dear, loving woman with her eleven children was and is to me and to all her children everything that glorifies and makes sacred all womanhood and all motherhood.

Her every household duty became to her a joy, because therein she was doing for her husband and for her children.

Father and mother lived their simple, unpretentious life in an atmosphere permeated and made fragrant by every domestic virtue ; and this brings me to the home life of Candia as it was a half-century ago. Candia, in the life of the generation gone before, was signally blessed in her homes.

It would have been difficult to have found, fifty years ago, in the good old town of which I write, a home around the door of which the children in generous numbers did not have their sports. I speak of the children first, because in the very nature of things there can be no real home without the children. God, when he instituted the home, planned for the coming of the boys and girls. Why, a baby in the house is God's own certificate of marriage.

Every mother is a Mary, and all motherhood is closely allied to divinity. Oh, those good old homes, as I remember them, were made delightfully happy through the coming of the children ! In those earlier days Candia's thirteen or fourteen schoolhouses were well filled with pupils of infant years. To maintain, in the years way back, the

district school, the school committee were not compelled to "rob Peter to pay Paul." Then no one district was bereft of its children that there might be a working quorum of boys and girls in an adjoining district.

It is nothing other than a calamity that family life has, in so many instances, rendered itself childless. God pity the American people, not for its mistakes, but for its nameless sins.

What untold wealth the fathers and mothers of the generations of years ago had in their children! What if they were not rich in gold and in silver and in lands, so long as they were in possession, by a divine inheritance, of those jewels of which the Spartan mother so proudly boasted!

Well, did n't we boys and girls of my age have a jolly, happy time as children in our respective homes! And what a group of us when all counted, and how proud the dear old fathers and mothers were of us! How gladly did they work on, day after day, singing all the while, that they might feed and clothe us and send us to school! And how we children, when grown to any size, joined hands with the parents in making a livelihood for the family! How happy we all were in contributing to the common need!

I am sure there is not a Candia man or woman now fifty and sixty years of age, resident of the town, or whose home is more or less remote, who will not declare with loving emphasis that whatever success in life has come to him or her is largely due to the parents whose highest ambition was to be true to themselves and to the state by adding thereto men and women who would promote the common good.



MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH PALMER

The Psalmist had the public interest in view when he wrote, "Thy children shall be like olive plants round about thy table."

I speak from a full heart when I write of the children—for my home is with a daughter with her seven bright, interesting boys and girls—six here, and one "up there." What a delight they are to me, as well as to their father and mother! How they renew my youth and make me a child again! On every day of the week, and during every week in the month, and through every month of the year, "The Children's Hour" comes to me; and so it is that I sing with Longfellow:—

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

"I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

"From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

"A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

"A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

“They climb up into my turret
O’er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape, they surround me ;
They seem to be everywhere.

“They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

“Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all !

“I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

“And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away !”

God bless the children forevermore ; and may He soon restore to every nook and corner throughout our broad land that old-fashioned home life in which our fathers and mothers so greatly rejoiced !



ALFRED BROWN

LIV

AN intimate friend of my father was the late Gilman Richardson.

Gilman Richardson was one of the sunniest of men. If a cloud ever crossed his pathway, but few knew it. Socially, he was one of the most attractive of his kind. However busy he might be, he was always ready for a talk, and he had that rare faculty in conversation of interesting all classes. I delighted, when a boy, to listen to Captain Richardson's happy flow of language. A born democrat, he and father held many a political love-feast.

At an early age Gilman Richardson learned the tanning, currying, and shoemaking trades of the Rev. Moses Bean, who at one time was the pastor of the church in Candia Village.

In 1812 he was drafted for the war. He was notified by Peter Eaton at 10 o'clock A. M. to appear at Portsmouth the following morning at sunrise, armed and equipped.

When he received his notification he was working at his bench. Mr. Richardson lost no time in throwing off his leather apron, and at the same time exclaiming "I am ready." His mother furnished him an old gun and blanket, and thus armed he walked to Portsmouth, arriving there just as the sun was coming up.

Returning from the war, he bought a place in the village, which is now the parsonage of the Baptist church, and there resided until 1828, when he purchased the Bean

farm, now owned by Merrill Johnson. He there made his home until the time of his death, in 1869. He was a member of the state legislature in 1838 and 1839. He was a lover of military life and at one time was captain of the artillery company.

Captain Richardson had a busy life. He was in every way a most companionable man. He was particularly fond of the young, and a great lover of children, and they of him. He had one of the happiest of homes, and it was always a pleasure to visit it. Captain Gilman Richardson was a man of many sterling qualities, while Mrs. Richardson as a wife and mother made her home radiant with her loving domesticity.

Then there was the late John Cate, who married the eldest daughter of Captain Richardson. Mr. Cate was the very soul of good-nature and good fellowship. Always happy, he made others happy. Mr. Cate was a man of affairs. He was for several years in the shoe business. He represented Candia three years in the state legislature. John W. Cate was always doing something. He had the knack of creating business, and he did much for the labor interest of Candia. A democrat to the backbone, he and his father-in-law, Captain Richardson, never had occasion to disagree politically, and as a matter of fact they were never known to disagree upon any vital subject. In the third generation, reckoning from Captain Richardson, there was the late John D. Philbrick, who married Mr. Cate's only daughter, Emma Cate.

Mr. Philbrick at the time of his death was sub-master of the Thomas N. Hart school in Boston.

One of the Boston papers had the following to say of Mr. Philbrick at the time of his death : —

“Mr. John Dudley Philbrick, sub-master of the Thomas N. Hart School, died at his home, 23 Dakota Street, Dorchester, this morning at three o'clock, after an illness of ten days, with pneumonia. The sad news of his death was received at the Hart School just as they assembled at nine o'clock, and sadness and deep grief have fallen heavily upon pupils and teachers, by whom he was universally loved and respected. His influence for good and his great ability as an educator of boys was a power and fully appreciated in this community, where he will long be mourned by old and young.

“He came to the Hart School in 1891, and taught with the late lamented Alonzo G. Ham until the latter's death in the summer of 1895, when he received the appointment of sub-master, and John F. Dwight was promoted to the place left vacant by the death of Mr. Ham. For some thirteen years he was principal of the Bigelow Evening School, and wielded the same strong power and influence over the pupils, men and women, boys and girls, who nightly congregated for improvement and study. His happy disposition and word of encouragement has been the means of uplifting many a discouraged person and has proved an incentive for higher and nobler effort.

“He was born in Candia, N. H., in 1862, the son of the late J. H. Philbrick. He was prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., and was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1885. He was a member of Candia Lodge of Masons, the Colonial Club of Dorchester, and the Puritan Canoe Club of South Boston. Besides a widow and son, he leaves a sister and a brother.”

Mr. Philbrick was an intense lover of Candia. His summer residence there was his Eden on earth. It was

there that he was seen at his best. He died mourned by a host of friends.

Another Candia boy is the Rev. Charles L. Hubbard, of West Boxford, Mass. Mr. Hubbard, it will be remembered, is the son of the late Joshua P. Hubbard. His preparatory studies for college were had in the Candia High School, and at Pembroke Academy and Kimball Union Academy. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1865.

In 1862 and 1863 he was a member of the 12th Vermont Infantry, Stannard's Brigade. Mr. Hubbard studied theology at the seminary in Andover, Mass., graduating therefrom in 1868. For ten years he was pastor of the Congregational church in Merrimack, and was chaplain of the New Hampshire state legislature in 1872 and 1873. For twenty-six years he has been pastor of the Congregational church at West Boxford, Mass., the pastorate of which he still holds. Mr. Hubbard visited Europe in 1891 and in 1893, and again in 1905. He has been, his life long, a close student not alone of books, but of men. In his preaching he has met the world as it is. He lives the life that he preaches, so that his pulpit instructions are emphasized by him in all his daily walk.

It was in the summer of 1901 that I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hubbard at the meeting of the Candia Club in the home town, when I was much interested in what he said in his brief talk to the club, and equally interested in his happy manner of saying it.

Mr. Hubbard, with his wife and four children, affords the most ample testimony that he believes in the home and in the children. The Rev. Charles L. Hubbard is among the foremost of the Candia boys, and the love he bears his native town increases as the years go on.

LV

THAT Candia has in her clear, bracing atmosphere, and in her living waters, all the elements of health and long life is seen in the number of her aged people. I now have in mind Mrs. Mary S. Russell, who celebrated the 94th anniversary of her birthday on the 13th of December, 1903. Mrs. Russell, or "Aunt Mary" as she is familiarly and lovingly known, is the daughter of Benjamin Smith and the last of a generous number of brothers and sisters. Capt. John Smith and True Smith were her brothers. She was a twin sister of Mrs. Jessie R. Towle, who died some years ago. Mrs. Russell is a pensioner of the War of 1812. She has been twice married, and now lives with her son Charles Weeks. She is the mother of the Rev. Henry S. Kimball of Troy, New Hampshire. Mrs. Russell, with her many years upon her, still lives in that atmosphere of sweet contentment where the years hardly count. Retaining all her mental faculties, she enters with a good deal of zest into whatever pleases those much younger than herself. Physically, she is well preserved, so much so that she is able to do for herself. She wants no servant chasing in her steps to wait upon her. She enjoys life to the full, all the while thanking God for it.

I do not remember of having met Mrs. Russell but once during all these years, and this meeting was under surroundings so impressive that I have never forgotten her.

It was somewhere in the later forties of the century gone

by, during that wonderful revival in Candia, that I was sent on an errand to Deacon Francis Patten's home. At that time it was not thought rude or out of place for one to make his way into a neighbor's house without rapping or ringing the door-bell, so I, as was the custom, found my way into Mrs. Patten's dining-room (the first Mrs. Patten) without any preliminaries, and there Mrs. Patten and Mrs. Russell, then Mary Smith, were kneeling in prayer. The scene so impressed me that I stood there with uncovered head, until the amen had been said. I have not a question that the scriptural saying, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them, and that to bless," found verification with Mrs. Patten and Mary Smith in that little prayer-meeting all by themselves.

I never shall forget that impressive moment, as I stood there in the presence of two of God's ministering servants pleading for help and divine guidance.

As might be expected, Mrs. Russell with her 94 years is rich in her memories of the past, and I am told by those who know, that it is altogether delightful as well as instructive to listen to her story of the years gone by.

Then there was Mrs. Thomas Bean, so recently deceased, who lived to be something more than ninety years of age. It would require more than the fingers on both hands to count the nonagenarians who have been and are of Candia. The secret of it all is, there is something in the physical make-up of the town that not only begets life, but which prolongs it as well. Nowhere else are the skies so blue, and the atmosphere so genial and inviting, and where the birds sing so sweetly, as in Candia — so, at least, it seems to me. There the invitation is not only to

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live, but to live on, so that now that Candia man or woman at seventy years of age is substantially in the heyday of youth. And this is just as it should be. Plautus was wrong when he wrote, "*Quem Di diligunt, adolescens moritur*," — at any rate, the saying is not true of Charmingfare. The old people who have lived their lives in Candia, and those who are still holding on to their earthly house with a good, sensible grip, form the background to the picture I am attempting to paint through these reminiscent chapters. God never intended that the good should die young, so that the years indefinitely multiplied are always in evidence, that his purpose from the beginning, so far as human life is concerned, is being effected by those men and women who abide in this earthly house to the latest possible moment. In the midst of life death is not to come into the discussion. To live on and on is the privilege and duty of every sound mind in a sound body. It can be said of every woman in the fullness and wealth of her many years, that "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety," and the same may be said of every man whose life is lived in harmony with the eternal plan. God bless the old people of Candia, and may he keep them safely on "this side" for many a year to come! Let us get back to the younger folks for a little. There is Leonard Dearborn, of East Candia, who has led and is still leading a busy life. For most of the time of late, he and Mrs. Dearborn have been with their boys in Seattle. The older Dearborns always had the knack of making a dollar, and the later generations of the same family name are in possession of that business faculty which recognizes at first sight where lie the main chances for success. So it is that Leonard Dearborn and his

family made their way west when the gold was to be found in its native bed. Leonard Dearborn in all his wanderings has never for a moment forgotten his home town. His interest in her and for her has manifested itself in many ways.

Another Candia boy is Cotton Ward Beane, whose home has been in New York City for the past half-century and more. How well I remember him as a boy! I can see him now of a Sunday, as vividly as I did so many years ago, when living on the Langford Road, making his way to church on the hill. By the way I prefer the "Langford Road" rather than "East Candia," for the former calling carries with it a personality, while the latter simply indicates a point of the compass. Why not say the "Langford Road" and have done with "East Candia"? But to return to Cotton Ward Beane. Cotton in early life evinced a liking for business. While in his teens, he was studying how he might make an honest dollar; so it is not surprising that at an early age he made his way to New York City, where he might find more ample room for his young enterprising, pushing life. When Mr. Beane first went to what is now the greater New York, all was waste land beyond 14th Street. He has seen, since his residence in the metropolis, the city so reach out on all sides that it now numbers nearly four millions of people. Mr. Beane has grown with the city. A man of rare intelligence and quick to take in all that is latest and best, he is rightly accounted one of the foremost citizens of his adopted city. It was my privilege for my nearly twenty years of life in the suburbs of New York to see much of Mr. Beane, his office being with that of Luther W. Emerson, so that upon my frequent calls at their office we three discussed Candia

for all she 's worth, and in every instance in summing up our discussion, we voted her the affirmative side of the question.

Mr. Beane is one of those who well understand how to receive his friends. With a courtesy that never fails him, he emphasizes his welcome to any and all who may pull his latch-string.

All the Candia Beanes had and have a certain suavity of manner which was and is entirely pleasing, and which is peculiarly their own. There was Dudley Beane, who could not be 'surpassed in all that constitutes grace and elegance in diction and manner of expression,—and it was much the same with his brothers and sisters.

It was always a pleasure for me to meet Dudley Beane, he had so many pleasant things to say, and he said them in the pleasantest sort of way.

Well, Cotton Ward Beane is much after the same manner of man. He just knows how to make things agreeable and pleasant for you, and he does it every time. Mr. Beane is a man of affairs, and has had a wide and successful experience with the business world. During all these years away from Candia he has never forgotten her, and whenever he has revisited the town, he has invariably been delighted to tell us boys of the old roads he walked, of the hills he climbed, and of the friends he met, and it has been a delight to listen to his story of the old camping-ground. Cotton Ward Beane is pleasantly remembered by the older people of Candia.

LVI

I HAVE just come from Candia, where I have taken in the earlier lessons of my life. We all need our Jerusalem where we may tarry for a brief while, that we may have holy hands laid upon us and receive anew of the Spirit.

I always delight to turn my face toward the good old town. To meet again the old friends and to give them cordial greeting is to renew one's youth.

There is the rarest pleasure in going down to the Candia post-office, and Charles Turner's store, and watch the townspeople as they come for their mail and their groceries. Here comes the staid Manson Brickett, and though an Auburn man, his post-office address is Candia. Seldom or never do I fail to meet Manson at the store — and the meeting does me good, for Mr. Brickett is never in a hurry; he takes the world as it comes. Mr. Brickett is one of those substantial men upon whom you can rely in every instance. With a vein of humor in his make-up, he readily sees the funny side of things. And then at the post-office in the early morning and in the eventime, one will usually find men and women from nearly every locality of the town, when a social chat is had in a sort of gossipy, interesting way. The subject under discussion may be the severity of the winter, or the spring's work so near at hand, or what the hay crop is likely to be, or it may be the talk will take in the political outlook; while the women will chat of the home and how the children come on at school, or what was

said and done at the last meeting of the sewing-circle, or what an interesting sermon the minister had on the preceding Sunday. Whatever the conversation, one may be sure that the brief talk at the post-office is an intelligent interchange of views upon men and things. There is no newsier spot in all the world than that found at the country post-office and at the country store, and Candia is no exception to this general rule. When in Candia, I seldom or never fail to attend church on the Hill. I still love to stand on the stone steps of the church of a Sunday morning and watch the coming of the few I know. Then it is that my memory stretches back to those earlier days when one would see, as regularly as the Sunday came, Mr. and Mrs. Ezekiel Lane and their children, Hattie N. Lane, Mary B. Lane, John Lane, Ruth Lane, Edward Lane; Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Rowe, Sarah Jane Rowe, Emiline Rowe, Freeman Rowe; Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Burpee; Rinaldo Tilton; Mr. and Mrs. Moses Rowe and the children, Frank Rowe, Charles Rowe, and an older brother with the two sisters; Captain John Rowe and his family; Major Brown with his wife and four attractive daughters; Mr. Hobbs, on Walnut Hill, with his family; John Lane, Esq., and wife, with the Lane girls, so distinguished for that personal charm and beauty which made them favorites everywhere; Mr. Healy, the blacksmith, and Mrs. Healy, with the children; Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Lane, and others on the North Road whose names do not occur to me. And then from High Street, there were always at church on a Sunday, Deacon John Fitts and his wife, with their children, James H. Fitts, J. Lane Fitts, Hannah Fitts; Mr. and Mrs. John Emerson, with their half dozen or more children, Ann Emerson, Sarah Jane Emerson, and a younger sister,

and John Emerson, George Emerson, and two older brothers; Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Fitts and family; Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dearborn, with their boys; Mr. and Mrs. True Eaton, with their family; Mr. and Mrs. True French, with Lucinda French and her sister Alamanza; Mr. and Mrs. Josiah French, and Henry T. French with his sisters Sarah and Julia; Ichabod Cass and wife, with Darius, Mary, Roswell, and Caroline; Mrs. Fitts, with Isaac and Mary Fitts; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morrill, with their boys; Mr. and Mrs. Parker Morrill; Deacon Langford and his wife, with their goodly number of children; and Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Emerson, with their whole troop of children; Deacon and Mrs. Francis Patten, with Keziah, Abigail, William, Frank, and Sarah; Deacon Coffin M. French and wife, with John, Celina, Frank, and George Henry; Jonathan Emerson, usually footing it all by himself alone; Mr. and Mrs. Moses Patten and their children, Moses, Lizzie, and Dana; Mr. Moses Emerson and his children, of whom Charles was the eldest; and others who made up that goodly congregation on the Hill fifty years ago. They were a godly company of men and women who with an uncomplaining spirit made it their daily duty to live up to the terrible and now revolting creed of that day. Oh, you dear fathers and mothers, you have now found that God of severest justice whom you worshiped a half-century ago, a God of the most abounding love! And how supremely delightful it must have been for you to meet those loving and loved children whom you laid away years ago, without a single ray of hope for their salvation, right in the Kingdom of Heaven singing in sweetest notes the anthems of the redeemed! and what a welcome they must have given you as you entered through the gates into the city! I do



ALVIN D. DUDLEY

so wish that the fathers and mothers could have lived until this day, wherein God has so revealed himself as the loving father whose delight it is to care for his children. But then, those dear old Christian saints have learned now, in a practical way, that "God is love."

That church choir on the Hill years ago! Who is there of us who does n't pleasantly remember it? It was made up of Dr. Wheat, Dr. Isaiah Lane, Jonathan Brown, John Emerson, Jesse Fitts, Colonel Cass, Henry T. French, Henry Clough, the Lane and Eaton girls, and others whose names I do not recall. Henry T. French played the violin; Jesse Fitts, the double bass viol; Colonel Cass, the 'cello; and Henry Clough played the bugle. I seem to hear, as I write, that choir of the olden time singing Boylston, Hamburg, China, Uxbridge, Balerma, and Old Hundred with both the spirit and the understanding. When Dr. Lane had pitched the tune with that ever-memorable tuning-fork, then all started in with a vim, which they kept up until the hymn had been rendered in sacred song.

It is a good deal true of all the churches in Candia, as elsewhere, that they are way back in the musical part of their service. The several choirs have become decimated, and then again the old tunes and hymns have unfortunately given way to that which is more modern, and yet very much less effective both in the poetry and sentiment of thanksgiving and praise.

I have a great admiration for that old choir of fifty years and more ago. It was a delight to me, when a boy, to turn round and face the choir during that last singing in the morning and in the afternoon. I am sure that Doctor Wheat, Doctor Lane, Jonathan Brown, Colonel

Cass, John Emerson, Jesse Fitts, Emily Lane, Abbie Lane, Sarah Eaton, Mary Eaton, and the other members of that choir are doing their part in making all Heaven vocal with song and praise, as they sing Coronation, Hamburg, China, and Old Hundred.

"Oh, sing to me the old songs!" is the cry heard on all sides.

It is a lamentable fact that church music has sadly degenerated both in its simple rendering and in its aid to a devout worship.

Formerly the choir joined hands with the minister in the service of the hour. In these later days, especially in all our cities and suburban towns, church music is used as a sort of advertising dodge to drum up an audience. In the earlier days church music was an expression of simple thanksgiving and praise. Why should n't it be so now? "Let all the people sing as unto the Lord."

LVII

I AM recently from the pleasant home of Henry T. French and family in Hudson, Mass. Those of my age in Candia will remember that Mr. French is the son of Josiah French, whose residence was near the Church on the Hill.

Henry T. French, as we all knew him, was a pupil in the high school, and subsequently he attended school at Pembroke and Merrimack. In his early life he taught school in Auburn, Hampstead, Sandown, Hooksett, Allentown, Suncook; and in Bolton, Hudson, and Berlin, in Massachusetts. All his life long Mr. French has been a lover and composer of music. He was a pupil for years under singing-master Cram, and it is safe to say that he was one of his brightest pupils. Mr. French has taught many a boy and girl in the "divine art."

Mr. French has resided in Hudson for fifty years, where he has his pleasant and attractive home. Mrs. French is one of the most agreeable women to meet. Mr. and Mrs. French have three children, — two charming daughters and one son, a business man, and a prominent citizen of Hudson. All the children are lovers of music, and sing with rare expression and volume of voice. The son is the organist in the First Congregational Church at Maynard, Mass., a position he has held for nearly twenty years, while one of the daughters is organist in one of the leading churches in Worcester, and the second daughter has

charge of the choir of the Methodist church in Leominster.

Candia, by right, is a lover of music and poetry. Her picturesque surroundings beget the spirit of all poesy.

Mr. George W. Chadwick, president of the New England Conservatory of Music, a man who is an acknowledged authority in the world of music, is a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Fitts, whose home, when living, was on the North Road. Then there is J. H. Worthen, a brother to Warren A. Worthen, who has written in verse lines of loving tribute to the old schoolhouse on Walnut Hill, in which he was a pupil, and to his early home. Mr. Worthen was a soldier in the War of the Rebellion and bravely fought for the Union. He was at one time taken prisoner and suffered all the horrors of Andersonville.

“O Walnut Hill ! now, in my life’s decline,
I’ll once more view those splendid scenes of thine.
Sweet, smiling spot ! how pleasant to survey
Thy lovely hills, and sun’s receding ray,
With pastures green, where, in life’s early dawn,
I loved to wander o’er thy grassy lawn.”

So sings J. H. Worthen of the old Walnut Hill schoolhouse, and he sings of his paternal home with all the love and affection of a loving and affectionate son.

“My childhood home ! forever dear to me,
Thy lovely woods I now admire to see;
And though the time is not yet noon,
Yet autumn’s twilight will come too soon.

“My native home ! How sadly I review !
Beneath thy roof my earliest breath I drew.
Thy charming scenes — I dearly love them all;
The creeping ivy that clambers o’er the wall,

While on its roof, now broken by decay,
The clinging jessamine slowly takes its way.
My ruined home, 'neath vine-entangled walls!
While on its roof the tottering chimney falls."

Henry Worthen sings of home and school with a loyal love.

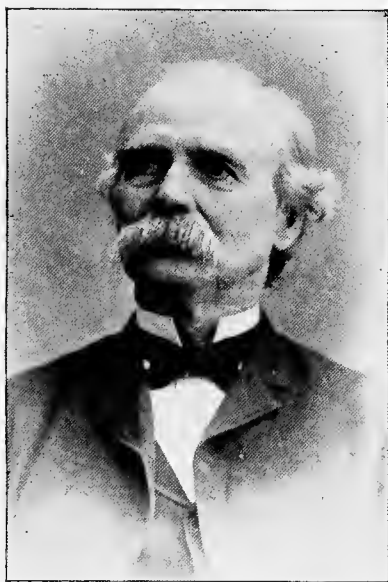
Who does not remember Henry Rowe, son of John Rowe, who is now a successful business man in Boston? Henry was in the War of the Rebellion, and never was he known during those four long years of sanguinary warfare to turn his back to the enemy. It was in November, 1903, that I made a call on Mr. and Mrs. Rowe at their pleasant home in Roxbury. The latch-string of their home hangs way out for any and all their Candia friends.

It may seem singular to the readers of these Reminiscences that I have not given individual mention of the Candia boys who went to the war which so fiercely raged from 1861 to 1865, and who fought so bravely that the country might be saved from a divided Union. It has not at any time been my purpose to tell the story of the Candia boys in that hand-to-hand fight for the life of the nation. This has been done by the late Jacob Moore in his history of Candia,—so that it is enough for me, that I write in italics, that none were braver in the heat of battle during that terrible struggle for national life than were those who went out from Candia.

In this connection it follows logically that I write of Jacob Moore, who loved his native town with such an affection that he labored patiently for years that he might put in durable form the history of the town.

Jacob Moore was a unique and interesting character. He had an individuality all his own. He was a half-century

ahead of his times in all that made up the intellectual and religious thought of his day. He subscribed to no narrow church creed, and neither did he mould or shape his individual opinions that they might be in harmony with the popular belief. Mr. Moore thought for himself, he spoke for himself, and he acted for himself. He moved in a sphere of intellectual and religious freedom. He never kept awake nights by reason of anything he may have heard preached from the pulpit on the hill fifty years ago. To him God was a God of love, all the while the orthodox world was preaching a God of inexorable justice. A great admirer of nature, Mr. Moore saw God in and about him on all sides. A lover of Emerson, he early became acquainted not only with his writings but with the philosopher himself. Jacob Moore sought truth in all its varied forms. A disbeliever in a blind faith, yet accepting all truth founded on reason, he was ever ready to declare himself. He never wavered in any statement that was fundamental. He saw things clearly through his own eyes. Not always understood, yet Mr. Moore's religious belief was founded on God's revelation of himself as made manifest in nature. During a year's residence in Manchester, from 1863 to 1864, I saw much of Mr. Moore and had many a serious and instructive interview with him upon matters of vital importance. Easy of approach, and ready in conversation, it was always a pleasure to listen to him, and in no instance did he fail of having something to say. Mr. Moore, while a thinker, still was a man of eminent leisure. He was never known to be in a hurry. He took life as it came to him, without making any fuss about it, and yet, along his lines of thought, Mr. Moore was a worker. A reader of extended range, he was always instructive.



JOHN G. LANE

Jacob Moore will be remembered evermore by the people of Candia, as one who was foremost in the world of intellect and in the world of religious thought. It is altogether to his credit that he was so unlike others. He was none other than himself, and everlastingly true was he to his own ideals. Jacob Moore counted one, underlined and made emphatic by his own peculiar and supreme individuality.

Then there is John G. Lane of Manchester, N. H., a Candia boy to whom already reference has been made, who has led a busy life. Mr. Lane has given twenty years of his earlier manhood in bringing into life the N. H. S. S. Association, which involved much hard work. During those years Mr. Lane visited all the country from Atlanta, Georgia, to Toronto, — taking in St. Louis, Chicago, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Boston, Montreal, and other localities. Mr. Lane is now and has been for these later years the General Agent of the German-American Fire Insurance Co., with headquarters in Manchester — and so it goes — wherever one finds a Candia man, whether upon the farm at home, or in business or professional life, he usually finds a man who commands success. “Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.”

LVIII

IN hunting the garret this morning I came across a faded blue cap with a button on its very tip, when I at once exclaimed, This must have belonged, oh, so many years ago, to the late George W. Dolber, for just such a one did he wear during all his schooldays in district No. 4. How pleasantly I remember George as the friend of the smaller boys in school! Whenever they were misused by those of larger growth, George at that moment was by their side, and that to take their part. George was a lover of fair play, and was willing and ready, if need be, to fight for it. His boyhood was prophetic of his manhood; for as a man he was just in all his dealings, and trusted by all who knew him. Early in his married life he moved to Chester, where he had his home up to the time of his recent death. Mr. Dolber was honored by the people of his adopted town with many a public trust, and when he died both Candia and Chester were mourners at his grave.

Making reference again to district No. 4 recalls to mind the late Harvey D. Philbrick, who was for so many years a member of the school committee in Candia. Mr. Philbrick was uniformly interested in all pertaining to education. Of a nervous, impulsive nature, he was up and doing all the while. He had but little sympathy with the laggard. During all his maturer years he was an essential factor in every interest having for its object the welfare

and growth of the church at Candia Village. Mr. Philbrick had represented his adopted town in the state legislature, and had held other positions of public trust. A man he was, pleasing in all his ways, and social and agreeable to everybody.

My brother Moses, the eldest born of the Palmer family, had grown to be a man when I was a pupil in school, so I knew but little of him as a boy in school, and yet I remember him as a lover of books. He was the Shakespearean reader of the family, and could quote more from the Bard of Avon than all the rest of us Palmers put together, and he early made himself familiar with the writings of Confucius. Moses had in his make-up much of the argumentative. He a good deal delighted in controversy, and so it was that he would in later life make his way up to the lyceum on the hill, that he might take active part in its discussions. He was a lover of music — my! how he would blow that bugle! I seem to hear him now as he played “Fisher’s Hornpipe” and “The Devil’s Dream.”

“To be, or not to be; that is the question:
Whether ’t is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them?”

This query of Hamlet was a favorite quotation with my brother Moses. The truth is, Moses had a retentive memory, and he readily caught on to that which he read.

While my home neighborhood has lost many of its older families, others have now and then come to take their places. I now have in mind Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stewart Allen, who occupy the place which A. Frank Paten formerly owned. It may be that the reader of these

Reminiscences thinks that their author does not suppose any one quite good enough or great enough to live in district No. 4, who was not born there and educated in her school. If any of you readers have gotten this idea into your heads from my premeditated frequent mention of "district No. 4," I pray you to rid yourself of it in the quickest possible time ; for I hasten to declare, without any mental reservation whatsoever, that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stewart Allen add in a large way to the substantial worth and many attractions of my home neighborhood.

And what a delightful site they have for a home! With that far-away picturesque range of mountains evermore in view, it is no wonder that Mrs. Allen breaks forth into occasional song. As she sees Monadnock lifting its dizzy heights up from behind the Uncanoonucs she must sing with the poet Whittier : —

"I would I were a painter, for the sake
Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,
A fitting guide, with reverential tread,
Into that mountain mystery. First a lake,
Tinted with sunset ; next the wavy lines
Of far receding hills ; and yet more far,
Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star."

An ardent lover of nature as Mrs. Allen is, she must constantly feel in her home the spirit of both the painter and the poet hovering over her.

Rightly have Mr. and Mrs. Allen christened their home "Mountain View Farm," for within pleasing and inspiring vision they have the "everlasting mountains," and an intervening landscape that can only be fitly rendered in verse.



MOSES E. ROWE

Mrs. Allen has served on the school board, and the town would have kept her in that official position indefinitely, had she been willing to have continued longer in that office.

Mrs. Allen is the efficient secretary of Candia Home Week Association, and an active worker in the Church on the Hill.

Yes, indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Allen are in every way worthy to be counted as children born and educated in district No. 4. May their kind be multiplied and added to the neighborhood where I so proudly register my name.

And then there are the Underhills, in no way fractional in their make-up. They too add to the good name of school district No. 4. While Mr. Isaac Underhill is a member of the school committee, his wife, Mrs. M. J. Underhill, a lover of all that is intellectual and literary, is a writer whose pen glides easily and gracefully along. All Candia, and especially we whose homes are more or less remote from the home town, are under many obligations to Mrs. Underhill for giving us each week in the Derry News the local items of interest from her part of the town.

My love and blessing go out alike to the original fourteen school districts in Candia. My only regret is that each of those fourteen schoolhouses is not filled with a merry group of happy children, as they were in the days of long ago.

I gladly make prominent mention of Colonel John Prescott, a man who in every position in life was nothing other than a gentleman. Colonel Prescott had in his day committed to his care every public trust of the town, and always did he prove himself a faithful and efficient ser-

vant. I came to know intimately and well both Colonel and Mrs. Prescott, as I had my home with them for the greater part of two winters, while teaching school in their district, and it was such a home that it now comes back to me as one of my delightful memories. Mrs. Prescott, of generous, loving heart, left nothing undone for her family and friends — and she is still doing for those she loves. Her charities are many and widespread. I have an especial regard and love for both Colonel and Mrs. Prescott.

I should have made, earlier in this story of mine of Candia, prominent mention of F. W. Sargeant, one of the foremost business men of Manchester, N. H. Mr. Sargeant, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse W. Sargeant, is a man of affairs in every sense of the word. As authority on insurance, he has no superior in New England. Then there is Mr. Sargeant's cousin, Hervey M. Emerson, who is up to date in everything that has to do with an earnest, busy life. Mr. Emerson is one of the leading business men of Haverhill, Mass. Mr. Emerson has commanded and secured success through his untiring industry. Haverhill owes much to Candia for the men she has given her. Alvin D. Dudley has for years been one of the largest shoe manufacturers in that city. As a citizen of Haverhill Mr. Dudley takes high rank. Interested in everything that has for its object the good of his adopted city, he leaves nothing undone in all benevolent, enterprising work.

Another Candia boy who has added to the good name of the town, is George B. Brown, whose home is at 2191 Lakeview Avenue, Lowell, Mass. Mr. Brown has been for years actively interested in the public schools of his immediate locality, and done much for their advancement,

and he is also much interested in church work. Mr. Brown is a man who is worth at all times and everywhere a hundred cents on the dollar.

Added to her life-giving atmosphere, Candia has her doctors further to insure the health of the town, among whom is A. J. Pitman, M. D. Dr. Pitman has been a resident of Candia for the past twelve years, during which time he has put many a one on his feet again. A man of pleasing address, the doctor is in his genial personality a medicine, and a healing power. The truth is, that Candia takes the lead in each and all departments of business and professional life. I know that this statement is putting the fact in a superlative way, but remember I am writing of a town of the superlative degree of comparison.

LIX

IN this concluding chapter of my story of Candia I must make prominent mention of Alfred Brown of Billerica, Mass., and Moses Rowe of Bedford, Mass., both Candia boys. It is but a few days ago that I visited these two Candians at their homes and enjoyed a most delightful hour with each. Alfred Brown will be remembered in Candia as the eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Brown, and Moses Rowe as the eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Moses Rowe. Mr. Brown is hale and hearty and youthful in spirit at the age of eighty-two, and Mr. Rowe, of the same age, has a good deal of the boy left in him still. Mr. Rowe seldom or never fails to attend each year the meeting of the Candia Club. He is a lover of the town which gave him birth, and so is Mr. Brown. These veterans in years, God bless them, may they long tarry "this side" to keep us company.

In writing these "Reminiscences of Candia" I have not for a moment forgotten our precious dead. It was on a recent Sunday morning in the month of May, under the fairest and most promising of skies, when all the air was made fragrant with the first bud and flower of the later springtime, that I visited the cemetery on the hill. Oh, what companionship one finds among the graves! To me there are no lips so eloquent as those mute in death, and no voice so audible as the voice that is "still," and no touch so loving as that of the "vanished" hand.

What would the world do without its graves! It is in "God's acre" where one may hear whisperings from the "other side." There one may catch glimpses of the "other shore" — for the two worlds lie side by side, so whether "here" or "there" we are still living on, in God's illimitable universe. Candia is rich in her precious dead, and rich, too, in her precious living.

It is only a few weeks ago that I visited many of the homes in my native town, and in every instance was I greeted as a friend and brother. As I once more made my way along the old roads, taking in every familiar scene, I imagined myself a boy again. Indeed, I was a boy again, for the past so flooded my memory that then and there I was born anew. What a delight it is to live the old days all over! And this is just what I have been doing in writing these "Reminiscences of Candia." I have again made my way into your homes without "knocking," and you have greeted me as of yore, with a "Good-morning, Wilson," while I in turn have asked as in the olden time, "Have the boys and girls started for school, and are they to stay at noon?" With memory stretching back to the golden hours of childhood, one can never grow old. A continuous youth is the rightful heritage of all of us.

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears, —
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain!
Take them, and give me my childhood again!"

And yet I am an optimist; I believe that to-morrow will be better than to-day, and that the "hereafter" will be better than the "now." Thanking you, my readers, for

the patience with which you have listened to my story of Candia, and assuring you of the great pleasure I have had in renewing the acquaintance and friendship formed in the days of auld lang syne, it is eminently fitting that in closing these Reminiscences I sing as I began : —

“ ’Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there ’s no place like home ;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, sought through the world, is ne’er met with elsewhere.

“ An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain ;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again ;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.”

God bless Candia forevermore.

